Dancers · Why We Are Lawbreakers · Vine Center Vignettes

June
25 Cents

The Golden Book Magazine

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The volume of freight traffic which the railroads of the country were called upon to handle between 1916 and 1926 increased 23 per cent. In the same period the freight traffic which the Southern Railway System was called upon to handle increased 48 per cent.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

Eggs in many baskets

Thanks to the variety of Southern soil and the favorable climate, probably no other similar area on earth can show a greater range of products.

Cotton, it is true, is the South's largest crop, but the value of cotton and cotton seed amounts to only 25 per cent. of the total value of Southern agricultural products, which last year exceeded three and one-half billion dollars. There are also corn, tobacco, wheat, and a wide variety of fruits and vegetables—all east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio.

The average farm in the South is one of about 70 acres. On this the Southern farmer can plant cotton, grow grain and raise tobacco, fruits, vegetables, and dairy herds and poultry.

This diversity yields him a stable income—he has his eggs in many baskets.

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THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUT

June, 1925, before treatment. Tree in Central Park starving through neglect under semi-artificial conditions. Note thin foliage and dying top

June, 1926—same tree one year after treatment. Restored to new health and vigor through Davey methods of scientific feeding and pruning

Saving the starving trees of Central Park, New York

TO EXPLAIN away the obvious results of neglect and inefficiency, various fanciful and fallacious theories were advanced as to the reasons why the trees Central Park are dying. In 1925 the Davey Company challenged these unwarranted claims, and made positive assertion that the trees of Central Park are ing from neglect and starvation. To prove the truth this assertion, the Davey Company offered to treat, its own expense, 100 dying trees as a demonstration. A careful survey by Davey Experts indicated that out 25% of the older trees of Central Park are too far ne to save, and another 25%, approximately, are rder-line cases in advanced stages of decline, but with ne reasonable chance of saving them by proper treatnt. The other 50% were in varying conditions from rly good to relatively poor.

The 100 trees selected for demonstration were taken m the second group of border-line cases, and the vey Company staked its reputation on its ability to e a substantial portion of these dying trees. The atment given was the result of John Davey's life perience and the quarter of a century experience of the whole Davey organization.

This treatment was a combination of practical common sense and scientific knowledge d experience. For exactly the same reason at a good farmer cultivates his fields and tilizes his soil, the ground under these trees s thoroughly cultivated—adequate and appropriate fertilizers were used—the ground was epared to receive both water and air, so vital to plant life. One of the important elements in this program was the use of Davey Tree Food to stimulate new growth quickly.

In addition to this, the trees were given expert scientific pruning to eliminate the dead and weak parts, and to establish a proper balance between a dying top and an impoverished root system. All the trees of Central Park are living under semi-artificial conditions, aggravated by neglect.

One year later, in June, 1926, photographs were again taken of the same 100 trees, and a thorough examination disclosed the fact that 90% of them showed definite improvement, a large proportion showing really marvelous improvement. The other 10% were holding their own.

All of this proves beyond the possibility of doubt or fallacious argument that most of the trees of Central Park can be saved, if the civic pride of New York forces a prompt and complete abandonment of the past policy of neglect.

All trees growing under lawn conditions are living under more or less artificial handicaps. Many of them are actually starving, slowly or rapidly. They need help. Are any of your trees starving? Look for danger signs in the slowly dying tops. The local Davey representative will be glad to examine your trees and report their condition to you without cost or obligation.

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VOLUME V
Number 30

JUNE
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(*With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine"*)

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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DR. ALBERT SHAW, President. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec'y and Treas.

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1927.
Vol. V. No. 30. Issued monthly. Entered as second-class matter, December 6, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25 cents. $3.00 a year. The Review of Reviews Corporation, New York.
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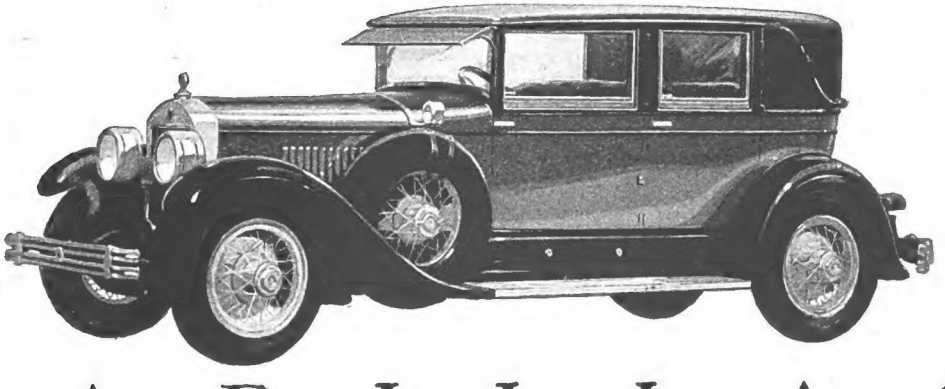

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Some Persons of Importance

At other times . . . I enjoy everything as an animal does. If my spirit, restless, agitated, hypertrophied by work, bounds onward to hopes that are not of our race, and then, after realizing that all is vanity, falls back into a contempt for all that is—my animal body, at least, is enraptured with all the intoxication of life.

Like the birds, I love the sky; like the prowling wolf, the forests; I delight in rocky heights, like a chamois; the thick grass I love to roll in and gallop over like a horse, and, like a fish, I revel in the clear waters. I feel thrilling within me the sensations of all the different species of animals, of all their instincts, of all the confused longings of inferior creatures.

I love the earth as they do, not as other men do; I love it without admiring it, without poetry, without exultation; I love with a deep animal attachment, contemptible yet holy, all that lives, all that grows, all we see; for all this, leaving my spirit calm, excites only my eyes and my heart; the days, the nights, the rivers, the seas, the storms, the woods, the hues of dawn, the glance of woman, her very touch.

DE MAUPASSANT.

IN APRIL of 1887 or 1888, de Maupassant started from Antibes for an aimless fortnight's cruise in his little sailing-yacht, *Bel-Ami*. The drifting vacation was interrupted by heavy squalls at the end of one week, when he was again captured (willingly) by a fashionable friend at Monaco; but during this short odyssey he amused himself by writing down each day what he saw and thought:

> I saw only the water, the sun, clouds, and rocks—I can tell of naught else—and my thoughts were mere nothings, such as are suggested by the rocking of the waves, lulling and bearing one along.

This journal was presently published as *Sur l'eau* ("Afloat," in the only English version I have found), which seems to be usually omitted from those delusive "complete sets" of which this country is so fond. The pundits and the public have accepted the author's disparaging presentation of the little volume as of no importance. Yet it seems to me charming, and stimulating like an actual voyage along these alluring coasts with this sensitive nature, full of quick feeling, combining culture and Gallic finesse with a primitive response to the great florescing wave of creation. One understands the man and his work far better after reading it.

Surely, it is striking enough to find this sophisticated Parisian, exhausted by the prodigality of his emotional experiences, expressing that primal rapture of oneness with the vast life-current in all its forms which informed the early nature-worship of China, which gave Gautama Buddha kinship to tiger and cobra and mango tree, which was surely at the bottom of what we scornfully term Greek pantheism—and which every alive nature senses vaguely when it relaxes into the rhythm of deep woods or sea or sunrise or spring birds.

"The Marsh" in this issue, and "The Devouring Crowd," published last November, are sample bits from this delightfully informal record of a week's living, external and internal.

Recent publication of a volume of selected stories from the work of Mary E. Wilkins (comprising more than 225 tales, besides novels, poems, and a play), has brought varied comment from the critics. Nearly all recognize the sure place Mrs. Freeman has achieved in her forty years of output; but it is interesting to see how in some cases the straightforward simplicity of her method produces a feeling of superiority in the up-to-date reviewer.

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

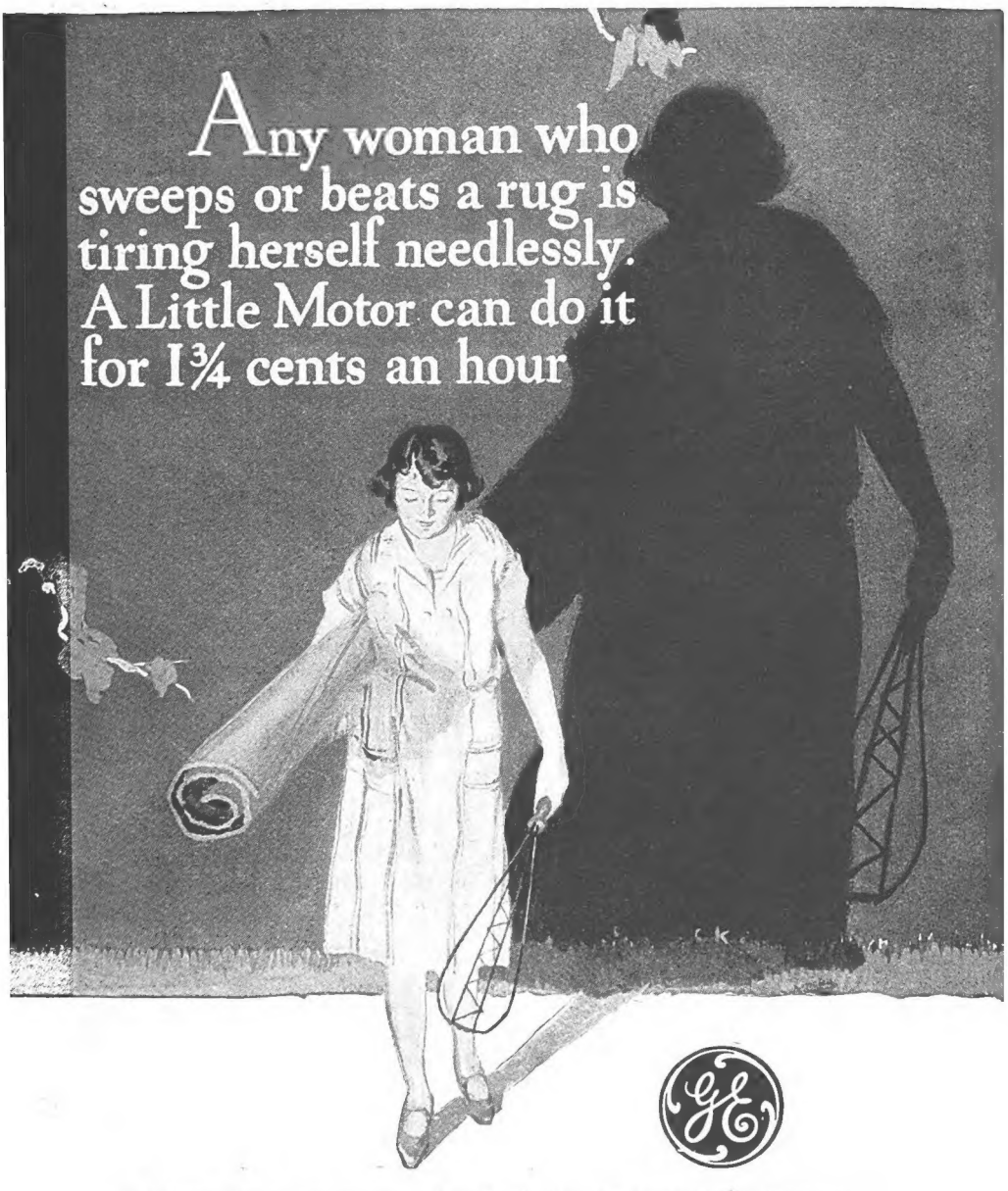
I'm inclined to think that this almost childlike clarity of hers is a touchstone for wi appreciation of underlying values. It is like looking at life itself: one's reaction sho how much one has grasped of the philosophy of living.

And it is striking enough to find so "literary" a writer as Arthur Machen selecti her as almost a unique example, among modern Americans, of a story-teller who coun who not only pleases but who can be fitted to his formula for classifying enduring wor

For Mr. Machen is by no means satisfied with "knowing what he likes"; he insis on setting up standards. He lays down, first, the measuring-rod of *Ecstasy*—"raptu beauty, adoration, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown "if ecstasy be present, then I say there is fine literature"; and, after eliminating Thackera Jane Austen, and Stevenson by this test, and placing at the summit "Pickwick," "D Quixote," and "Pantagruel"—he is moved to discuss the modest chronicler of N England:

> But there is another writer who is much more difficult to account for—I mean Miss Wilkins. I confess I find her tales delightful, and I often read them, but as you know I am not content to rest on my own pleasure in literary criticism. We are no longer talking of the great masterpieces, of the gigantic achievements of such men as Homer, Sophocles, Rabelais, Cervantes; we agreed that when we spoke of these great, enduring miracles of art, it was best to lay aside all question of liking or not liking, of reading often or reading seldom. But when one comes to modern days, to books which have yet to prove their merit by the test of their endurance, it is pardonable if one is sometimes a little confused, if one fails to discriminate at once between the merely interesting and the really artistic. I may be so delighted with a book for reasons that have nothing to do with art, that, by an unconscious trick of the mind, I persuade myself that I am reading literature, while there is only reading-matter. And at one time I was inclined to think that I had "confused" Miss Wilkins in this manner. For, on the surface, you have in her books merely village tales of New Englanders, tales often sentimental, often trivial enough, and sometimes, it would seem, of scarcely more than local interest. Hardly can one conceive the possibility of any ecstasy in these pleasant stories; for they deal, ostentatiously, with the surface of things, with a breed of Englishmen whose chief pride it was to hide away and smother all those passions and emotions which are the peculiar mark of man as man.
>
> Yet, I believe that I can justify my love of Miss Wilkins's work on a higher ground than that of mere liking. In the first place I agree with Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who pointed out very well that the passion does come through the reserve, and occasionally in the most volcanic manner. He selects a scene from *Pembroke*, in which the young people play at some dancing game called Copenhagen, and Mr. O'Connor shows that though the boys and girls of Pembroke knew nothing of it, they were really animated by the spirit of the Bacchanals, that the fire and glow of passion of the youthful ecstasy burst through all the hard crusts of Calvinism and New England reserve. And we have agreed that if a writer can make passion for us, if he can create the image of the eternal human ecstasy, we have agreed that in such a case the writer is an artist.
>
> But I think that there are other things, more subtle, more delicately hinted things in Miss Wilkins's tales; or rather I should say that they are all pervaded and filled with an emotion which I can hardly think that the writer has realized. Well I find it difficult to express exactly what I mean, but I think that the whole impression which one receives from these tales is one of loneliness, of isolation. Compare Miss Wilkins with Jane Austen, the New England stories with *Pride and Prejudice*. You might imagine, at first, that in one case as in the other there is a sense of retirement, of separation from the world, that Miss Austen's heroines are as remote from the great streams and whirlpools of life as any Jane Field or Charlotte of Massachusetts. But in reality this is not so. The people in the English novels are in no sense remote; they are merely dull; they cannot be remote, indeed, since they are not human beings at all, but merely the representatives of certain superficial manners and tricks of manners which were common in the rural England of a hundred years ago. "Remoteness" is an affection of the soul, and wicker-figures, dressed up in the clothes of the period, cannot have any such affections predicated of them; and consequently, though Emma or Elizabeth may appear very quaint to us from the contrast between the manners of this century and the last, they cannot be remote. But that does seem to me the quality of those books of Miss Wilkins's; the people appear to be very far off from the world, to live in an isolated sphere, and each one lives his own life, and dwells apart with his own soul, and in spite of all the trivial chatter and circumstances of the village one feels that each is a human being moved by eminently human affections. . . .
>
> So this is my plea for Miss Wilkins. I think that she has indicated this condition of "ecstasis"; she has painted a society, indeed, but a society in which each man stands apart, responsible only for himself and to himself, conscious only of himself and his God. You will note this, if you read her carefully, you will see how this doctrine of awful, individual loneliness prevails so far that it is carried into the necessary and ordinary transactions of social life, often with results that are very absurd. Many of the people in her stories are so absolutely convinced of their "loneliness," so certain that there are only two persons in the whole universe—each man and his God—that they do not shrink from transgressing and flouting all the social orders and regulations, in spite of their

(*Continued on page 8*)



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 6*)

very strong and social instinct drawing them in the opposite directions. You remember the man who vowed that under certain circumstances he would sit on the meeting-house steps every Sunday? He kept his vow—for ten years, I think—and he kept it in spite of his profound horror of ridicule, of doing what other people didn't do, in spite of his own happiness; but he kept it because he realized his "loneliness," because he saw quite clearly that he must stand or fall by his own word and his own promise, and that the opinions of others could be of no possible importance to him. The instance is ludicrous, even to the verge of farce, and yet each man must stand or fall alone, and that if he would stand, he must, to a certain extent, live alone with his own soul. It is from this mood of lonely reverie and ecstasy that literature proceeds, and I think that the sense of all this is diffused throughout Miss Wilkins's New England stories.

Perhaps one might query any statement so broad as that last, for literature "proceeds," I fancy, from any feeling, sufficiently deep and overmastering, which finds adequate expression.

Dr. Gladys Cross, who calmly relates as a personal experience an incredible tale of the Roof of the World, "The Rishi's Finger," is an English medical missionary. A woman of exceptional education, her character is indicated by her work—carrying the resources of modern medicine to the isolated mountaineers of the Turkestan-Tibet frontier, and the Lhasa-Peking caravan route. This year she is to cover the latter region, using as a base her châlet beyond Kuku Nor and south of the main Nan Shan spur. Every two-and-a-half years she makes a lecture tour to universities in China and Europe, earning money for medicines and necessary expenses to care for suffering women of these remote lands.

It was nearly a hundred years ago that Gautier agreed to write for *La France littéraire* a dozen "literary exhumations" of long-forgotten poets, who had aroused his enthusiasm in his delvings into old books. (They were issued in book form eleven years later, 1844, as *Les Grotesques*).

That such papers should have started with François Villon shows the accuracy of Gautier's instinct and judgment, for Villon has since been universally accorded a place among the never-to-be-forgotten. Also, this was sixty years and more before Rostand recreated Cyrano de Bergerac for the world-public; so that Gautier's fine fervour over his great-nosed hero had to be maintained in the face of the solemn dicta of Boileau, whose verdicts had been accepted as gospel. But Théophile Gautier was himself too great a man to be anything but independent, and his dissertation on the hero of Rostand's famous play makes delightful reading.

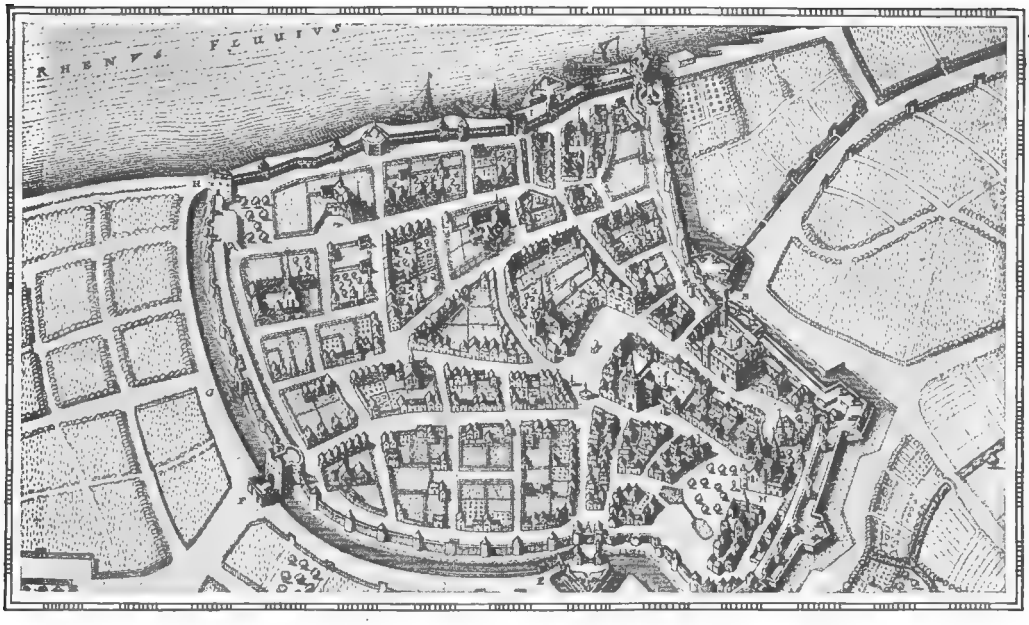
Incidentally, the passage where he points out Molière's sweeping borrowings from Cyrano enlightened my own ignorance as to a current English phrase (an ignorance remaining after consulting the best available dictionary). Even a schoolboy much less omniscient than Macaulay's recognizes the sense of our expression, "What is he doing in that galley?"—and knows that it has some definite allusion behind it. But here it is, in all its original humour, as the bewildered refrain of the cheated father—first in de Bergerac's "Tricked Pedant," and then lifted almost bodily into Molière's "Tricks of Scapin": "What the devil was he doing in a Turk's galley?"

Milan Ogrizovitch (1877-1923) was a dramatist of Croatia, that division of modern Jugo Slavia lying between Serbia and Styria, and formerly containing the city of Fiume, such a bone of contention after the war, and the scene of one of d'Annunzio's most melodramatic exploits.

He was a theatrical producer, who was widely known for his own Ibenesque dramas; but in addition he wrote many humorous little tales, and an occasional arresting fragment of personal experience, like "God," in this number.

Here is the genesis of John Fleming Wilson's stark tale, "The Great Arctic Handicap"—which moved one reader to such violent expression of disgust as to send a number of others back through the files, to read or re-read the yarn:

(*Continued on page 10*)



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY GUIDE
to the city of Bonn

A COMBINATION of map and bird's-eye view is this seventeenth-century guide to the city of Bonn and its environs. It is an exquisite piece of patient draftsmanship. But the subject was hardly a difficult one for the map maker to render.

He found it no great task to collect his data. He was, in all probability, a native of the town and knew by heart every house and tree and stone.

More than that, he had known them, just as he has represented them here, ever since he was a child. For not a dozen changes had taken place in the town for perhaps a century.

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(*Continued from page 8*)

Twenty years ago in Portland, Oregon, I told my old chum, John Fleming Wilson, the grim story of a whaleship fast in the Arctic icepack drifting northward; of the crew deserting the ship and hiking southward along the edge of the pack at a pace to offset the rate of drift—they had to keep within the latitude of Port Barrow for their only chance of rescue; to-wit: being sighted by other whalers or the cutter *Bear*. Of forty-nine men, eight won the twelve-day race. I had the grewsome tale in Kotzebue Sound from one of these survivors, Nicholas R. Barge of Mankato, Minnesota.

Jack Wilson was editor of the *Pacific Monthly* then, and I was his assistant. He agreed that the yarn would make a wonderful foundation for a bit of fiction, and we discussed collaboration—Jack to handle the ship stuff and I the Arctic atmosphere, as I had had some years' experience in the region.

We did nothing about it, however, but there was nothing in ethics or propriety to prevent either of us from independently using the material at any time. Jack resigned from the magazine to devote himself solely to fiction. Succeeding him as editor, I had the joy of publishing many of his best stories, until the demands of more important publications quite justly drew him into the Big League.

We had a "Short Story Club" in Portland, and some time in 1911 came my turn to contribute. Barge's narrative of the whaleship occurred to mind and I laboured long and brought forth "The Hand of O'Hara." The Club's reaction to this led me to submit it to the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was promptly returned with a note, thus:

"Despite certain grewsome features we would be tempted to keep 'The Hand of O'Hara,' but for the fact that we have just accepted a tale of similar setting."

Thereupon, needing free stuff for the *Pacific Monthly*, I ran my own, stretching it as much as possible with a lot of none too worthwhile illustrations.

Almost with our date of publication appeared the *Post* with Wilson's "Great Arctic Handicap."

As I since have twice seen reprinted that fine bit of work and have just read in THE GOLDEN BOOK your correspondent's kick and your comment thereon, you can imagine my interest. Pointing this more sharply is my recollection of the effect upon certain readers of "The Hand of O'Hara." Some letters of praise—and one from the woman Principal of a Pasadena school that is matched remarkably by your correspondent. "How could you"—"grewsome"—"ghastly"—"brutal"—"no excuse for it," etc.

It has seemed to me a curious sequence of coincidences—Wilson in San Francisco and I in Portland, writing from the same inspiration after a period of five or six years, almost simultaneously sending to the *Saturday Post* and having practically the same time of publication, etc. However, we chose totally different themes; Wilson's choice shows, I think, his unerring grasp on the better one.

LUTE PEASE.

Certainly, no one could be troubled by any brutality in Mr. Wilson's "Quest of the Tropic Bird," which is sheer South Seas romance.

H. W. L.

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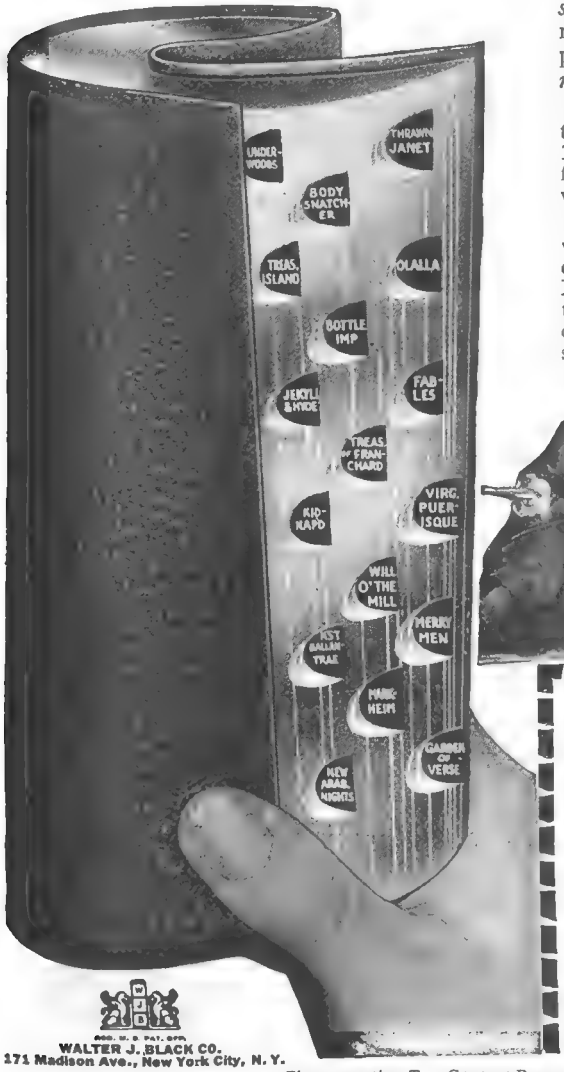

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The Princess who Loved "Marco Millions"

Kublai—We have said all we can say. Little Daughter, all rare things are secrets which cannot be revealed to anyone. That is why life must be so lonely. But I love you more dearly than anything on earth. And I know you love me. So perhaps we do not need to understand. (*Rebelliously.*) Yet I wish some Power could give me assurance that in granting your desire I am acting for your happiness, and for your eventual deliverance from sorrow to acceptance and peace. (*He notices she is weeping—in self-reproach.*) Old fool! I have made you weep again! I am death advising life how to live! Be deaf to me! Strive after what your heart desires! Who can ever know which are the mistakes we make? One should be either sad or joyful. Contentment is a warm sty for the eaters and sleepers! (*Impulsively.*) Do not weep! Even now I can refuse your hand to Arghun. Let it mean war!

Kukachin (*looking up and controlling herself—with a sad finality*)—You do not understand. I wish to take this voyage.

Kublai (*desperately*)—But I could keep Polo here. (*With impotent anger.*) He shall pray for his soul on his knees before you!

Kukachin (*with calm sadness*)—Do I want a slave? (*Dreamily.*) I desire a captain of my ship on a long voyage in dangerous, enchanted seas.

Kublai (*with a fierce defiance of fate*)—I am the Great Kaan! I shall have him killed! (*A pause.*)

Chu-Yin (*from below, recites in a calm, soothing tone*)—The noble man ignores self. The wise man ignores action. His truth acts without deeds. His knowledge venerates the unknowable. To him birth is not the beginning nor death the end. (Kublai's *head bends in submission.* Chu-Yin *continues tenderly.*) I feel there are tears in your eyes. The Great Kaan, Ruler of the World, may not weep. *Marco Millions.* Eugene O'Neill.

Convincing the Arabs of the Joy of Pain and Death

We were now in deep trouble. The Serahin were our last resource, and if they refused to come with us we should be unable to carry out Allenby's project by the appointed time. Accordingly Ali collected about our little fire more of the better men of the tribe, and fortified the part of courage by bringing in Fahad, and Mifleh, and Adhub. Before them we began to combat in words this crude prudence of the Serahin, which seemed all the more shameful to us after our long sojourn in the clarifying wilderness.

We put it to them, not abstractedly, but concretely, for their case, how life in mass

(*Continued on page 14*)

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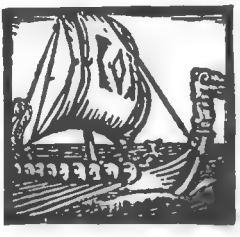

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(*Continued from page 12*)

was sensual only, to be lived and loved in its extremity. There could be no rest-houses for revolt, no dividend of joy paid out. Its spirit was accretive, to endure as far as the senses would endure, and to use each advance as base for further adventure, deeper privation, sharper pain.

To be of the desert was, as they knew, a doom to wage unending battle with an enemy who was not of the world, nor life, nor anything, but hope itself; and failure seemed God's freedom to mankind.

There could be no honour in a sure success, but much might be wrested from a sure defeat. Omnipotence and the Infinite were our two worthiest foemen, indeed the only ones for a full man to meet, they being monsters of his own spirit's making; and the stoutest enemies were always of the household. In fighting Omnipotence, honour was proudly to throw away the poor resources that we had, and dare Him empty-handed; to be beaten, not merely by more mind, but by its advantage of better tools.

This was a halting, half-coherent speech, struck out desperately, moment by moment, in our extreme need, upon the anvil of those white minds round the dying fire; and hardly its sense remained with me afterwards; for once my picture-making memory forgot its trade and only felt the slow humbling of the Serahin, the night-quiet in which their worldliness faded, and at last their flashing eagerness to ride with us whatever the bourne. Before daylight we called old Abd el Kader, and, taking him aside among the sandy thickets, screamed into his dense ear that the Serahin would start with us, under his auspices, for Wadi Khalid, after sunrise. He grunted that it was well: and we said to one another that never, if life and opportunity were prolonged for us, would we take a deaf man for a conspirator again. *Revolt in the Desert.* T. E. LAWRENCE.

THE GREAT IDEA OF "MORAL DICTATORSHIP"

So Elmer came, though tardily, to the Great Idea which was to revolutionize his life and bring him eternal and splendid fame.

That shabby Corsican artillery lieutenant and author, Bonaparte, first conceiving that he might be the ruler of Europe—Darwin seeing dimly the scheme of evolution—Paolo realizing that all of life was nothing but an irradiation of Francesca—Newton pondering on the falling apple—Paul of Tarsus comprehending that a certain small Jewish sect might be the new religion of the doubting Greeks and Romans—Keats beginning to write "The Eve of St. Agnes"—none of these men, transformed by a Great Idea from mediocrity to genius, was more remarkable than Elmer Gantry of Paris, Kansas, when he beheld the purpose for which the heavenly powers had been training him.

He was walking the deck—but only in the body, for his soul was soaring among the stars—he was walking the deck alone, late at night, clenching his fists and wanting to shout as he saw it all clearly.

He would combine in one association all the moral organizations in America—perhaps, later, in the entire world. He would be the executive of that combination; he would be the super-president of the United States, and some day the dictator of the world.

Combine them all. The Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and the other organizations fighting alcohol. The Napap and the other Vice Societies doing such magnificent work in censoring immoral novels and paintings and motion-pictures and plays. The Anti-Cigarette League. The associations lobbying for anti-evolution laws in the State legislatures. The associations making so brave a fight against Sunday baseball, Sunday movies, Sunday golfing, Sunday motoring, and the other abominations whereby the Sabbath was desecrated and the preachers' congregations and collections were lessened. The fraternities opposing Romanism. The societies which gallantly wanted to make it a crime to take the name of the Lord in vain or to use the nine Saxon physiological monosyllables. And all the rest.

Combine the lot. They were pursuing the same purpose—to make life conform to the ideals agreed upon by the principal Christian Protestant denominations. Divided, they were comparatively feeble; united, they would represent thirty million Protestant churchgoers; they would have such a treasury and such a membership that they would no longer

(*Continued on page 16*)

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(*Continued from page 14*)

have to coax Congress and the State legislatures into passing moral legislation, but in a quiet way they would merely state to the representatives of the people what they wanted, and get it.

And the head of this united organization would be the Warwick of America, the man behind the throne, the man who would send for presidents, of whatever party, and give orders . . . and that man, perhaps the most powerful man since the beginning of history, was going to be Elmer Gantry. Not even Napoleon or Alexander had been able to dictate what a whole nation should wear and eat and say and think. That, Elmer Gantry was about to do.

"A *bishop? Me?* A Wes Toomis? Hell, don't be silly! I'm going to be the emperor of America—maybe of the world. I'm glad I've got this idea so early, when I'm only forty-three. I'll do it! I'll do it!" Elmer exulted. "Now let's see: The first step is to kid this J. E. North along, and do whatever he wants me to—until it comes time to kick him out—and get a church in New York, so they'll know I'm A1. . . . My God, and Jim Lefferts tried to keep me from becoming a preacher!"

Elmer Gantry. SINCLAIR LEWIS.

THIS EDUCATED AGE

It is never information which transforms a person, but the persistent effort put forth to acquire it. Education is on the air; in these enlightened times one can get it anywhere—like bootleg whiskey. It is proposed now to give adult education by radio. All you need do to achieve scholarship is to turn it on, close your eyes, and go to sleep. You can get it without effort, without knowing that you are getting it, or just who is educating you.

SLOGANS

Slogans used in commercial advertising are for the most part innocent enough. But there are slogans used in types of propaganda which are not innocent. I will discuss the distortion of fact later; my point is that the type of phrasemaking we are discussing tends at best to close the mind. Every movement tends to dry up into a verbal cult with a fixed phraseology the repetition of which seems to satisfy the adherents' hunger for truth. The thinking of most men consists of little more than the repetition of the phrases which characterize the group to which they belong.

A RARE VIRTUE

Respect for the truth is, I think, an acquired taste. And the propagandist is a special pleader. There is always the tendency to load the dice, to over-emphasize anything that lends support and to gloss over and explain away any fact that might weaken the case.

HEALTHY DOUBTS

Philosophic doubt is not the pitiable condition of the soul that timid spirits imagine. It is not pessimism or cynicism, but a healthy and cheerful habit. It gives peace of mind. Men who stop pretending can sleep o' nights.

Men become free only as they achieve self-government.

The multitude dupes itself with its desire to get something for nothing; hence its love of the miraculous.

Moral behaviour is not only social. It is also *intelligent* behaviour.

The human race has demonstrated how it can get along without knowledge; it has not on any general scale demonstrated how it can get along with knowledge.

The surest way to defeat learning is to place it in charge of those whose own education has stopped. *The Meaning of a Liberal Education.* EVERETT DEAN MARTIN.

CAN ONE DO WRONG IN ISOLATION?

A man who is isolated from his fellows—a Robinson Crusoe or an Alexander Selkirk—must suffer much misery from the deprivation of all companionship; but he is relieved from

(*Continued on page 18*)

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ery month *all the important books are submitted, by the pub- s themselves*, to the Selecting mittee of the Book-of-the- h Club. This committee con- of Henry Seidel Canby, chair- Heywood Broun, Dorothy eld, Christopher Morley and am Allen White. By a system of endent voting, they choose they consider the out- ing book each month. The y is—and it works!—that book appealing strongly majority of five individ- (of such good judgment and such differing taste) is *likely* to be a book that few intelligent people will care to miss.

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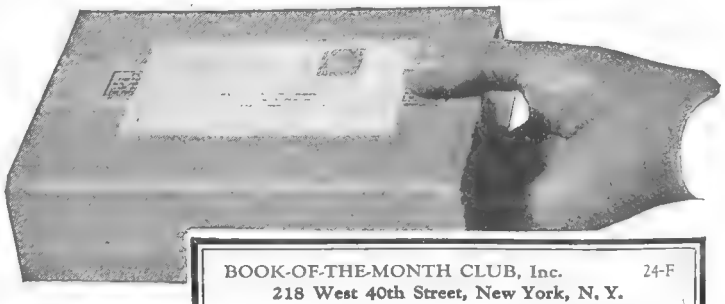

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(*Continued from page 16*)

this implication of social life:—he can scarcely do wrong. It would be wrong of him, indeed, to torture his dog or to starve his parrot; but our sense of the wrongness of such acts arises from our inclusion of his dog and his parrot in our concept of his social circle. Savages and children, in whom this concept is more restricted, would see nothing wrong in such behaviour, which, indeed, is often emulated by them; and we ourselves should not be apt to call it wrong of Crusoe to break the leg of an alligator and leave it to die. If a man chooses to chop off his own fingers, we regard him as foolish, as mad, perhaps, but he does no wrong, unless by the mutilation he does harm to some one else. If, indeed, he thereby disables himself from fulfilling duties that he owes to others—if he renders himself incapable of defending his country, or supporting those who are dependent on him,—then indeed he does wrong, because then he does harm to others; but so long as the ill-consequences of his act do not extend beyond his own individuality, so long there is no wrongness in his act. Doing of harm to others is essential to doing of wrong.

Criminal Responsibility. CHARLES MERCIER, M.B., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

A SPANISH SOLOMON

The fire flared gloomily, and a soldier heaped dry grass upon it. New shadows sprang about, weird, uncanny, of a strange world. The sky overhead was black, and seemed tight about them; the westward hills were invisible, and those eastward, the Sierras, merely ink upon equal darkness.

"The position of affairs is this," said Rivera. "One of these men is guilty of knowing about the attack. One, at least. Now, I have never—as far as I know—put an innocent man to death. I suppose I could wring a confession of guilt from each—since I know the way to get confessions of guilt from each—but what good would that do? I say, then as better men have said before me . . . let the innocent one shoot the guilty."

All eyes were on Jaime and Valencia. De la Cuesta's were misty. Roble's hard and bright. Valencia's breath was coming in little bursts; Jaime, the soldier, moved his lips but said no word.

"Jaime," Rivera said slowly, "speak. Will you shoot Valencia and go free?"

In the hush, Jaime shook his head.

"Valencia, what say you?" said the captain's dry voice. "You declare yourself innocent. I suppose you can shoot straight. Will you do it and go free?"

The word turned him.

"I must, I must," he wailed.

Roble began to work his jaws.

Jaime whirled on the colonist Valencia.

"You fool, you fool," he snarled. "I warned you to keep silent. If neither of us had agreed, Rivera would have been where he was, and no farther——"

"Enough!" Rivera said. Raising his voice: "Who is guilty, men?"

"Both! Both!"

Not until then did Jaime see what he had done.

Sword and Candle. SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL.

WHEN "OLD HICKORY" BECAME AN EX-PRESIDENT

At the end of his second term he (Andrew Jackson) retired in gladness to the quiet of the Hermitage, and while he delivered a long and able farewell message, the integrity and selflessness of the man is best expressed in this letter to a friend:

"I returned home with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all my salary and most of the proceeds of my cotton crop; found everything out of repair; corn, and everything else for the use of my farm, to buy; having but one tract of land besides my homestead which I have sold, and which has enabled me to begin the new year clear of debt, relying on our industry and economy to yield us a support, and trusting to a kind Providence for good seasons and a prosperous crop."

Sons of the Eagle. GEORGE CREEL.

THE FIVE-ROOM BUNGALOW AND DIVORCE

If we would check divorce, we must begin by abolishing the five-room bungalow. We must make it obligatory upon all married persons to remain for the duration of their lives upon the family domain of the husband; and we must provide a family enterprise which, like farming, requires to be carried on with unbroken continuity by one generation after another. Under the existing circumstances, divorce only poses this question to society: if all the other members of what was once known as the family are to be scattered to the winds, by what logic do you reason that husbands and wives can be made the sole exception? No, the five-room bungalow, having abolished the ties of blood, wipes out the tie of sacrament almost without effort. It is not, as some say, the scene of progressive polygamy. That analogy does injustice to polygamy, which is a stable and a highly centralized system wherever it exists. Western civilization has received no such gift. It is not abandoning one system of reckoning and taking another, like infidels converted to Mohammedanism. Its family has dissolved, and its marriage is dissolving—into chaos, contained in the five-room homestead. *Science: the False Messiah.* C. E. AYRES.

CONTAGIOUS FEAR

"What has he done that you should make him suffer as you do?"

"He has contaminated me with his disease. Isn't that enough?"

"What do you mean?"

"I am afraid. He has passed his terrors on to me. If I go on living with Hal, I shall hate him. Listen, Steve. Hal has destroyed his happiness and mine by his fear, but he shall not make me distorted and cruel by driving me to loathing him. That's too much. Hate is evil; it's most powerful and insidious. Yes, I am speaking of what I know. I felt it creeping over me. I grew afraid when I caught myself wishing he were dead, or thinking of him shut up in an asylum and gloating over it. It's horrible, this brutality inspired by hate. I refuse to subject myself to it, to become a human fiend. I tell you, he has made me afraid of myself; I've caught his disease."

"Hate Hal! How could you hate Hal? It sounds to me mad. Your words are exaggerated, hysterical. Joan, he loves you, loves you so much that he is afraid he will lose you. That is all. You know it."

"He's like those animals which from fear eat their young," and I saw a shudder go through her. *Passing the Love of Women.* JOSEPH WHITE (GIUSEPPE BIANCO).

THE USELESSNESS OF THE UNBOUGHT BRAIN

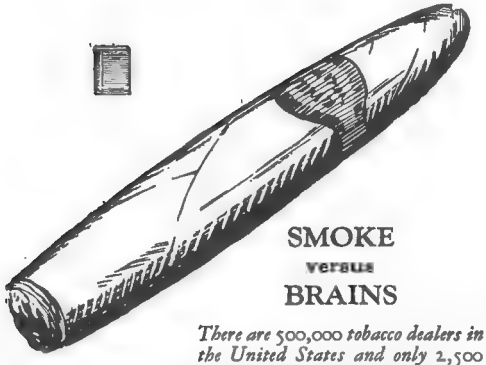
The *Autobiography* is impregnated with the author's stolid determination to do good work and to receive good wages; and it is during the discussion of *Barchester Towers* that is made the first profession of this firmly held faith:—

"I am well aware that there are many who think that an author in his authorship should not regard money,—nor a painter, or sculptor, or composer in his art. I do not know that this unnatural self-sacrifice is supposed to extend itself further. A barrister, a clergyman, a doctor, an engineer, and even actors and architects, may without disgrace follow the bent of human nature, and endeavour to fill their bellies and clothe their backs, and also those of their wives and children, as comfortably as they can by the exercise of their abilities and crafts. They may be as rationally realistic as may the butchers and the bakers; but the artist and the author forget the high glories of their calling if they condescend to make a money return a first object. They who preach this doctrine will be much offended by my theory, and by this book of mine, if my theory and my book come beneath their notice. They require the practice of a so-called virtue which is contrary to nature, and which, in my eyes, would be no virtue if it were practised. . . .

It is a mistake to suppose that a man is a better man because he despises money. Few do so, and those few in doing so suffer a defeat. Who does not desire to be hospitable to his friends, generous to the poor, liberal to all, munificent to his children, and to be himself free from the carking fear which poverty creates? The subject will not stand an argument;—and yet authors are told that they should disregard payment for their work, and be

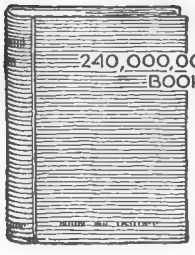
(*Continued on page 22*)

The sweet tooth as opposed to the keen mind, In America per person we spend $18.15 for candy, ice cream and soda to $1.10 for books; or over 16 times as much for sweets as for books.



SMOKE
versus
BRAINS

There are 500,000 tobacco dealers in the United States and only 2,500 bookstores. 200 times as much effort to supply smoke as to supply brains.



50,000,000
Books

In Russia nearly 5 times as many books are sold each year as in the United States. The figures are 240,000,000 to 50,000,000.

A Word About the Editor
—*from the St. Paul News*

"The European idea of publishing books in the same fashion as magazines are publi has finally reached America.

"Its imposing title is the Literary Guil America. To belong to an organization bea such an implication of the intellectual sho in itself, be worth the price of admission to dwellers in Hawk's Centers. Its list of edi is no less imposing.

"**Carl Van Doren**—editor-in-chief, who in sanctums of the Guild offices and mayhap c up in his chair in Columbia University, puff one of those cosmopolitan corncob and clay pi

"**Glenn Frank**—late editor of Century, wl eyes, it is said, have not been sullied by rea a novel in these now five years but whose t in history, philosophy and such cannot sneezed at without stirring the placid wate Lake Minnetonka (Wis.).

"**Elinor Wylie**—perhaps the best of our poets, even when writing novels, and of wl James Branch Cabell said that she headed national parade in feminine erudition.

"**Hendrik Willem van Loon**—who has duced mankind, the Bible, et al, to words of syllable, plus pictures.

"**Joseph Wood Krutch**—who writes in Nation the most penetrating of dramatic views and who played the 'Liebestraum' f Freud over the memory of the late Mr. Poe.

(**Zona Gale**—is the sixth editor. She is author of Miss Lulu Bett, Preface to a Life, other widely read novels.)

St. Paul News goes on to say—

"But seriously—these eminent personage the literary world are going to select one orig manuscript a month and see to its publica and distribution. One may subscribe to it as would to a magazine and thus cut the cost terially."

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s the aim of the Guild to choose only books :manant literary value, books which you will when you get them, which will be important they come out, but which you will read again months, in a year, which will be a perma- part of your life, which will be the classics of .ture.

understand exactly what we mean, imagine elf living in the time of Hawthorne, and ne that there was such a thing as the Literary in existence then. In that day you would gone into a bookstore and as the result of much bought a book by Mary Jane Holmes. You l have had something printed on paper, some- of little real worth, something of no perma- ower. But if the Guild had been in existence, would have received instead a copy of "The t Letter," which your descendants would have eading today.

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(*Continued from page 19*)

content to devote their unbought brains to the welfare of the public. Brains that are un bought will never serve the public much. Take away from English authors their copyrights and you would very soon take away England from her authors."

Anthony Trollope, a Commentary. MICHAEL SADLEIR.

THE TINKER

The woman who was to be his bride had come back, with three tankards in her hand The Indian eyes were looking straight into him. They stabbed his heart. The impudent lips were going to speak to him—to him!

"Poppa says you can mend these three, but no cheating."

Good God! She had taken him for a tinker. He'd raid the place to-night.

He passed the tankards hastily to Kilgallon, who, good fellow, came to the rescue of his leader's dignity.

"He's no tinker, mum. I'm the tinker. He don't work at all." That was good. She would take him for a gentleman.

"Doesn't work? Why doesn't he?"

"He never had occasion to work."

"I'm afraid I don't appreciate. In my country the President's son goes to work."

"I'll bet a dollar the President and all his sons couldn't put a bottom on this," said the tinker, flourishing the most battered tankard. "That is where I've got Americ licked."

Break o' Day. CON O'LEARY.

THE NEW COUNTRY

"But this is the United States," Bridget answered, "and children don't talk like the fathers and mothers in this country; and besides, my name isn't Brudget, it's Bridget."

"I dinna like it either way."

Bridget, who had been rearranging the undergarments of the doll that reposed on h lap, and which appeared a bit grown-up to occasion such a procedure, suddenly flared u "I dinna," she mocked. "Dinner is something to eat; you mean 'don't'; and I don't ca whether you like my name or not. I don't like MacTish; it sounds like fish, and I hate fish

"Why should ye hate fush?"

"I didn't say 'fush,' I said fish."

"Fish, then; why should ye hate it?"

"Because we must eat it on Fridays and fast days and in Lent. I don't like eg either. Father hates them, too, fish and eggs."

"Funny to be eatin' things ye din—ye don't like."

"It isn't funny, it's religious."

"Religious!" Robert showed his amazement. "What's the Kirk to do wi' what eat?"

"It isn't Kirk, it's Church."

"Church, then, what hae the Church to do wi' what ye eat?"

"I don't know, but it's something; mother says it's respect for the Saviour; He d on Friday or something."

"How can ye show respect when ye hate the food? It's a queer Kirk—Church belong to."

Bridget got on her feet, her eyes blazing. "It's the best Church in the world; bet than yours and all the rest of them. The other Churches are mushrooms growing out of mother says so."

White Wind. JACOB WENDELL CLARK

THE IDEAL HUSBAND

Constance thought deeply. At least, she pretended to.

"I ought really to have notice of a question like that," she said at length. "It g too deep to be trifled with. But I'll do my best. I'd like a husband who was good-lookin rich, amiable, never kept a secret from his wife, never let her believe anything that was true, and never arranged things so that she had to tell lies just to keep him in countenanc

That kept me quiet for a long time.

Love Lies Dreaming. C. E. FOERSTER

COURAGE IS THE BIG ADVENTURE''

I know a lot of things, Karl. . . . I know
e than you think. . . . I know who my
her was."
So?"
Yes. . . . I have guessed it."
And I have guessed it, too, Fraulein."
But a mother cannot give me a name."
I tell you it does not matter."
Not to a man, perhaps."
Nor to a woman of courage. . . . Always
ember that, Fraulein. Courage is the only
g in life that matters. . . . Good . . .
. . . ugliness . . . beauty: they are noth-
. . . It is courage that is the big adven-
It was the adventure that even Christ
elf made. . . . It is the adventure that
back to my country to attempt."
searchlight, wandering from its course, lit
he huddled bodies of the sleeping swans.
r stirred, ruffling their dusky wings as at
n. And, slowly, majestically, they glided
the water. The crimson glow upon turret
tower began to fade.
It is time to go, Fraulein."
e stood up. "Karl! . . . Karl! . . ."
cried.
Good-by, Fraulein! . . . Little Fraulein,
vell."
e took her brow between his hands and
d it. She turned away. The swans were
ing pensively from the shaft of light into
ness.
ne warning screech of a siren rent the air.
off came the clang of street cars and the
cry of newsboys.
anut brittle and soda pop among the palaces!
RLES CALDWELL DOBIE. *Less Than Kin.*

NARROWING YEARS

ney are narrowing years, these of Indian
mer, years of loss in many ways. They
swift years. They bring little, but they
little. They are swift, but their fingers
ight, doing their work by slow degrees—
e here, a fold there, a wrinkling and faint
wing, a bowing of the shoulders toward the
n. The man shrinks, and his world shrinks
him. But the world grows kinder as it
s smaller. *Hardy Rye.* DANIEL CHASE.

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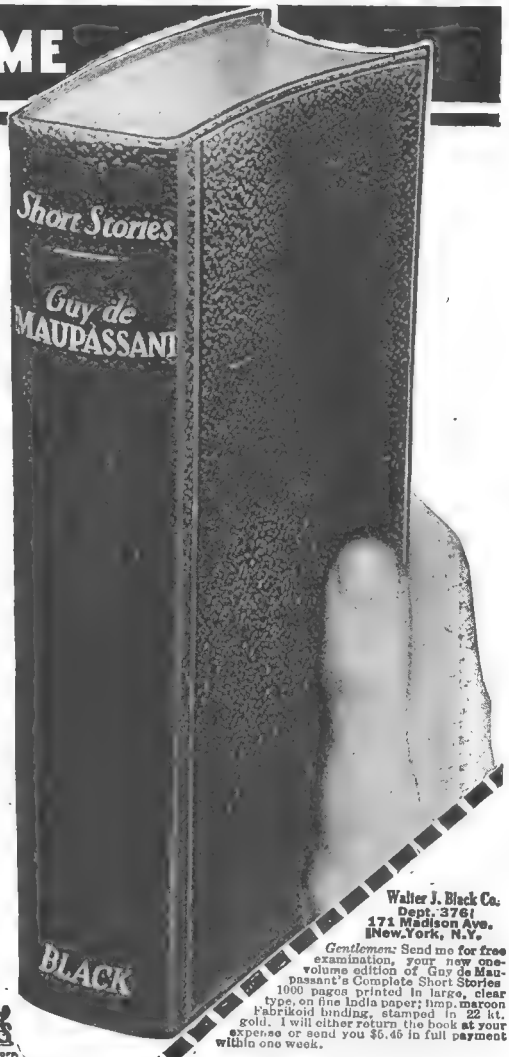

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Rich man, poor man, beggarman, yes—even thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—men and women of every class, of every circumstance, of every degree of experience and inexperience—ply him with questions, some simple to answer, many puzzling. Yet all must be answered with supreme wisdom by this Solomon of finance. For an error of judgment, in any case, *may* mean ruin to one who is trusting him like a child.

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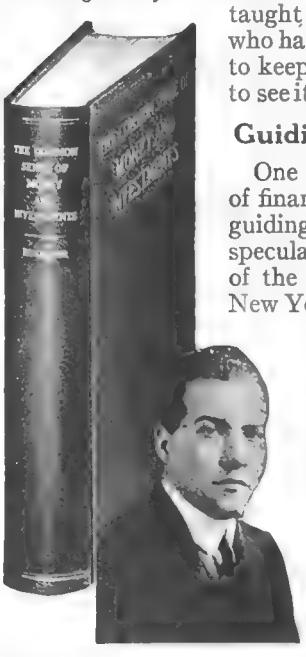


Guiding the Unwary

One of these wise men of finance, who have been guiding investors and speculators in the columns of the big newspapers of New York City, is Merryle Stanley Rukeyser at present financial editor of the *New York Evening Journal* and a lecturer at Columbia University. He was formerly financial and business editor of the *New York Tribune.*

Dealing with these multitudinous questions over a period of many years, he has come to see clearly *what the average person wants to know about money and investment;* and, in a desire to help the inexperienced and the unwary, he has written a book: "The Common Sense of Money and Investments."

"It is something that ought to be in the curriculum of every college. It shows not only Mr. Rukeyser's ability as a writer and his understanding as an economist, but his practical contacts with experienced sources of information. I picked it up just to glance at it, but found myself occupied for several hours reading it."
BERNARD M. BARUCH.

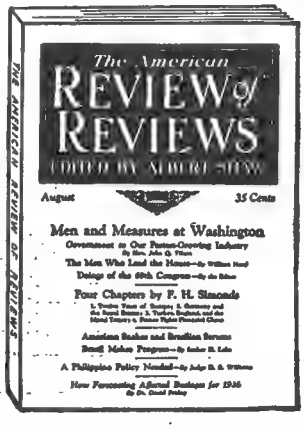
"It really should be used as a text book in the economic classes of schools and colleges."
BAYARD DOMINICK,
Former Governor of New York Stock Exchange and now President, Bet-

INVESTMENT ADVICE

For the Rich and For Those Who Hope to Be

This book answers, simply and clearly and completely, the many questions which most of us would ask if we could spend a few hours in frank conversation with a real financial expert. Any person who has money invested in stocks or bonds or real estate, any person who anticipates having money to invest, will do well to read it carefully at once, and to keep it as a guide always to be referred to as the need arises.

For it is a book with its feet upon the ground. Simply, graphically, with a wealth of practical illustrations, it discusses one by one the various problems that arise in handling and investing money. It reveals the pitfalls to avoid—pitfalls often too cleverly hidden from you. It makes clear the opportunities to seize and the wisest principles to follow. It lays bare, so that even the most inexperienced can understand them, the intricate workings of that great financial and commercial structure which modern society has reared.



Yet, this is only incidental; above all, it is a book of guidance, *a book meant to be used*, a book meant to teach you how to earn more money than you do now, to save more money than you do, how to keep your money from being filched from you, legally or illegally, how to make your money increase instead of diminish.

It is impossible in this space to give more than a hint of the subjects that are discussed completely and fully. Here, however, are a few of the chapter headings:

A Common Sense View of Money
Dangers of Excessive Thrift
Legitimate Objectives of Thrift
Stocks, Bonds and Tangible Property
The Mind of the Small Investor
Tests of a Safe Investment
Why Not Get Rich Quick?
Investing Without Red Tape
Specific Investment Programs for Various Classes of People
When to Switch from Stocks to Bonds and Vice Versa
How to Select an Honest Broker
How to Detect a Security Charlatan
Bucket Shops and How to Keep Out of Them
High Finance and the Public Good
Has the Day of Opportunities Passed?
A Formula for Effective Thrift
Secrets of the financial page
Fallacies in the Investment Column
The Story Behind the Figures in a Financial Report
Why "Tips" Are Misleading
Half Truths about Wall Street Affairs

All these subjects, and many others, are treated not with the dryness of an economist, but with an insight *into what people want to know* which makes Finance as fascinating as it actually is in real life.

In addition, to enhance the usefulness of his book, Mr. Rukeyser includes a list of books by other authors, for those who wish to delve into the subject more deeply; and, also, the publishers have included, in the back of the book, personal record forms for investments, and income, which ordinarily sell for more than the price of the book.

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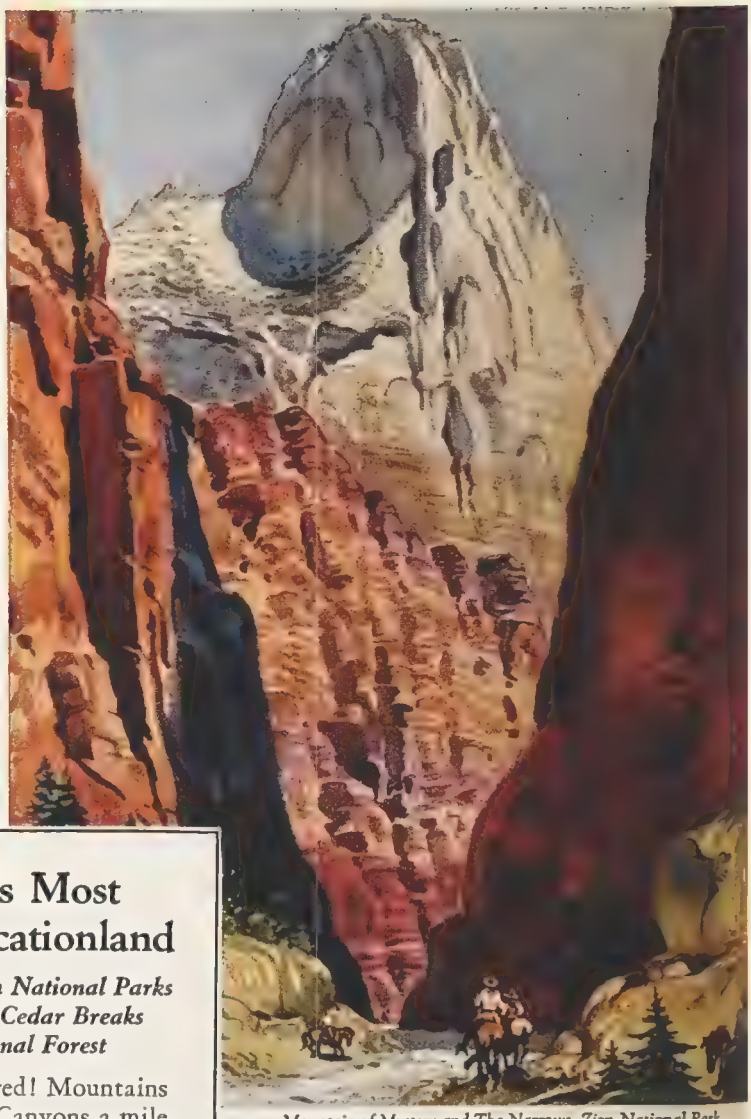

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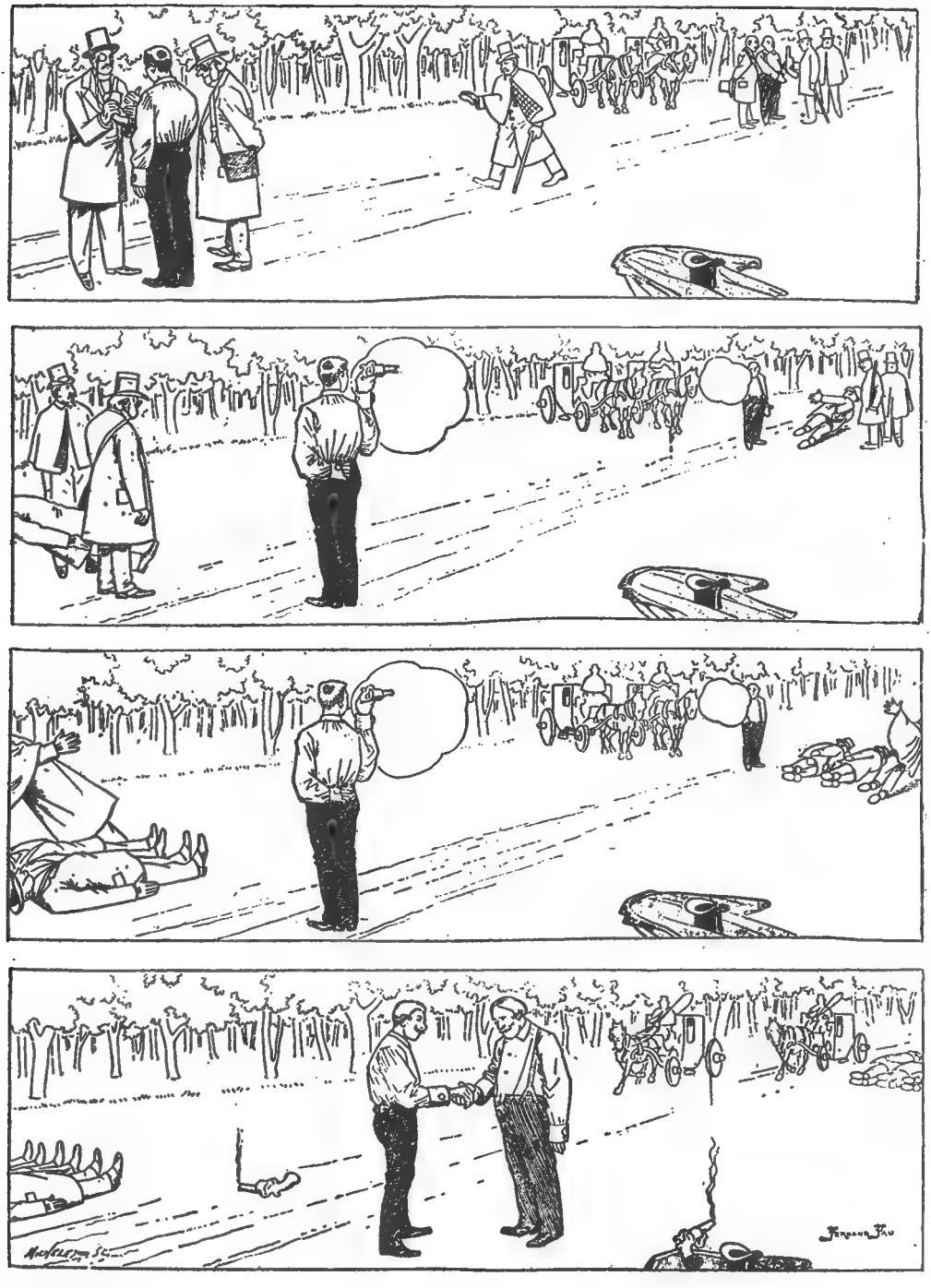

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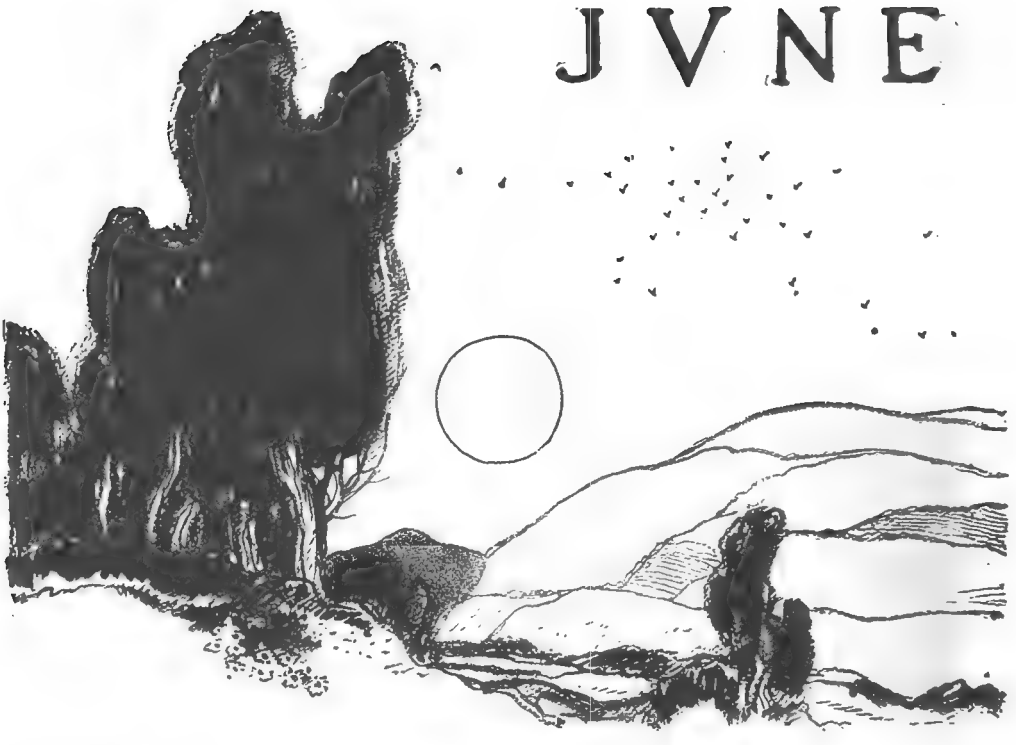

The Marsh — By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

INNUMERABLE turtle-doves cooing on the heights, or wheeling about, fly from tree to tree, and seem to exchange messages of love. One feels a sensation that all around this deep water, throughout all this plain, up to the foot of the mountains, there is yet more water; the deceitful water of the marsh, sleeping yet living; broad clear sheets, in which the skies are mirrored, over which the clouds flit by; in which, widely scattered, all manner of strange rushes spring up; the fertile limpid water, full of rotting life and deathly fermentation; water breeding fever and miasma, at the same time food and poison, spreading itself out in attractive loveliness over the mysterious mass of putrefaction beneath it. The atmosphere is delightful, relaxing, and dangerous. Over all the banks which separate the vast still pools, amid all the thick grasses, swarms, crawls, jumps, and creeps a whole world of slimy, repugnant, cold-blooded animals. I love those cold, subtle animals that are generally avoided and dreaded; for me there is something sacred about them.

At the hour of sunset the marsh intoxicates and excites me. After remaining all day a silent pond lying hushed in the heat, it becomes at the moment of twilight a fairy-like and enchanted country. In its calm and boundless depths the skies are mirrored: skies of gold, skies of blood, skies of fire; they sink in it, bathe in it, float and are drowned in it. They are there up above, in the immensity of the firmament, and they are below, beneath us, so near and yet so completely beyond our touch, in that shallow pool, through which the pointed grasses push their way like bristling hairs. All the colour with which earth has been endowed, charming, varied, and enthralling, appears to us deliciously painted, admirably resplendent, and infinitely shaded around a single leaf of the water-lily. Every shade of red, rose, yellow, blue, green, and violet are there, in a little patch of water which shows us the heavens, and space, and dreamland, and the flight of the birds as they skim across its face; and then there is still something else—I know not what—in the marshes beheld in the setting sun. I feel therein a confused revelation of some unknown mystery, an original breath of primeval life, which is, perhaps, nothing more than the bubble of gas rising from a swamp at the fall of day.

1 "I should like to add to the Litany a new petition: 'For all inhabitants of great towns, and especially for all such as dwell in lodgings, boarding-houses, flats, or any other sordid substitute for Home, which need or foolishness may have contrived'"
GEORGE GISSING.

2 One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man.
RABELAIS.

3 As for rosemary I lette it runne all over my garden walks, not onlie because my bees love it, but because it is the herb sacred to remembrance and to friendship, whence a sprig of it hath a dumb language.
SIR THOMAS MORE.

4 Tell you what I like the best;
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time the strawberries melt
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothing else. RILEY.

5 Whenever you have eaten strong-smelling shreds of the Tarentine leek, give kisses with your mouth shut. MARTIAL.

6 I have a strange longing for the great simple primeval things, such as the Sea, to me no less of a mother than the Earth. It seems to me that we all look at Nature too much and live with her too little.
OSCAR WILDE.

7 Very few people kin be 'emselves and git very far.
"ABE MARTIN" (KIN HUBBARD).

8 Ah, for me the madness
Of the spendthrift flower,
Burning myriad sunsets
In a single hour.

For this is the joy of the rose,
That it blows
And goes. WILLA CATHER.

9 With the death of curiosity we may reckon that active intelligence has died.
BERTRAND RUSSELL.

10 The annual diversions at Swalwell will take place, which will consist of dancing for ribbons, grinning for tobacco, women running for smocks, ass races, foot courses by men, with an odd whim of a man eating a cock alive, feathers, entrails, etc.
Old Ms., 1758.

11 It is a greater generosity for a beggar to refuse money than for a prince to bestow it. SENECA.

12 The world belongs to the enthusiast who keeps cool. WILLIAM MCFEE.

13 I have brought my pillow and am lying at the northern window,
So come to me and play with me awhile.
With so much quarrelling and so few kisses
How long do you think our love can last?
A "Tzŭ-yeh" Song (WALEY).

14 The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. . . . But, what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop. SYDNEY SMITH.

15 It has been said that all sensible men are of the same religion, and that no sensible man ever says what that religion is. So all sensible men are of the same opinion about women, and no sensible man ever says what that opinion is.
SAMUEL BUTLER.

16 I should like well enough to spend the whole of my life in traveling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterward at home! HAZLITT.

17 When the stream of the spring grows clear as it is wont, and the wild rose appears, and the little nightingale on the branch turns and repeats and smoothes and beautifies its sweet singing, it is right that I should repeat mine.

JAUFRE RUDEL.

18 "Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most."

DR. JOHNSON.

19 I will here adde a common country custome that is used to be done with the rose. . . . They use in their parlours and dining-roomes to hang roses over their tables, to put the companie in memorie of secresie, and not rashly or indiscreetly to clatter and blab out what they heare.

NEWTON (*Herball to the Bible, 1587*).

20 The constant practice of what the French call *les attentions* is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing. . . . Women, particularly, have a right to them, and any omission in that respect is downright ill-breeding.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

21 *Perfumed delight,*
The singing of your voice
Builds up a palace of living marble
For Him who bade love be beautiful,
Perfumed delight.

Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

22 I know that not one of my desires will be realized, and for a long time I have had no desires at all. I simply accept what comes to me as though it were a bird perching on my window. I smile at it, but I know my visitor has wings and will not stay long. AMIEL.

23 "Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! —And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last."

SHERIDAN.

24 "My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery." DICKENS.

25 A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat. SELDEN.

26 Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite, and a strong sense of personal identity. STEVENSON.

27 O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief noon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.

WHITTIER.

28 Turned into St. Dunston's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again,—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. PEPYS.

29 Between the human species that washes, and the human species that does not wash, there is a great gulf fixed.

VICTOR HUGO.

30 When he first married, Haydn said, finding no remedy against domestic squabbles, he used to go and enjoy himself with his good friends for weeks together. Once, having returned home after a considerable absence, his wife, while he was in bed next morning, followed her husband's example; she did even more, for she took all his clothes, even to his shoes, stockings, and small clothes, nay, everything he had, along with her! Thus situated, he was under the necessity of doing something to cover his nakedness; and this was the first cause of his seriously applying himself to the music which has since made his name immortal.

PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME V JUNE, 1927 NUMBER 30

The Mating of Pompalone

By T. S. STRIBLING

SUN YET LEE, the copra exporter, told me this story one evening as we strolled around the savanna in Port of Spain. We were passing an Italian villa, done in Barbados chalk, when a servant opened a huge gate, and a man and a woman on splendid black horses galloped out and drummed off down the driveway. What made me turn and watch them until they were lost in the veil of the moon was the manner in which the man rode. The woman, clearly, was the bouncing product of a riding-school, but the man, I thought, must have spent much of his life in the saddle in one of three places on earth, Cossack Russia, the North American cattle ranches, or the South American pampas. I was about to ask a question when Sun Yet Lee forestalled it.

"That is the Magnificent Pompalone and his wife, the Lady Bettina," he said. "He came here some years ago from the Llanos of the Orinoco. I knew him as well as any one gets to know a *llanero* and a Venezuelan. Those were the days when society here in Port of Spain rather shunned him, because it was understood that he got his fortune by some rather lucky murders and robberies."

"That," I said, "is supposed to form a certain bar, is it?"

"For a period it does, in this white world of the West," agreed my companion with a certain expression on his face; "but over here, time softens such informalities, time and a thoughtful handling of the fortune." He continued looking after the riders down the huge oval of the savanna, and after the hoof-beats died away he added rather acridly, "Although I was his first friend, you observed, I suppose, that they did not recognize me at all."

I was surprised at the remark. "Why, it's moonlight, Sun Lee!" I said rather blankly.

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"How could you expect them to recognize you in the moonlight?"

"Naturally I do not," returned my companion. "If they fail to see me when I pass them face to face at high noon under a Trinidad sun, then, as you say, how could I expect them to recognize me in the moonlight?"

Sun Lee's tones were impregnated with that subcutaneous rancour which I believe all Chinese feel when talking to or of a white man. I felt inclined to laugh, but something in Lee's manner kept me quiet. Presently he continued in the same vein.

"You see, they have risen somewhat in society since then, the Magnificent Pompalone and the Lady Bettina. I understand the Governor had them at his last ball, which is something—since the Governor grants pardons. And so"—Sun Yet Lee made a little gesture—"why should he recognize me any more?"

I murmured something about friends.

"Friends? Surely you have observed, sir, that a white man measures his social progress much as a mariner determines his nautical speed; the one heaves over his log, the other heaves over his friends. Naturally, the faster he goes, the swifter he—" Sun Yet Lee broke off to lift a hand and waggle delicate fingers in the direction the Magnificent Pompalone had taken.

The Chinaman's opinion of my race and, I could but suppose, by inclusion, of me, left a little gap in our conversation which I found difficult to bridge. I stood looking rather emptily at the pale villa with its nine black windows of the second story just seen above the high wall. Presently I made the unnecessary observation:

"So you knew them?"

"When the Magnificent Pompalone was married," said Sun Yet Lee, "I stood up with him as best man. He came to me and asked it out of friendship. 'Sun Lee,' he said, 'every white acquaintance I have in Port of Spain has excused himself from standing up with me in my marriage ceremony. Now, for the very reason that they will not come, out of the memory of Najalka, I ask for your kind offices.'

"So I went. At the wedding, there were just two other men: the bride's father, who was a newly rich distiller by the name of Sherbrooke, and a threadbare nonconformist minister whom they dug up somewhere in town and induced to perform the ceremony. I remember how he kept bowing and smiling in the huge empty room as if everything were all right."

My companion stood in the moonlight, looking at the villa and indulging in a private and mirthless smile at the lonely wedding he had attended. He stood so long in silence, leaning against the iron rails that enclose the savanna, that I thought I had heard the last of the matter, when he took it up again at quite a different point.

As I say [my companion resumed], we were friends, and I had served the Magnificent Pompalone on one or two occasions; so when a coolie boy picked his way into my shop on Tragarette Road and handed me a note, I was not surprised to see the huge envelope and the coat of arms showing a tiger rampant embossed on the flap, which told me it was from the Magnificent Pompalone. The message, in his usual harsh handwriting, said:

Find out all the details of Betty Sherbrooke's intimate life and come to my villa for four o'clock tea.

I was getting in a fair amount of copra that afternoon, but I make it a rule always to deal light-heartedly with my business, so I closed my door straight in the face of a string of carts loaded with at least thirty fanegas of copra, and set off to find out what I could about Betty Sherbrooke.

I went to my friend Wong Lu, who runs a laundry on Richmond Street. As I had thought, my friend Wong did the Sherbrooke laundry, and so for a long while I sat on the edge of his ironing table, talking to him and watching his iron smooth out cuffs and shirts and pajamas.

At six o'clock I came up this pitch walk and entered the little postern gate you see there where the bougainvillea leans over the top of the wall.

I found Pompalone in the breakfast room, on the second floor, giving on a back view from the villa. If Pompalone had not been seated at the table, this breakfast room would have been rather an extraordinary affair, with black ebony window frames and between the windows murals of life-sized tigers. The damask on his table was not white but was embroidered in bars of black and gold reminiscent of the tiger's colouring. It would have been an extraordinary setting, I say, if the man at the table had not subdued it and brought it into tone, with his jet-black hair, sallow skin, wide nostrils and smouldering quartz-coloured eyes. The rank indifference with which he picked his big white teeth with a pen-knife

reduced the murals to mere murals inconspicuous, conventional.

As I entered between black and yellow portières, he waved me abruptly to a chair on the opposite side of the table, and began in his usual brusque fashion:

"What did you find out about the girl?"

"The Sherbrooke family," I said, "has lately acquired wealth."

"How did you learn?"

"The mother and father still wear cotton hosiery, and their children, a daughter and a son, wear silk."

Pompalone gave an impatient jerk of his head. "And the girl, Betty, what of her personal habits?"

"She has just taken up horseback riding. She has a completely new riding habit from boots to cap and crop. That only happens once, at the beginning of the fad."

"Is she strong?"

"She is framed on ample lines," said I. "Her handkerchiefs show that she uses little powder and no paint at all, so her complexion, whatever it may be, is natural."

The Magnificent Pompalone nodded. "That is the animal side of this Betty Sherbrooke. What about the girl herself, her spirit? Is she ambitious, full of fire? You must realize, Sun Yet Lee, that I want to marry a woman who will beget great children." In his rising vehemence the *llanero* set down his cup on the embroidered spread with such force as to break the vessel. "We men are handicapped there, for after all our children depend mainly on our wives. There is where we fail!"

Pompalone arose, and in his gestures had shaken the great purpleheart table, pulled the heavy cloth this way and that, upsetting half the vessels.

"Wait, wait a moment," I begged him. "This girl Betty Sherbrooke is not what you suggest. I noticed an interesting point in her laundry. On her underwear she had embroidered a design for a coat of arms, trying it in different colours to see which would look best. Without doubt, she has employed some antiquary to trace back her lineage to the English nobility, with an idea of assuming a crest. Or perhaps she may hope that her father will be knighted."

Pompalone nodded. "Well, that is something—her tracing back her lineage. I personally would regret to rest my claim to greatness on my ancestors. I start my lineage. I am the first Pompalone. That is my shield carved over my door a tiger rampant. Nobody gave it to me. The men who crossed my path—suggested it.

"Still, after all, a woman is a derivative creature, and one could hardly expect her to originate an escutcheon. If this comely wench, Betty, is thinking of escutcheons at all, that is something. All right, all right, we will have to try her out and see if she can bear super-children, for after all a man must chance it with some one. He can't be everything."

He made a gesture. "And she likes horses. She is learning to ride. Very well, we will have her a horse and a stable. There are too many garages, Sun Yet Lee, and too few stables. Nobody but a poltroon would exchange a horse for a machine. You can't spur a machine to death!" He stood frowning a moment, then his face cleared. "We must have horses for this jade who embroiders escutcheons on her underwear. I'll have a stable built right against that wall." He pointed toward a very high yellow wall which delimited his ground on the west side at the back of his villa. "We must please this hussy. Do you drop in from time to time, Sun Lee, to see how it looks." And with a gesture he dismissed me.

Well, the Magnificent Pompalone flung a great body of men to work on his stables, and the new building arose just as ornate as his villa. It was of the same style of architecture; it was a minor villa for his horses—creatures he could spur to death.

At about the same time William Sherbrooke, the distiller, began erecting that mansion whose turrets you can see yonder rising above that banyan tree.

[I looked, caught a glimmer of tne tower in the moonlight, and nodded.]

That mansion is a replica of some old English castle. You know how newly-rich colonials run to castles. Well, this construction swelled Pompalone's enthusiasm for the English girl. It showed her flair, the pulse in her blood, so he thought.

Betty Sherbrooke was often at the villa; she took a possessive interest in the stables her fiancé was building. And as I watched her and the Magnificent Pompalone together, I was forced to admit that she made a mate for him. She was quite as tall as he, finely moulded, and was one of those cool blondes with glinting hair, sea-coloured eyes, and lips as red as the comb of a laying hen, which, of course (Sun Yet Lee made a gesture), was as it should be.

She had the persistent vivacity of a girl

who was going out on an adventuresome lark and had made up her mind to go through with it, and—enjoy it. She was a foil to the Magnificent Pompalone, who regarded her with eyes that smouldered in his swarthy face, and was preparing to receive her into a villa ornamented with tigers.

Under the hands of imported masons the stables grew upward in white blocks, round by round. I was in the grounds one evening when the top of the rising masonry had almost reached the level of the high yellow wall. Miss Betty had climbed up and was looking about her, when I heard her call: "Oh, Pompalone! Just come up and look what a garden our neighbour has. What a lovely thing!"

I glanced up, and the blond girl in the brilliant sunshine on the white stone-work was rather a breath-taking sight. Pompalone went hurrying up the ladder, and, out of curiosity, I followed.

Miss Betty was pointing. "Why, that is a little Buddhist temple, that thing with the gilded dome, and a little lake with water lilies and rushes and stepping-stones to gather them. Pompalone, I never saw anything so lovely!"

By that time I was at the top of the wall myself. All three of us stood admiring it silently. Naturally, where their crude Caucasian eyes saw the obvious accents, I observed the nuances of the garden, the harmony of colour under the gilded dome and its reflection among the pink water lilies in the pool, the massing of flowers and grass, and the effect of the mango tree in the corner, which strewed shadows through the sunshine and qualified it. Well, such a jewel-box really left our side of the wall, with its villa and stable, a pale, washed-out affair; but then naturally no Occidental can approach the colour sense of the East.

"How I wish that were mine!" breathed Miss Betty, after a long stare with her covetous Northern eyes.

"Sun Lee," said Pompalone, "find out who owns that garden."

"Why, a Hindu, naturally, Pompalone," said I, for I saw it lacked the delicacy of a Chinese garden.

The Magnificent Pompalone gave me a look and said dryly, "Find out the name of the Hindu, and the price of the garden."

"Pompalone," said I, "that garden hasn't the look of a garden that's for sale."

"True! True!" exclaimed Pompalone. "It's a low thing to go about asking the price of beauty—to dicker for loveliness! God's lightning! No wonder beauty escapes this race of English hucksters in Trinidad. A beautiful thing, like a beautiful woman, should be seized, Sun Lee!" He struck his fist on the wall. "You shame a man to ask him the price of his garden! You shame a woman to ask her hand in marriage! Abduction and robbery, Sun Lee, are the highest forms of esthetics. Caramba! There can be no doubt that a man admires your handiwork if he will slit your throat for it, or that he loves a woman if she maddens him!"

Miss Betty had both fingers in her ears. "Pompalone! Pompalone! How often have I asked you not to talk like that!"

"Not talk like that!" echoed Pompalone. "And yet you yourself are trying to trace back your ancestry to the English barons, men who had blood in their veins and took what pleased them, man, woman or thing. No wonder you honour them!"

"That was a long time ago, Pompalone," said Miss Betty, a little shakily.

"Yes, nowadays the slogan seems to be, 'Let your grandfather do the robbery.' At any rate, it is impractical for me to climb down into this little garden and take it, so, Sun Lee, I will have to ask you to find out who owns it, and offer him his price."

The next day I went to my friend Wong Lu and watched him roll cuffs through his mangle. His place smelled pleasantly of steam and fresh clothes; for the smell of a laundry among odours is much as the taste of chop suey among foods. We talked of this and that, and presently I said: "Wong Lu, who is this wealthy Hindu who continually sends you to launder silk robes of solid colours, yellow, purple, red, the *kapra* of men and the *ouranee* for women?"

Wong Lu pondered a moment. "You must be speaking either of Dookie Ran or Rhamba Singh."

"Which has children?"

"Dookie Ran."

"Then I mean Rhamba Singh. Let me see, he is the old coolie who buys cacao beans down on Victoria Street."

"That's the old man, skinnier than I am, and the colour of nutmeg."

I left the laundry and walked on down to Victoria Street. Rhamba Singh had a little hole in the wall which led back to an old stable yard. Rhamba Singh had covered a part of this yard with pieces of tarpaulin and tin and stray planks, and so had rigged up a shelter for his stock. Under this were bags of cacao beans in rows, and the whole place was heavy with the sweetish odour of

cacao, with a hint in it of curry, which came no doubt from the old coolie's preparing his own noon lunch.

The old Hindu himself was working like a porter among his beanbags. He wore a breech clout, a single shirt flapping about his loins, and a turban. Then I realized I was in the presence of a philosopher as well as an esthete, and if I meant to buy the garden I must act with consideration.

After I had priced some beans and bargained for three sacks, I sat down on the pile, drew a cigarette out of my bamboo case, lighted it and breathed in the smoke. As I talked the smoke floated out of my mouth and nostrils.

"Rhamba Singh," I observed, "it requires a man of wisdom, like you, really to enjoy anything, a fine horse, a private temple, a garden—"

The old coolie looked up at me without a trace of comprehension in his cinnamon face, and grunted.

"I say," I repeated, "it takes a wise man to enjoy a garden. Look, for example, at these wealthy Englishmen in Port of Spain: their homes are palaces, their business houses are mansions, and their clubs châteaux. They go between these places in luxurious motors, with never a break from year to year; and yet they never understand why they grow weary of existence, like children with their bellies full of sweets."

Rhamba Singh looked at me blankly with his wrinkled old face like dried mace, and grunted, "Want more beans?"

I inhaled again and considered. "Four more sacks. And their women, Rhamba Singh. What an absurdity, running about the streets with their faces naked for any one to see! They heap their wives together at dances and banquets half naked, as if they were determined to cloy even desire by a prodigious surfeiting and lose love in the gray ashes of their days."

Old Rhamba Singh nodded. "That is true, Sun Lee. Desire is in the eyes and the thoughts. Only a fool eats the songbird in his garden."

"That which you say, Rhamba Singh, is the second thought of wisdom, not the first thought of youth."

"That is true, Sun Lee; the first thought of my youth was quite different. It was one night in Mangalore in Ghats when I saw a nautch girl dancing. Had it not been for that girl, Sun Lee, I would still be a Sudra in Bengal. I can remember her anklets and armlets and castanets and the plates of burnished brass over her breasts. They were gold in my eyes, Sun Lee. I pushed my way through the crowd and got to the man who beat the drum, and gave him a copper *pie* to tell me her name. It was Najalka. I asked what she was worth. The drummer spat.

"'You spent your last *pie* to buy her name, and now you ask what she is worth—take care, you dog of a Sudra, lest your shadow fall on my foot.'

"I stood aside so the light fell on me in a different way, but still I had her name, and as I stood drinking her through my ears and eyes, I thought, 'What if Najalka were dancing for me alone in some garden by a temple?' and, Sun Lee, my bowels melted within me and I went away.

"The next month, white men from the West came to Mangalore to indenture labour, and I put my fingers on a pen while they wrote. Then they put me in a barracoon with six hundred and twelve Sudras and pariahs, all mixed without order except such as we could keep in the barracoon where we ate and slept. We stayed there three months waiting for a ship to come and take us to the West. Some of us died and were never carried to the Tower of Silence, but were thrown into the bay there at Mangalore. But I lived on, Sun Lee, because somewhere ahead of me down the gardens of the years, I could see a nautch girl dancing.

"At last I sailed with four hundred others, and we stopped at the Fijis, at Samoa, at this and that point; finally my papers were given to an Englishman here in Trinidad.

"I worked for him ten years, when my indenture was finished and I might stay here or go back to India. I stayed here and wrote to Bengal, and after a year I received a letter saying that Najalka was dead, but that she had left a little daughter, a little Najalka, a pretty creature who danced and who was worth eight hundred rupees.

"But I did not have the eight hundred rupees, so I picked up sticks in the jungle and burned them and sold charcoal here in Port of Spain; I bought mangoes on the estates and sold them in the streets; I helped lade the ships at the wharf. But by the time I had eight hundred rupees, Sun Lee, I was old enough to realize I must have other rupees to keep Najalka's daughter. One does not bed a fawn in a sty. But when I had more rupees, came another letter from Mangalore telling me that the daughter of Najalka had died in childbed

and that a little daughter, another Najalka, was in her stead.

"So I sent them my eight hundred rupees, and told them to teach her to sing and dance until she was worth these rupees and then to send her to me. And so I came at last with Najalka, the daughter of Najalka, the daughter of Najalka. She is very like, Sun Lee, and when I gaze upon her a long time, I see the mother of her mother dancing in the torchlight at Mangalore; the same steps, the same songs, and my heart beats; and yet, after all, Sun Lee, no man can unroll the years."

After such a tale, a white man might well have been stolid enough to offer Rhamba Singh money for his garden, but we Chinese have had the benefit of training and courtesy; our parents before us were Chinese. So I crossed my hands on my chest and bowed to Rhamba Singh and walked backward out of his door and wished him more years and greater wisdom.

I was no sooner in my own shop than a boy came flying in, shrilling: "Sun Lee! Sun Lee! I have been looking everywhere. The Magnificent Pompalone is storming for you. He has sent runners to Wong Lu's, to the chop suey place, to the fan tan dive—" By this time we were both hurrying toward the villa.

I found the Magnificent Pompalone in his ballroom on the second story, where you see the nine windows set down the front in three groups of three windows each.

He was tramping up and down the polished *syp* floor, which shone so that it looked as if two Pompalones tramped the ballroom, one inverted and one erect. He was flinging away his black cigars as quickly as he lighted them. I entered as quietly as I could, and I said, with a placating gesture, "So you have seen the girl with the purple *ouranee* and the gold bangles."

He turned on me with a furious gesture. "Sun Yet Lee! Have you allowed me to waste my time on that moon-faced wench when such a dream, such a madness—just beyond my wall——"

"My dear Pompalone!" I hurried, for he seemed coming to pull me down. "I had no idea there was such a girl——"

"What! What! And you standing there describing her dress and her bangles! Don't trifle with me, Sun Lee!"

"Really! Really!" I cried, for he was advancing on me. "I deduced her costume from the garden, the colour of the garden. I—I knew what it had to be, Pompalone, you understand."

"How did you know there was any girl at all!"

"Oh!" I waved my hands. "The garden."

The Magnificent Pompalone glared at me a moment longer, then made a gesture. "Well, that's neither here nor there. I climbed up to look at my garden this morning, and she was there, bathing in the pool among the water lilies. God's lightning, Sun Lee, but I was seized with madness! I put my hands on the top of the wall to vault inside when I realized that a forty-foot drop might injure even me. I started to go and climb down by the mango tree, but that first hesitation, that single forethought, brought on a troop of others. I thought if I were down I could not escape with her at once. I could not climb back up with her and lock her in the villa. Besides, the villa was not safe. Port of Spain was not safe. This damnable government of the English!

"I knew I dare not look a moment longer, or I would fling myself down and lose her. And yet, Sun Lee, I have found all my life long, the man who hesitates at a woman or a crime, loses both. So listen, this must be done! In the morning be you hid in the garden when she bathes. Have gags and bonds ready——"

"But, Pompalone," I interrupted, "would you not prefer to have her consent?"

Pompalone stopped in his pacing to stare at me. "Her consent! I, Pompalone, stand pleading with a slip of delight, *may* I take her, *will* she do me the honour to come to me! Ah-h-h! Sun Yet Lee, you sound as sickly as these Trinidadian English!"

"But look!" I pressed the point. "You have been wooing this Betty Sherbrooke very patiently for days and weeks——"

The Magnificent Pompalone looked at me and made an enigmatic reply. "Miss Sherbrooke inspires patience."

"Still, we would best not go at this thing helter-skelter, Pompalone," I counseled. "The Hindus have a festival of Hosein only two days off, and on that day old Rhamba Singh will surely be in the processional with the others. If you could find patience till day after to-morrow, that would be the surest."

He began tramping again, the two images of Pompalone, the one above, the other below the *syp* floor. Finally he turned and waved a hand at me. "God's lightning! Go, man, and arrange it so. I get the girl on the festival of Hosein, and, Sun Yet Lee, do not mention her to me until that day."

The festival of Hosein is a nighty day with the coolies here in Trinidad, and in the two days preceding I fell to work gathering the things I would need to kidnap a woman; a thin rope ladder, a delicate pair of handcuffs, some silk bands to tie her ankles and knees and wrists and elbows, and a tiny little gourd for a gag, a small pretty one I found down at the native market with yellow and green stripes. I smiled to think how the vendor would look if he knew what I wanted with it. For the silk bands I chose orange and scented it with frangipani. I would have liked silver handcuffs for the capture, something carved like bangles.

Here Sun Yet Lee paused for several moments, musing over the point, and finally asked me if I had ever arranged to kidnap a woman. I was a little shocked and told him I had not.

My companion nodded, and looked up at the moon. "It is no dull enterprise, I assure you. Since that day I have often thought that civilization made a great backward step when men ceased to acquire wives by capture. That surely made the world duller both for men and women."

"But, Sun Lee," I cried, "a man's moral nature forbids such a thing! In every gentleman there is an innate courtesy, a chivalry which prevents——"

My Chinese companion lifted a hand. "Have you ever laid out little handcuffs and a tiny gag and perfumed silks to capture a beautiful woman——"

"No!" I cried. "Certainly not!"

"Then you are in no position to say what you would feel or how you would act."

"Well, confound all this moralizing!" I cried, with a beating heart. "I know I wouldn't do such a dastardly thing; but —tell me what happened in the garden!"

On the night following the day I had this interview with Pompalone (Sun Lee continued), that is, the second night before the festival of Hosein, I thought I would best go to Rhamba Singh's garden and see precisely how it lay, so that I could work out the finer details of the capture.

There was a full moon that night, and this long pitch walk, the banyans over it, the white villa and the towers of that mansion yonder all lay precisely as they look now. The only difference was, the stables of the Magnificent Pompalone, which you cannot see from here, were unfinished.

I came in quietly through that side gate, and did not go up to the villa at all, because Pompalone had given me strict orders not to mention Najalka until I had her bound and ready to deliver to his arms. I went in through that side gate, followed the shadow of the fence around to the stables in the rear and so to the top of Rhamba Singh's garden wall.

I got over into the shadow of the mango tree, hooked my rope ladder between the bricks, slid over the top, and a moment later was down on the inside. It was like dropping into a bath of perfumed air. The night was filled with the smell of orchids and lilies, and down in the pool, beneath my lily pads, I could see the gleam of the little gilded temple. It was a sweet and delicate garden, but as I stood in it, the thought came of old Rhamba Singh living in the filth of barracoons, journeying in the foul holds of labour ships, and working for ten years for his freedom, all for this garden and this girl, and then for me, a Chinese gentleman, to come and disturb his nest. That was no happy thought. "Ah, Sun Yet Lee!" I mused. "Your ancestors who are looking down on you to-night, what are they thinking about you?"

I was standing in the shadow of the mango with the pity of the moonlight and the flowers in my heart, when there came the whisper of a step on the grass and a voice like a little bell said in Hindustani, "Sahib, how came you here!"

I turned with a little start, and saw the girl standing quite near me. The moonlight falling in splashes over her brought a catch to my throat, but I managed to say soberly enough, as if I addressed such a creature every day:

"Down this rope ladder, Najalka."

She stood looking at me with eyes that were utterly black from the moonlight. "Are you a friend of Rhamba Singh?"

I was tempted to lie, but I said, "A rope ladder is the friend only of the man who uses it, Najalka."

"Then why did you come here, sahib—to steal? There are only flowers in this garden."

My pulse was growing in my neck and I answered a little unsteadily, "That is why I came here, Najalka—to steal a flower."

"To steal a flower! Why, sahib, I will give you one!" And she reached up and broke a sweet spray from a vine.

When she offered it, she was so fair, and her face was so like a lotus petal,—she and her mother and her mother's mother

had been dancing girls trained and tutored to please men until with them it was like breathing. When I touched her hands, my voice broke and I knelt and pressed both her palms to my face and I trembled.

"Oh, Najalka! These are the flowers I meant, and without them, I will die."

The girl stood quite still for a moment, and then she gave a laugh like a little bell very softly rung. She took away one of her hands and pushed it through my hair.

"So it is I—I, Najalka, you have come for at last."

I peered up into her face and drew in my breath. "Can it be you were looking for me, Najalka?"

"I was looking for some one, sahib, I did not know whom. Every dawn since I was brought here, I have looked out at the pool and flowers and thought: 'Surely some one will come and steal me away to-day from this eternal moping in old Rhamba Singh's garden.'"

My arms glided up about her in amazement. "But, Najalka," I whispered, "you sweet, dark flower! Does Rhamba Singh only keep you like a bee orchid in his garden?"

"He eats me with his eyes," she whispered impishly. "Ah, the devouring eyes of old men! How they eat—eat—eat girls and gardens, diamonds and temples and lily ponds! They eat us all up, sahib, and we get swallowed down into the old man's purse. His purse! Ugh, his purse!"

"His purse!" I repeated blankly, for Najalka's fancy was too airy even for me.

She shook a little perfumed finger in my face. "Oh, yes, right down into his purse!" She laughed, like a soft ringing of little bells. "Because that is the only place an old man can hold a girl."

A sound frightened us. Najalka heard it first. It was a slow step in the house at the other end of the garden. A lump leaped in my throat, but before I ran up my rope ladder, I caught her to me and pressed my lips against the flower of her mouth.

"To-morrow—to-morrow night," I whispered, almost choking, "at this hour, and we will fly, and now——"

She pressed her lips passionately to mine. "Every—every night, oh, my sweet love. Now hurry—hurry, he is coming!"

I went up the rope ladder like a chinchilla, whipped it up after me and walked away on the first story of the stables with a beating heart. When I got to the ground a voice said in my ear:

"Ah, is that you, Sun Yet Lee?"

My throat jumped tight. I stood staring and speechless at the Magnificent Pompalone. I swallowed, and then I answered, I think in a composed voice, "I was looking over the ground, Pompalone."

"I see you were," said Pompalone.

"I didn't mention it to you, Pompalone, because you asked me not to refer to the topic again until I was ready to—to act."

The Magnificent Pompalone looked at me. "That was very thoughtful of you, Sun Yet Lee."

"I try to act for my friends," said I, "exactly as if I were acting for myself."

"Gratitude will bankrupt me," said Pompalone. "And now, Sun Lee, come with me into the villa. We will spend the night there together. We have preparations to make to-morrow, our last day before the festival of Hosein. We must get a racing launch to carry us into the delta of the Orinoco; we must hire negro watermen who can fight as well as sail, and who stick at nothing. Come ahead, don't hang back. Decidedly, you would best sleep with me to-night, so that we may start together early in the morning."

A weakness came over me. I looked at the snow-white villa in the moonlight, and suddenly it seemed to me to be a huge white tomb, and the nine windows in three groups seemed to be a name carved upon the tomb, the name "Sun Yet Lee." With this evil fancy sticking in my throat I followed Pompalone inside.

It seemed to me the aura of Najalka clung about me as visibly as my own clothes. A lingering perfume of her condemned me. It seemed impossible for Pompalone to glance at me and not know that I had just come from her. . . .

He directed me into his great bedroom where he had two huge ebony beds, with tiger heads of yellow *poui* carved in high relief and inset into the headboards. It was a dismaying bedroom. The silken covers were striped in black and orange. He directed me to one, then threw himself on the other, with boots, hat, coat and everything on, and immediately became silent. Whether he slept or not I did not know, and I did not dare to lift my head and see.

Whether I myself slept or not, I cannot say, for when a man is anxious and miserable for a girl, day dreams and night dreams so run in his head he cannot say which is which.

At dawn, Pompalone arose as casually and started about his plans as directly as if he had simply sat a moment on the bed and had arisen immediately to go about his affair.

He commended my light rope ladder and took it from me with the words, "If I had had this yesterday morning, Sun Lee, my life might have been different."

We worked all day at hiring the boat and the boatmen, a racing motor to run from the villa to the wharf. When we were back that evening, I offered to go out and get provisions for our voyage at the market, but he said that had been attended to by a ship chandler. I suggested that I go to a drug store for ether to give the girl so we could carry her to the boat unconscious. He said he never used ether in kidnaping women.

I grew more and more nervous. At last I turned to him earnestly as we sat for a second time on the huge ebony beds under the yellow tigers' heads.

"Pompalone," I said, "why are you going to take this girl, Najalka? You know she is not the type to beget children and found a great family. She is a wisp, a fragrance, a fruitless flower. Now, Betty Sherbrooke has in her veins the conquering blood of England; her castle tower shines through the window——"

Pompalone made a gesture. "What you say is true, Sun Yet Lee; Betty Sherbrooke would mean a great family—but what is a great family? A family, Sun Lee, is a man's reaching out for some desire which he himself never did attain. The passion for a family is a man's resignation of himself, and a hope that his sons may fare on toward some unknown goal. But this Najalka, Sun Lee"—he swung his head toward the garden—"is the goal itself. In her, Life curls and breaks and flows back down the beach into the sea again. She is Life's aristocratic moment. Up to her leads the past; she embodies the present; and as for the future, Life regurgitates and sets once more about lifting a passion flower from the muck. It is quite within a strong man's power, Sun Lee, to decide whether he will be the bloom or the stem which conveys the ascending sap."

I knew there was no need of talking further with the Magnificent Pompalone. For there was a certain truth in what he said. All men, this world over, no matter how staid and conventional they may appear, in reality are waiting for some woman. That is why all men, young or old, wistfully interrogate every woman's face, asking: "Is this she, with whom I may bloom and die? Or am I still to tread the round of life through my children?" That is what the Hindus really mean by Nirvana.

Sun Yet Lee broke off his discourse and stood looking away through the moonlight. And in my own heart came half-remembered wistfulness and bootless quests.

And what does a man hope for in his son, in that strange vicarious immortality of a son? We hope our sons will be more fortunate than we. Not in wealth, not in honour, not in fame, for these are footling things, but we hope that Life will deal more kindly with the son than with the sire, and there we let it rest, with our real disappointment unuttered in our hearts.

At daybreak (began Sun Yet Lee) we heard the drums of the festival of Hosein.

The Magnificent Pompalone arose from the black and gold bed, as if he had lain down in passing, and went to the window.

"They begin early," he said.

"Then you have never seen it before?"

"No, this is my first year in Port of Spain."

"Your first year and your last day, Pompalone."

He nodded.

A distant drum was throbbing in my ears like a pulse. Somehow it reminded me of Najalka, and I wondered what she would think of my bringing the terrible *llanero* to our tryst.

I looked out of another window, and saw the van of the coolies come into view around the pitch walk under the banyans. The wail of reed instruments rode up to me on the rumour of the drum. A scattering of children came running ahead of the procession, and the marchers came into plain view carrying a great paper tower. Eight coolies bore it on a litter, a high paper tower that was quite as high as the second-story windows in which we leaned. On top of the tower was the bloody head of a slaughtered goat. A stick in its neck held the head upright, and we could see its eyes behind the down curve of its horns. It was a sacrifice to some coolie god, and they would carry the tower and the goat head down to the wharf and fling them in the river; such was their custom.

The procession was grotesque. Some of the men wore only a breech clout, others a shirt, others a *kapra* of muslin wrapped about their bodies; some were in English

clothes, some wore turbans and *alpagartas*. And their songs rose in a strange melancholy that harked back to the cruelties and mysteries of India. At intervals among the marchers moved men with censers, and as they waved their silver baskets, the air was filled with the frail odour of sacrifice.

In the procession, Pompalone pointed out a figure in a robe and a turban.

"Look, Sun Lee, there is old Rhamba Singh."

I looked and recognized the old man, who, oddly, was looking up at me.

Pompalone drew inside and came and laid a hand on my shoulder. "Now," he said, "we can go."

I took a last look at old Rhamba Singh in the procession of Hosein, and my bowels melted within me. My legs grew so weak that I could hardly walk. I turned and followed Pompalone below.

The *llanero* made not the slightest effort at concealment, although there was indeed no cause for any. As he climbed up the ladders of his half-built stable, his nostrils expanded and I saw the veins lift in his neck. And in my own ears a pulse began to murmur, for it is impossible, sir, to set about abducting a woman casually, as if she were a doe. My heart beat, and I went scrambling up the ladder behind Pompalone. And I whispered, "Perhaps I would better go first, Pompalone, to keep from frightening her."

I suppose he did not hear me. He went down first. The garden was empty. The gilded dome of the little temple gleamed down beneath the lily pads. And the thought of my last moment here with Najalka, on this very spot, swept over me like a great grief. I followed after Pompalone, toward the house, with a dead heart. "When she sees me," I thought, "what will she think of Sun Yet Lee? Oh, Sun Yet Lee, what do the shades of your ancestors think now? For it is one thing to steal love for yourself, but it is a surpassing treason to betray that love to another." And I wiped my eyes covertly on my sleeve and over and over in my head whispered: "What will she think of you? What do your ancestors think? Oh, Sun Yet Lee!"

The Magnificent Pompalone strode on straight toward the house, and I after him. I passed the door of the little temple with the gilt dome. And out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glint of gold and crimson inside.

I stopped, I stood in my tracks. My eyes started from their seats and my chest grew so heavy I scarcely could breathe.

I heard my name called, but I could not answer. My tongue was as dry as a parrot's and in my head a voice whispered, "To-day, Sun Yet Lee, is the day of your death, though you live to be as old as K'ung-fu-tse."

Pompalone was shaking my arm. "What is it?" he growled. "Are you dumb, Sun Yet Lee? Has your rabbit heart—" And then he saw what I saw. . . .

All of her bangles and anklets and *napools* and *caras* bedecked her, and the delicate plates of gold curved about her little breasts as she lay before the image of Buddha, with her hands together so that her thumbs and forefingers touched, just as did those of the Buddha.

She might have been asleep, save that her face had been gilded, after the custom of the Hindu dead; thus, she looked very like the image which brooded above her with thumbs and forefingers together.

I cannot say what the Magnificent Pompalone thought, but my own heart was filled with a strange tragedy not common among men. Of a man who walks among women looking wistfully into this face and that, querying: "Is it she? Is it she?"

And when he sees the face—it is past.

Outside, on the entrance of the temple, old Rhamba Singh had written with the last of his gilt paint:

"Najalka, the daughter of Najalka, the daughter of Najalka."

Evolution — By JOHN B. TABB

OUT of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

Bindle Goes to Chapel

By HERBERT JENKINS

I

MRS. BINDLE looked forward to Sunday. The afternoon and evening she dedicated to her soul; but the morning she spent in the kitchen, preparing dinner. She was an excellent cook and a good housewife, and her faith was never permitted to interfere with the proper performance of her domestic duties.

Once a fellow-member of the Alton Road Chapel had suggested that Providence would not look kindly on one who worked on the Sabbath, even in the preparation of meals.

"Then what about the Sea of Galilee?" Mrs. Bindle had retorted.

The critic was silenced, and henceforth held her peace. She prided herself upon her knowledge of the Scriptures; but the reference to the Sea of Galilee puzzled her. She hesitated to confess her ignorance of an incident which seemed to come so easily to Mrs. Bindle's tongue.

Long and patiently this woman had searched Holy Writ for something that seemed even remotely to condone labouring upon the seventh day; but without success. In consequence, she disliked Mrs. Bindle even more than before; but her dislike was henceforth tinctured with respect.

To Bindle, Sunday dinner was an affair to be approached with what he called "tack." He enjoyed Mrs. Bindle's cooking, just as he disliked the homilies that invariably accompanied the Sabbath midday meal.

For six days Mrs. Bindle laboured with broom and duster, soap and water, hearthstone and furniture-polish, in her fight for the material cleanliness of Bindle's home; on the seventh day she devoted herself to the spiritual conquest of his soul. To her, a soul was what a scalp is to the American Indian. Bindle had once remarked to his friend Ginger: "Wot I likes about you, Ging, is that you ain't got a soul, an' no one wouldn't never know you'd ever 'eard of soap."

One Sunday, as Bindle was enjoying to the full Mrs. Bindle's conception of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding (made with eggs, and cooked under the meat) he was startled out of his content by the sudden and peremptory question:

"Bindle, are you prepared to meet your Maker?"

He was in the act of lifting to his mouth a particularly succulent morsel of Yorkshire pudding, which he had been keeping till the last. He made a point of reserving what he called "a tasty bit" for the final mouthful.

The suddenness of Mrs. Bindle's interrogation caused him to glance at her obliquely just at the moment when the Yorkshire pudding had covered half the distance to his mouth.

That side-look was fatal. The knife tilted slightly, and the Yorkshire pudding slid off, and ricochetted from his left knee onto the kitchen floor.

While he was rescuing the morsel, and, for safety's sake, conveying it to his mouth by the more reliable means of his fingers, Mrs. Bindle sat regarding him with indrawn lips. It was the Sabbath, and she was striving to conduct herself as it behooved "a daughter of the Lord."

"Well?" she demanded, when he had masticated the errant dainty and pushed the plate from him, a sign that, so far as he was concerned, it possessed no further use or interest for him, and that he was prepared to sit in judgment upon whatever else there was to follow.

He turned to her, innocence and interrogation in his eye.

"Did you hear what I said?"

Mrs. Bindle was not to be diverted from her purpose, especially when that purpose had to do with the work of salvation.

"I 'eard you say somethink, Lizzie," he confessed, "but—" He paused.

"Are you prepared to meet the Lord?"

In Mrs. Bindle's tones there was a hell-fire-and-brimstone Calvinism.

"When?" demanded Bindle, desirous of temporizing until the pudding appeared.

"Now!" was the uncompromising rejoinder.

"Before I've 'ad my puddin'?" with an

injured air. "No, I ain't," he added with decision.

"You heathen!" Bindle was startled by the venom she precipitated into the words. "You're locked in the outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," she added with glib conviction.

"But not in my dinner-hour," he protested, his eye on a large saucepan, which instinct told him contained the next course.

"Blasphemer!" The word leapt from Mrs. Bindle's lips like a verbal Jack-in-the-box.

"No, I ain't, Lizzie." He recognized the portents, and realized that there would be a solemn course of theology before the sweets appeared.

"You are, and you know it," she cried. "Whistling on Sundays," she added inconsequently. "I've heard you."

Bindle always strove to suppress his natural inclination to whistle on the Sabbath; but there were times when a bar or two of some secular air would break bounds before he realized what day it was.

"Well, you didn't ought to want me to get up in the middle o' Sunday dinner," he grumbled.

"I wonder you aren't afraid of being struck dead where you sit, saying such things."

"Wot 'ave I said now?" He looked across at her, entirely at a loss.

"Oh, don't talk to me!" She rose from the table. "You're enough to try the patience of a saint." To Bindle's manifest relief, she proceeded to attack the saucepan, which proved to contain an apple pudding, in the making of which Mrs. Bindle had nothing to learn.

He raised his head and sniffed the air like a hound. He was uncommonly fond of apple pudding.

Mrs. Bindle dished up the pudding to the accompaniment of a series of bangs, which eloquently expressed her feelings.

Bindle licked his lips and waited.

With a super bang she placed the dish upon the table and resumed her chair. Seizing a spoon, she proceeded to hack out a piece of the pudding, dash it onto a plate as if it had been Bindle's soul, and dab apple beside it.

"Mind it doesn't choke you," she snapped as she handed him the plate.

"I'll try and see that it slips down comfortable like," he said cheerily, reaching for the sugar-basin.

"Better taste it first," she interposed; "there's plenty of sugar."

Bindle took a generous spoonful of the pudding, conveyed it to his mouth, but a moment later he returned it to the plate with a little yelp.

"You beast!"

"But it's 'ot," he protested, looking reproachfully at the steaming pudding. "Burnt my mouth, it did."

"You behave like a cannibal," she cried illogically. Mrs. Bindle's own table manners were almost too refined for the proper nourishment of her body.

"You wouldn't 'ave 'ad me swallow it?" He looked at her in surprise. "It 'ud 'ave burnt an 'ole in my——"

"Stop it!"

"Oh, all right!" he grumbled as he returned to his plate and proceeded to attack the pudding with subtle strategy, approaching it from the outer edge, and subjecting each spoonful to a vigorous blowing before putting it into his mouth.

"You never go to a place of worship," Mrs. Bindle remarked, returning to her original theme.

"A place of wot?" He looked across at her, still continuing his efforts to reduce the temperature of a piled-up spoonful before him.

"You never go to chapel. You know quite well what I mean. Perhaps if you went to chapel, you wouldn't be out of work." Mrs. Bindle drew in her lips and chin with the air of one who had pronounced a great truth.

"But 'ow's goin' to chapel goin' to 'elp me get a job?" asked Bindle, with corrugated brow. "They wouldn't listen to me a-preachin'."

"You're being punished!" announced Mrs. Bindle, with relish. "Punished for all your wickedness."

"Jer mean to say that Gawd's lost me my job so as to make me go to chapel?" persisted Bindle, whose literalness Mrs. Bindle frequently found disconcerting.

"Oh, don't talk to me!" she cried impatiently.

It was a phrase that came readily to her lips when she found difficulty in answering one of Bindle's theological interrogations.

"Besides," she continued a moment later, "Mr. Tubbs might give you a job, if you belonged to the chapel."

"'Oo's 'e?" demanded Bindle, his interest awakened at the thought of a job.

"Mr. Tubbs is a builder, and he is very fond of singing," she added inconsequently.

"Well, I ain't got much of a voice," said Bindle, with the air of one trying to be

scrupulously fair, and undesirous of taking a mean advantage of an employer; "and as to buildin', well, I shouldn't care to live in anythink wot I built. Still, somebody might go an' nose round an' see wot——"

"You jeer at everything I suggest," broke in Mrs. Bindle. "If you meant to get on, you would. You should go to the spider," she continued, recalling a phrase from one of Mr. MacFie's recent sermons on Bruce and the spider.

"The Yellow Ostrich is good enough for me," said Bindle. "Wot's the use of tellin' me to go to the Spider when I 'aven't got twopence for a drink?"

"When you do get a job you don't keep it, because you don't behave yourself," said Mrs. Bindle, ignoring Bindle's irrelevancy.

"Look 'ere, Lizzie," he said quite recklessly, "I'll come to chapel next Sunday, blowed if I don't!" The pudding was uncommonly good, and Bindle felt on excellent terms with everybody; besides, next Sunda was a long way off.

"You'd only make me ashamed of you if you was to come. You've always been against religion and going to chapel," she complained.

"I ain't got nothink to say agin religion *as* religion," he remarked. "It's the Singin' Susans an' the Prayin' Peters wot gets me on the point of the jaw."

"If you go to chapel you've got to behave yourself," said Mrs. Bindle grimly.

"I'll be as good as gold." He held up his plate for another helping.

"You'd better!" she counseled grimly, as she viciously dabbed a spoonful of apple on the plate. "I'll speak to Mr. MacFie about it."

Mr. MacFie was the minister of the Alton Road Chapel, and Bindle groaned in spirit at the prospect.

"I ain't got nothin' to say agin religion," he remarked a few minutes later, as he proceeded to scoop up the last fragment of pudding from the edge of the plate, "provided it don't go a-mixin' itself up with meal-times."

II

"Well, I'm blowed!" cried Bindle, coming to a standstill outside the Alton Road Chapel. "If I'd a known, I'm blessed if I'd 'ave come."

"Ssssh!" Mrs. Bindle jabbed her elbow into Bindle's ribs.

"But look," he persisted, indicating a notice-board on which appeared in large letters:

All Are Welcome.
Hearty Singing.

"That ain't the way to get 'em to go in, a-telling 'em that 'Earty's a-goin' to sing. 'E'd empty a pub before closin'-time with a voice like 'is."

"Stop it!" Again Mrs. Bindle's elbow found Bindle's seventh rib. "It means all are to sing."

Her eyes were fixed upon a little man with bandy legs, a frock-coat and a silk hat, who was approaching.

"Mind you raise your hat when Mr. Tubbs raises his," she whispered to Bindle.

"Raise my wot?" Bindle gazed about him vaguely.

"Sssh!"

"Ain't we goin' in?" he inquired with the air of one who, having made up his mind to go to the dentist, sees no object in waiting outside.

Mrs. Bindle ignored the question. Mr. Tubbs was a deacon at the Alton Road Chapel, and socially, she always had one eye upon those who breathed the air of a higher plane. She was conscious of looking her best in an alpaca dress of deep purple, cut to a decorous length, which quite obscured her elastic-sided boots.

She wore a bonnet of a shape that she had adopted for years. Flat at the sides, it was built up high in front, like the bows of a modern destroyer.

Her fawn kid gloves, tight across the palm, rendered the carrying of her best (silver-mounted) umbrella a matter of some difficulty.

When he reached the chapel door, Mr. Tubbs did all that was expected of him, but he was not accustomed to putting on a top-hat except before the looking-glass, with the result that in restoring it to his small, bald head he managed to drop his hymn-book (large size with music, Mr. Tubbs being great on harmony—his own harmony).

Bindle sprang forward and rescued the book, and with a cheerful smile handed it to Mr. Tubbs.

"Funny sort o' things when you ain't used to 'em," he said pleasantly. "Them 'ats," he added, nodding to indicate Mr. Tubbs's headgear.

"Bindle!" threatened Mrs. Bindle in his ear.

Mr. Tubbs stared as if Bindle had made a remark in some strange tongue.

Before there was any chance of further

conversation, Mrs. Bindle somehow managed to hurry Bindle into the chapel, Mr. Tubbs having made it obvious that the Bindles were to precede him. He prided himself upon his manners, which seemed to hang about him rather like a harness than a natural possession.

The Alton Road Chapel was a small brick building roofed with corrugated iron, and possessed of a single bell of depressing dolefulness.

Once inside, Bindle raised his head and sniffed as he was wont to do on entering Mrs. Bindle's kitchen when there were evidences that stewed steak and onions were in preparation.

"'Ums a bit, don't it?" he said in a hoarse whisper, which was clearly audible.

In her horror and shame, Mrs. Bindle gripped him by the arm with her forefinger and thumb.

"Ow!" he cried. "Leggo my arm, you're 'urting."

Every head in the chapel was turned toward them, and for the moment Mrs. Bindle would have welcomed even the pit of Tophet to open and swallow her up.

Bindle seemed to realize that he had said and done the wrong thing, for, rubbing his arm gingerly, he permitted himself to be led to one of the highly varnished seats about half-way up the aisle.

Mrs. Bindle was conscious that heads were drawing together, and there was a subdued hiss of whispering. Never had she felt so ashamed, and she mentally registered a resolve that Bindle should have cause to regret his conduct.

In the meantime, Bindle was endeavouring to dissect the odour into its various component parts. There was a smell of dampness, of varnish, with a leit-motiv of carbolic soap. These he was able to detach from the whole; but there was a predominant influence at work, which he decided must owe its origin to a dead rat, possibly a cat. The other scents entirely eluded him.

Suddenly he became conscious that Mrs. Bindle was on her knees, her head bowed between her hands. For some seconds he regarded her curiously; but soon his attention was distracted by the sight of Mr. Hearty walking up the aisle to his seat.

"'Ullo, 'Earty," he whispered as he leant towards his brother-in-law.

Mr. Hearty started as if Beelzebub himself had addressed him, looked round vaguely, then, his eyes resting on Bindle, he stared with dropped jaw.

Bindle grinned cheerfully. He quite realized the cause of his brother-in-law's surprise.

"Didn't expect to see me 'ere, did you, 'Earty?" he continued in a whisper that could clearly be heard all over the little chapel.

Mr. Hearty hurried to his seat. At the sound of Bindle's whisper, Mrs. Bindle had risen to her feet.

She dare not nudge him for fear of what he might say. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the hymn-book before her. Seizing and opening it, she thrust it into his hands. He looked at the book, then up at Mrs. Bindle.

"This the one?" he queried.

"Sssh!"

The admonition came from behind. Bindle turned his head quickly and caught the disapproving eye of Mr. Tubbs. He nodded cheerily and returned to the hymn-book, the leaves of which he proceeded to turn, with the air of a man who has nothing with which to occupy him.

Mrs. Bindle sat staring straight in front of her like an Assyrian goddess. She had already bitterly regretted this latest attempt to achieve Bindle's salvation.

It was with a feeling of relief that she saw Mr. MacFie come out of the small vestry and move towards his reading-desk.

The congregation straightened itself preparatory to throwing itself with vigour into the opening hymn.

With a strong Scots accent, Mr. MacFie announced the number.

"Don't you dare to sing," commanded Mrs. Bindle in a whisper; but Bindle was industriously engaged in tracking down hymn number 611.

It was with something of a thrill that he discovered it to be "Onward, Christian Soldiers." If there was one thing about religion that Bindle liked, it was this particular hymn. There was about it a martial clash that appealed to him.

"It ain't like them other soppy tunes," he had once remarked to Mrs. Bindle. "There's ginger in it." But neither Mr. Baring Gould nor Sir Arthur Sullivan had ever conceived their hymn as Bindle was wont to render it.

"Mind now," repeated Mrs. Bindle, confident of not being overheard in the rustle of turning leaves, "don't you dare to sing, Bindle."

From somewhere at the other end of the chapel, an American organ began to moan, and the congregation rose. They liked that hymn. They had it frequently, sometimes twice a day.

The American organ plodded on its way in spite of the ciphering of two notes. Presently the player gave the signal for the singing to start. The congregation gripped it as it never failed to grip a hymn it liked; but Bindle got off a full stroke ahead of the rest, and he proceeded to throw himself into the inspiring melody with heart and soul.

The weakness about Bindle's singing was his inability to control his voice. It wavered and darted about over the whole gamut of sound, while he himself seemed quite oblivious of the fact that the notes he was singing were not those that were being sung around him.

After the first few bars, several singers in his vicinity stopped and gazed at him in wonder. Mr. Tubbs glared at Bindle's back; no harmony could make way against such a volume of sound as Bindle was letting loose.

Mrs. Bindle dug her elbow viciously into his ribs; but Bindle was now well in his stride, and enjoying himself hugely.

By the time the refrain was started, Bindle, the American organ and a little deaf man at the far end of the chapel, had matters their own way, with Bindle nearly a bar ahead.

As the hymn progressed, other members of the congregation gradually recovered from their surprise and joined once more the flow of song; but Bindle's voice rose well above the combined efforts of the others, who had taken the precaution of linking-up with him rather than with the American organ. The instrument, as if weary of lagging behind, made a gallant effort to catch up the singers; but led by Bindle, they kept a good half-bar ahead.

Mrs. Bindle's vicious digs at him with her elbow seemed to spur him on to further effort. It was essentially his hymn, and, as if to demonstrate this fact, he concluded the refrain of the last verse a good half-bar behind the rest.

With a reluctant sigh of satisfaction, he closed the hymn-book and resumed his seat, regretful that hymns admitted of no encores.

That morning Mrs. Bindle suffered as she had never suffered before at chapel. During the prayers, which were of great length, Bindle grew restless and fidgeted to such an extent as to attract to himself the attention of those about him; but, to Mrs. Bindle, the prayers were as nothing to the hymns.

As she later confided to Mr. Hearty, "It made me hot all over to hear Bindle blaspheming in the House of God. 'E did it a-purpose, Mr. Hearty," she said, forgetting her meticulous diction in the intensity of her emotion. "I'm sure that's why he offered to come."

Mr. Hearty murmured something suggestive of woolly sympathy.

"And Mr. Tubbs only two seats off," she had continued, "and Bindle shouting 'Man the Lifeboat,' as if—as if he were calling coals. Oh! I was so ashamed, and Mr. Tubbs so fond of that hymn, too."

"But it wasn't your fault, Elizabeth," Mr. Hearty sympathized, in a voice admirably suited to a funeral in November. "In the sight of Heaven—" He paused. Mr. Hearty had a habit of beginning sentences and leaving them unfinished.

It was not the sight of Heaven, however, that had troubled Mrs. Bindle at that moment so much as the sight of man, which was more penetrating and more critical.

"I shall never be able to hold up my head again," she had moaned. "The beast! I'll pay 'im," she added a moment later, dropping from Christianity into Judaism.

It was not until Mr. MacFie began his address that Mrs. Bindle regained to some degree her composure.

Mr. MacFie plunged into the parable of the lost sheep with gusto. His eloquence and dialect were equally marked as he narrated the joy of the Shepherd in discovering and bringing safe into the fold the lost Sheep.

Bindle listened drowsily to Mr. MacFie's somnolent voice, which many of his flock had difficulty in withstanding. It was not until Mr. MacFie announced, "Ahm geeven to onderstand that we have in our meedst the day a puir, wayward lamb that was in danger of becoming lost," that Bindle, scenting scandal, began to take an active interest in Mr. MacFie's droning periods. "It is to be our preevilege to snatch him from the seething cauldron of sin, from the gleettering highway of the riotous and sinful liver."

Bindle looked about him with interest, hoping that the culprit would betray himself; but everyone seemed to return his gaze with a curiosity equal to his own.

Mr. MacFie proceeded to trace the rake's progress from the cradle to a sort of post-mortem grill, which inevitably would have been his fate had he not "seen the Light" in time.

He seemed to find a grim satisfaction in piling up opprobrious epithet upon opprobrious epithet, until it seemed impossible

for anyone so deeply merged in sin to turn from his evil ways.

During this tirade, Bindle's attention had been divided between Mr. MacFie and an inoffensive little man with bowed head sitting three seats in front of him, who seemed to be heavily charged with "Amens."

"'Oo's 'e?" Bindle demanded of Mrs. Bindle in an eager whisper. He was convinced that the little man was the culprit.

"Hussssssssh!" she hissed tensely.

Mr. MacFie continued with inspiration to describe the past life of the sinner, until Bindle decided that it was far too hectic for the little man with the bowed head in front. He was obviously too frail an object to have been "such a snorter," in spite of "'im 'avin' Amens like 'iccups," as he later remarked to Mr. Hearty.

Mr. MacFie proceeded to draw a comparison between the wrong-doer's past life and his now assured future. He exhorted his hearers to go out that night and pluck brands from the burning.

Again Bindle looked inquiringly at Mrs. Bindle; but her gaze was fixed and stony. It might almost have appeared that she was the sinner being pilloried by the minister. She had already regretted taking the minister into her confidence in the matter of Bindle's approaching regeneration.

Bindle made a further effort to identify the culprit; but nowhere could he see anyone whose general demeanour denoted that he was the black-hearted sinner who had come to the Alton Road Chapel to be cleansed.

Mr. MacFie seemed to find greater pleasure in dwelling upon the iniquities of the repentant sinner's past, than the rewards of the future. He referred to him as "drinking deep of the cup that Satan holds out to all," of being "addeected to trail his garments in the blood of the eennocent," of having stricken the fatherless and taken advantage of the trusting widow; "and yet, ma freends, he is the lamb that we welcome here the day."

"Pretty streaky sort o' lamb," muttered Bindle. "They didn't ought to 'ave let 'im orf the collar," he added, drawing from Mrs. Bindle another admonitory "Sssssh!"

For some time Mr. MacFie continued droning damnation, and Bindle began to realize that the repentant sinner was no to be hauled forth and presented to the full view of the congregation. The dramatic always appealed to him.

At length, Mr. MacFie seemed to have exhausted his supply of blacks and crimsons in describing the hereafter of the sinner had he not escaped judgment. Amidst a chorus of what seemed to Bindle like groans, but were in reality "Amens," he concluded.

Two minutes later, Bindle was leading the congregation in a particularly lusty rendering of "Wonderful Words," in which he beat all comers and actually silenced the American organ, which gave up at the beginning of the second chorus.

Immediately the hymn had concluded, Mrs. Bindle manifested a strong desire to get home. She thrust Bindle's hat into his hand, and gave him a push that sent him sliding some eighteen inches along the seat.

"Go out!" she whispered with all the intensity of a villain in a melodrama, and Bindle regretfully obeyed. He would infinitely have preferred to stay, in the hope of exchanging a few words with the ex-lost soul; but Mrs. Bindle was inexorable.

"I enjoyed them 'ymns," he remarked as they walked along the Alton Road.

Mrs. Bindle made no comment; but continued to stalk beside him with lips indrawn and hymnbook clutched tightly in her right hand.

"'E must 'ave been 'ot stuff, that cove what they was prayin' for." Bindle made another effort at conversation as they turned into the New King's Road.

Mrs. Bindle still maintained a grim silence. She dared not trust herself to speak.

"I tried to spot 'im," continued Bindle, as he waved to an acquaintance engaged in collecting fares on the top of a motor-bus.

"Fancy a cove bein' all them things, an' then 'avin' the bloomin' cheek to go to chapel expectin' to be washed white. Like a nigger goin' to a swimmin' bath and thinkin' 'e'll——"

"Stop it!" hissed Mrs. Bindle from between her tightly clenched teeth.

For the next hundred yards he was silent; but his interest in the identity of the lost one was greater than his discretion.

"Personally, meself," he remarked, with the air of one who after mature consideration has come to a decision, "I think it was that nosey little cove in front wot kep' sayin' 'Amen.' More like a goat bleatin' than a lamb."

"IT WAS YOU!"

The words came tensely from between Mrs. Bindle's hidden lips.

"Me?" Into the one word Bindle seemed to precipitate all the surprise of which he was capable.

"It was you that Mr. MacFie was praying for, you heathen!" She could restrain herself no longer.

"Me?" Bindle repeated, coming to a standstill in his astonishment. "Me?" he said for the third time, as with a few swift steps he caught up with her.

"Yes, and you know it," she cried, struggling against the hysterical outburst that was long overdue. "You know it in that black heart of yours, and now you have disgraced me," she added as they turned into Fenton Street.

"Me all them things wot 'e told us about!" cried Bindle, still incredulous. "Me a brand from the burnin', a blasphemier, a-strikin' the fatherless and bilkin' the widow."

Mrs. Bindle covered the few yards that lay between her and No. 7 almost at the double. She had the key in her hand, and with trembling, uncertain movements inserted it in the lock, opened the door and ran along the passage to the kitchen.

As Bindle closed the door, a peal of unnatural mirth rang along the narrow passage. Mrs. Bindle was having hysterics.

"Well I'm blowed!" he muttered as, with lagging steps, he covered the distance between himself and the kitchen door. "Fancy 'er a-takin' on like that, an' me a-singin' the 'ymns like giddy-o."

"Poor Mr. Bindle!" muttered Mrs. Sawney, who lived at No. 5, as she put on the kettle, "'E 'as somethink to put up with."

The Creation of the Horse

A Tartar Legend. Translated by Achmed Abdullah.

(The account of the miraculous Creation of the Horse exists in many versions: Persian, Afghan, Turki, Tarantchi, and others. This one is current among the Tunganis ("tun-jen" meaning "military colonists"), Tartars with a strong admixture of Chinese blood, who have settled in Chinese Turkestan near the Thian-Shan mountains, and, though strict Moslems, have largely adopted the Chinese language. But they have preserved some of their ancient legends and poems, such as the following, in the original, rather archaic Tartar tongue.)

The most fitting subject which the tongue of words should use, is the exalting of the Lord God's omnipotence. May His ninety-nine blessed names be praised!

His is Creation, like a brocaded fabric, coloured with exquisite designs and various groupings. He brought everything from nothing unto the basis of being. May the Leavener of the Clay, and Powerful Dispenser, be glorified!

Timoor Khan of pure progeny—may Allah send him the delights of Paradise!—related how God, the Holder of the Scales of Justice with the Strength of His Hands, created the first man, Adam Khan—on him peace!—out of clay, and from the clay which remained in the mould in which Adam Khan—on him peace!—had been shaped, He made seven things: dates, grapes, pomegranates, steel, women, flowers, and, finally, the head of the horse.

Then, out of His will, Allah—His All Mercy purifies the world!—created the Houris in Paradise for the enjoyment of the righteous, and from the saliva of the Houris He created the horse's blood, and from a splinter of His Seven-Stepped Throne of Glory He fashioned the horse's body, and from the blessed Tuba tree the horse's mane, and then, with the polish and power of His guiding will, He gave life to the whole.

Thus He made the horse most perfect of all created things, and because of this, the Messenger Mohammed, the Seal of the Elected, the Prophet Mohammed Mustapha, the Chief of the Mighty Saints, the Great Apostle—on Him the blessings of God!—always kept his favourite horse by his side, and was in the habit of cleaning its head and nostrils with his own illustrious green cloak, and of giving it sweet barley to eat out of this same cloak.

It has also been said that sins are equal in number to the hairs of the horse's mane.

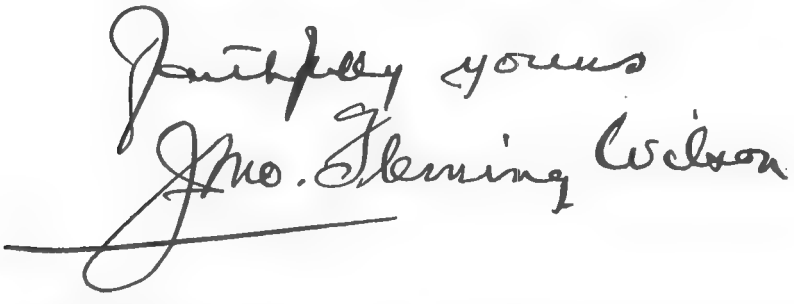
Thus said the Khan Timoor Khan of pure progeny, the far traveled Dervish.

Moslems, repeat the *Kalima:*

"One the God is, and Mohammed is His Messenger."

The Quest of the Tropic Bird

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON



THE Oldest Journalist in the South Seas sat beside me on the hem of that rusty, much folded cloak of lava which Punch-bowl, the volcano, once flung over the white coral body of lovely Oahu. Just beyond us, the efflorescent surf broke in charming billows of lace over the velvety sand, and seemed to lift with its onrush the edge of the heavy scoriac mantle at our feet. Overhead the trade wind boomed and thundered among the echoing clouds. In our eyes was the shimmer of the sea, the glamour of the vapoury sky, shot through now and then by a shuttling silver gull. We were at peace over our pipes.

In the far distance a palpitating spot appeared, grew larger, showed the beating of two slender wings, swung up into the streaming wind like a speedy sloop and passed over us with a faint, throbbing whir. The Oldest Journalist leaned back and stared into the sky.

"There is an article in the encyclopedia," he remarked, "which tells nothing worth knowing about that bird. There is a man who knows the truth. He spent ten years in learning it, and he finally succeeded, with the help of a woman. But he never told all that he knew, and the woman is still lovely and silent. Once a year she sends me a handkerchief with two slender crimson feathers embroidered by her own hand in one corner of it, to show me that she remembers that she and I sat on this ledge and watched the sky for her happiness."

"And it came?" I ventured.

"In the form of a contribution to science," he replied. "It began with two feathers lying in the calloused palm of an ex-whaling skipper, and it ended ten years later in an article in a scientific magazine, so far as the world is concerned; but in two feathers embroidered on a handkerchief so far as I, one of the most interested ones, am concerned."

"And the name of the bird?" I suggested.

"—*Phaëthon rubricauda*," he replied.

"That is undoubtedly in the encyclopedia," I retorted. "I'm interested in what that excellent work omits."

He drew from an inside pocket of his white jacket a large silk handkerchief, which he spread out on his knees with a delicate sweep of lean fingers. I saw the crimson embroidery on it of two slender feathers, worked side by side in the sheen of the silk. Underneath, in blue thread, I saw this:

E 171° 34′ 11″—S 22° 29′ 49″

"Is that in the encyclopedia?" I demanded, pointing to the symbols.

"No," he responded slowly, folding the silk up and putting it away. "That is our secret, the climax of our ten years' watching. I will tell you."

And this was the story he told.

Thirty years ago Captain Edward Haines was one of the wealthiest traders in this ocean, and his house in Honolulu was splendid with furniture out of London, carpets out of Marseilles, and mirrors from Hamburg. But the splendidest of his possessions was his daughter Gertrude, a strange beauty to be granted so hard-fisted, loud-mouthed an ignoramus as old Haines,

who could barely move about in his own drawing-room without smashing something, and whose education was got out of an ancient Bowditch. The answer to the puzzle was, of course, her mother. I know nothing about that mysterious woman except that she married Haines in Philadelphia, presented him with Gertrude, and departed to a quieter world. But I've heard Gertrude speak of her at night when the old man was gone grumbling to his club and the wind was dying among the trees. She told me she was very lovely, quite the lady, and I judge that she was unfit to be the mate of so blustery a fellow as the ex-whalersman.

Not that Haines didn't do his duty by the girl, as he saw it. He sent her on the *Flying Cloud* clear to New York for her schooling, kept her in money, and wrote her a letter once in six months, beginning "Yrs duley rec'd" and ending with the prodigious scrawl of his name. When she was eighteen years old he sent for her to come back to the islands, and in the interval before her arrival he built the mansion on Punahou that still blinks at the sun with its tattered finery and blurred mirrors.

This was a gay city in those days, and it wasn't long till Gertrude Haines ruled it with a somewhat austere scepter. For if she had inherited her mother's gentle beauty, she had also much of her father's strong fiber. She had been to school, and that in a region where education and conduct are important. Here in Honolulu she found a boisterous society, mingled of a dozen races, and complaisant to the last degree as regards the stricter moralities. She refused to conform to it. She blighted the hopes of rude spirits that would have taken the citadel of her heart by storm, and let it be known that she was willing to be worshiped but would not be adored.

All this gave great satisfaction to Haines. It suited his rough pride that his daughter should scorn those whom he scorned; if she went farther and rejected the advances of men whom he respected and thought worthy of her, men with parcels in schooners and islands of shell, he accepted it as a fresh proof of her superiority, and boasted of it to the fallen faces of the snubbed. "My girl is a clipper," he loudly asserted. "She sails her own course. And I guess her old man has the coin to finance anything she may fancy. And if she don't fancy anybody here, that's her lookout."

His pride had a tumble when Thomas Jenkins arrived on the scene with a box of books, spectacles, a silk hat, and job teaching Natural Science at Punahou College for that impecunious, self-contained, single-minded genius not only fell in love with Gertrude Haines (as we all had done), but affected her haughty spirit to the point where she learned new songs to sing to him bending over her guitar in the evenings.

The worthy captain's confidence in his daughter's distaste for all men blinded him a while. But he woke up one day to discover that Jenkins, the wholly ineligible, held a place in Gertrude's heart that none other did or could, even himself. His wrath was terrific. All King Street resounded to his vociferous threats. He confronted Jenkins and forbade him the place. To his amazement, the petty professor of Natural Science refused to be so summarily dismissed, referred to Miss Haines, spoke calmly of "social position" and "regard for Gertrude's feelings." Haines sent for the girl and roared at her his orders to send Jenkins away forever. He was dumfounded when she flatly denied his authority. "I have some duties as hostess," she informed her raging parent. "Mr. Jenkins has conducted himself most becomingly. He will be a welcome guest so far as I am concerned."

"But he wants to marry you and get my money!" the old fellow bawled.

Here Jenkins stepped in. Really, the lad had plenty of ballast. He faced the ex-whaler with the calmness of a man thoroughly in earnest and wholly unabashed.

"I've never asked your daughter to marry me," he said, quietly. "But you are quite right in saying that I wish her for my wife. You are wrong as to the money. I don't want it and wouldn't accept it, my dear sir, much as I respect you. I have my profession."

Imagine Haines' dumb anger. He stared (yes, I was there) from Gertrude to Jenkins and then from the professor to his daughter. Finally he found words: "Your profession!" he shouted at him. "What is that? Teaching beggarly natives to read and write?"

Jenkins smiled. "I might do worse than that," he remarked. "But I am a scientist. In time I shall publish a book. Then I shall ask your daughter to marry me."

Jenkins didn't see anything out of the way in asserting that he would demand the hand of the richest girl in Hawaii *nei*. In fact, he distinctly gave us to understand that he considered himself fully Gertrude's equal socially and financially. It was something new for the rough skipper and he took

another tack. "What's this book about?" he demanded. "Sugar? Shell? Anything useful? Any money in it?"

"It's about birds," Jenkins answered him firmly. "The birds of these regions have never been studied with thoroughness. I've already found many new species and one new genus. I shall be famous."

All this time Gertrude had stood in the shadow, staring at Jenkins with a look in her eyes that neither I nor any other man had ever seen there. Now she stepped out and spoke bravely, "Papa, you don't understand. Back in Philadelphia everybody would recognize Mr. Jenkins' work. He will be famous some day."

Haines shook his huge head. "Do you love that fellow?" he bellowed at her.

The professor intervened, like the gentleman he was. "You have no right to ask that question," he told him bluntly. "I've never dared ask her myself. But it's my privilege to put that question to her." He turned to her quietly and with a profound longing in his eyes. "Some day I'll ask you that," he said. "When I have succeeded. Not till then. But when I have a name to offer you, I hope—maybe—you may—" He stopped in great confusion.

Gertrude blushed. I surmised then what that answer would be. Haines, on the other hand, grasped at a straw. "What is this big thing you expect to do?" he demanded. "What great task are you at that will ever justify you in trying to marry my girl?"

Jenkins was no fool, and he caught the defiance and the sarcasm, but he answered the skipper without a trace of embarrassment. "I'm working on the habits of the *Phaëthon rubricauda*. It's not known where they breed."

"Phaeton ruby cauder," repeated Haines, blankly. "What's that?"

Gertrude looked up. "It's the scientific name for the tropic bird, papa," she told him. "The one you get the red feather from that costs so much and you sell the queen for her ornaments."

This ended that conversation. Haines retired, in a brown study. Gertrude timidly shook Jenkins' hand, excused herself to me, and followed her father into the house. I walked back to town with the professor, who stamped along, glaring through his spectacles at the palms lofty against the dark sky, and apparently unconscious of my presence till I reminded him of it by saying, "I guess you've beat us all out, Jenkins. She's a fine girl, the finest I know of."

He came down from the clouds long enough to shake my hand and say, "I must get to work harder than ever. The father is impossible. I don't see how she endures his ignorance and self-sufficiency. But I hope soon to solve the mystery of the *Phaëthon rubricauda*, and then I'll ask her to marry me. You are quite right. She is a nice girl."

"I thought you asked her to-night to be your wife," I said, a little acidly.

"It wouldn't be fair," he calmly responded. "I'm not prepared as yet to marry."

So it goes, I thought. The busy and indifferent chap whose eyes are fixed on some distant, possibly worthless object, picks up in passing the affection of a woman whom other men would die to marry. Here was a scientist, wrapped up in his intellectual vapours, putting aside the most important business in the world to follow a bird of no earthly consequence except for the price brought by its scarlet tail feathers.

The next day I met Haines. He stopped me and drew me to the edge of the pavement. "Look here," he said, curtly. "Gertrude thinks she wants to marry that bird catcher. What is his phaethon ruby cauder?"

I explained, and he pondered this for a full five minutes, wiping his ruddy forehead constantly. Then he dived into a pocket and hauled out two crimson feathers. "Are these the feathers he's after?" he inquired. "They're worth two reals a pair and they're pretty scarce. Did he say he could find them? Find where they breed?"

"He did," I replied.

The old chap's face took on a shrewd expression. He looked me straight in the eye. "Do you know anything about it?"

I was truthful. "I know nothing," I assured him. "I never took too much interest in birds, anyway. But Jenkins seems determined to find out all he can about this tropic bird, and, if he does find out their breeding ground, I suppose he can get all the feathers he wants."

Haines studied this over and shook his head. "Gertie has always been square with me," he said, slowly. "But she says she intends to marry that scamp if he gets what he's after. She promised me she wouldn't look at him again if he didn't make good. Now where do you reckon them birds make their nests?"

I didn't know, of course. I suggested that Jenkins was the man to give that information. Haines grumbled, and went on his way.

Two days later the professor met me with beaming eyes. "I have cruelly misjudged Captain Haines," he said, most informally. "The man is really interested in scientific ornithology. He sent for me and asked me a lot of questions. Now he is going to help me in my work. I am just going to see about leave of absence from my duties at the college."

I was interested, of course, not only personally, but as a newspaper man. "Tell me all about it," I urged him.

It appeared that Haines had summoned Jenkins to his office, and there demanded of him all that he knew about the tropic bird. "I told him it was migratory," the professor narrated, proudly, "though it had never been proved, and that it was a mistake to say that it was found only between the Tropics. I told him I was sure that the specimens found here were from a nesting place possibly many hundreds of miles away, whither they returned at certain times of the year. He wished to know where I thought this place was, and when I told him I reckoned it to be far south of the equator, the generous old man offered to give me a schooner and outfit and let me go find it. I leave next week."

I recovered myself as best I could and asked one more question: "What schooner did he give you?"

"The *Haleākalā*," he answered, simply.

When he had gone his way, I relieved my feelings by going down and staring at the *Haleākalā*, which had already been hauled into a berth for refitting. You never heard of her. She belonged to a time long past. In the early days she was well known, but even close-fisted Haines had been forced to lay her up for lack of men to sail her. She was old, rotten, weedy, twisted, tender, unseaworthy as an overripe pumpkin. I suppose she had swung in the warm tides of Pearl Harbor for a good five years when Haines offered her to the sadly benighted professor. And as I viewed her ancient lines and scanned her decayed rigging, I thought I discerned something of the old whalersman's purpose. Shrewd he was, too shrewd for the unworldly Jenkins. I really intended to go and tell the poor fellow what a joke had been played on him, but I confess to feeling bitterly toward him. After all, a man must take his chances.

Nothing of this penetrated Jenkins' head. He made Honolulu ring with praises of Haines. Even Gertrude, who loved him, didn't dare interfere and tell him the *Haleākalā* was a floating coffin and would never last to get him anywhere but to a quick and painful death. Then again, you see, Jenkins had offered this as the price of her marrying him—that he should do this thing; and she wasn't the woman to lower her value a penny.

Haines actually spent quite a bit of money on apparatus for the "Haines Ornithological Expedition," buying supplies lavishly, and instruments that Jenkins thought he might require. We gave the expedition several columns in the paper, noting that Professor Jenkins was an eminent naturalist, late of Dartmouth College, and that his backer was the prominent financier and ship owner, Edward Haines, of Punahou. When the *Haleākalā* sailed, we made a gala party on the wharf, and cheered him to the echo, flinging *leis* to the crazy decks of the schooner with cries of good will, though the very *kanakas* handling coal in the sheds near by knew that it was some bitter jest of Captain Haines.

As it was impossible to get a good crew for such a craft, even for a short voyage, and as it was known that the *Haleākalā* was bound for the other side of the equator, Haines put a drunken Portuguese aboard as master, and gave him for hands a choice collection of Iwilei waifs, allowing them the alternative of either going on this voyage or spending five years on an out-island plantation.

It would be supposed that Gertrude, not having dared rebel, would at least have mourned for Jenkins after his departure on such a voyage. But she didn't appear to. She went her serene way as of old, was nice to us all, pleasant to those of us who still crowded her *lanai* evenings. She sang to the guitar as sweetly as ever, and if she remembered Jenkins, she gave no indication of it.

Two months passed, and the skipper of the *Haleākalā* and three men turned up per schooner from the Gilberts, and reported that their vessel had foundered three hundred miles off shore, with the loss of Thomas Jenkins and the cook. The papers gave several columns of the survivors' story of the ill-fated "Haines Ornithological Expedition," the faculty of Punahou passed appropriate resolutions, and Haines chuckled savagely over his cigar, though he loudly professed regret over the loss of his excellent friend Jenkins and his fine schooner and her valuable cargo. Gertrude put the guitar away in its case, very simply told us that she wouldn't receive us any more, as she didn't feel well, and retired into herself. She allowed me to ask her a question, seeing

that I had been present when Haines had taxed Jenkins with loving her, and in answer to it she said that she hadn't given up hope.

A year after the *Haleākalā* left Honolulu, Captain Haines called me into his office and said stumblingly, "I made a mistake, I guess, in sending that science fellow off in that schooner. Gertie won't speak to me. I'm getting kind of old, and the house is awful dull. She says I killed him. I wish you'd drop up to the house and tell Gertie—" He was too late. What it was he wanted me to tell the girl no one will ever exactly know, for his face got purple, he stared at me with an astonished look in his eyes, and slid heavily from his chair to the floor, dead of an apoplexy.

So the papers had more columns, this time describing the romantic life and wonderful prosperity of the ex-whaling captain. Then he passed out of Honolulu gossip, and his memory remained only in the aching heart of the woman who kept sorry house out Punahou way.

Gertrude, whom few of us had seen that year, came freshly to mind, no longer as the lovely hostess and the desirable wife, but as the shrewdest business woman south of the North Pole. She was still beautiful, more beautiful, indeed, than she had ever been. But the father of her was in the ascendant, and she took over his large properties, his vessels, his islands, his trading stations, his plantations, and delved into their management and mastered their intricacies till half Honolulu was traveling to the door of the big office to ask Haines *Wahine* (so they called her) how to do this and what to do there. She told them, without any dilly-dallying or hesitation. Six months after Edward Haines was laid away in Kawaiahao, Gertrude was running the old business with double the old energy and success. She was active, capable, and imperious. Men who dealt with her shook their heads and remarked that she was no fool. So I was amazed one afternoon, when I had walked out to one of her favourite spots for the air, to find her lying on her face, sobbing into her hands.

I made bold to sit down and wait till she recovered herself. Then I asked her what the matter was. "It's none of my business," I told her plainly, "but I think just enough of you to feel badly when you come out here to cry. What is it?"

I shan't tell you what she said, more than to state that Gertrude Haines hadn't forgot in business the poor scientist who had started out so joyously two years before to find out where the *Phaëthon rubricauda* has its nesting place. And she hadn't given up hope that he was alive and thinking of her. Women never do till they see the clenched hands and feel the cold lips. I told her what her father had started to say when he was stricken with apoplexy. You ought to have seen her pretty forehead wrinkle and her lips quiver. "Papa meant to tell me something about Tom," she announced after long cogitation. "Tom is alive, somewhere down south. The next question is to find him."

She was so happy in the thought that I dared not say a word to wither her joy. I knew it was foolish to be silent, but men have gladly done foolish things before now, when a woman was concerned. "I'll find him," she told me. "Tom will send me word. He's a scientist, and he'll know what to do. I'm so glad he explained some things to me."

"What things?" I demanded, bluntly.

"About the *Phaëthon rubricauda*," she replied. "You see, he was to send me a message when he found out the place." She jumped up, all excitement. "And I've never tried to do my part, either," she exclaimed. "And he may have sent me word!"

To be frank, I thought that the girl had gone crazy. She didn't allow me to say another word, but implored me to find her a hack at Waikiki to fetch her home posthaste. I did, and she left me without a word of thanks, glowing into the dingy interior of that prosaic vehicle as though she saw Tom Jenkins opposite her.

Next day word went out from the Haines office that the red tail feathers of tropic birds—*Phaëthon rubricauda*—were doubled in price for two months. Half native Honolulu bestirred itself to go around and ask Gertrude if this were so. To each man she gave the assurance that the price was indeed doubled, and she added to this an injunction to carefully examine all birds caught.

I happened to meet old Norton, skipper of her principal schooner, the *Mariana*, and he told me that his chief had instructed him to cruise through the lower islands and look for tropic birds exclusively. "She's a mighty shrewd woman," he said, confidentially, "and you can bet that the price of red feathers has gone up on the Coast. She never makes a misplay, she don't, pretty as she is."

The two months passed and the offer was

renewed, this time indefinitely. The year saw crimson feathers piled in bales in the Haines warehouse as schooner after schooner from the south reported in, and still Gertrude kept the price up, to the amazement and horror of rival houses who swore that no market in the world could absorb the supplies she pitched into it. The rumours grew that Miss Haines had lost her mind. Loyal skippers and devoted traders grumbled at orders to pick up any birds that could be got, and, if necessary, to stop in mid-ocean to capture one. Norton was over his enthusiasm, and avowed his conviction that the Haines trade was going to the dogs. "Here's that last order," he told me one night. "I'm to run the *Mariana* down to the leeward islands, and cruise around till I find a young bird with black arrowhead markings on it. And Thompson at Fiti has been waiting four months overtime for me to come down and restock his station and bring up his copra. Did you ever hear of such foolishness?"

At various times I saw Gertrude, and at last I ventured to tell her what people were saying about her. She smiled and shook her head. "I'm running the Haines business for the sole benefit of myself," she said. "If it breaks, nobody loses but myself. I'll admit that my looking for more feathers seems foolish; but Tom explained the habits of the bird to me, and I know that sooner or later I'll hear from him."

"How?" I demanded.

"Come and I'll tell you," she responded. "I'm bound out there now, and if you promise to say nothing, I'll take you along."

I was sure she had lost her mind. I went with her, sick at heart. She brought me past Waikiki to this spot, the place where I first found her, crying. It was here that we sat, as you and I are doing now. And just the same way just the same bird appeared suddenly out there and swept overhead. It seemed to please Gertrude beyond all reason. "He mightn't have got there last year," she said in her puzzling way. "But this year I'll surely hear from him."

I suppose my blank looks informed her that I was at sea, for she laughed and explained: "That is the first tropic bird to cross the *pali* this year. Tom told me they nest somewhere down south, and each year go back there. When the nesting season is over the birds fly north again. I come out here every day, and that's the first I've seen this year. See!" she cried, "there's another one. They are flying up from the south. Surely I'll hear from Tom this year. I know he will find the island where they breed, and he'll send me up word by one of them, by cutting a little from its tail feathers or tying a message to its leg, like they do with carrier pigeons."

Then I understood for the first time. But I was doubtful about the professor's ever getting off the schooner alive, more doubtful about his ever finding the looked-for island, still more dubious about the accuracy of his scientific theory. And, suppose he had survived the sinking of the *Haleākalā*, and reached the nesting place of the tropic bird, and they were "homers," what chance was there that the bird he might catch and tie a message to would ever fall into the hands of Gertrude Haines? Now I saw through her wasteful anxiety to catch all the birds possible and to get their feathers. She was looking for the message.

For five years the Haines schooners picked up tropic birds and delivered crimson feathers to the big office in Honolulu. In all that time came never a word from Tom Jenkins. But Gertrude, now a mature and beautiful woman of twenty-five, still smiled when people remarked on her infatuation for the *Phaëthon rubricauda*, and she continued to order her skippers and traders to keep a sharp eye out for the red-billed tropic bird. Then Norton, old and grizzled, came into port on a fine morning, dropped his hook and scurried ashore to drive furiously out to Punahou. An hour later Gertrude sent for me. When I got out there she was pacing up and down the *lanai*, her face alight with happiness, expectation, and eagerness. "It's come," she cried out to me.

"The message?" I demanded.

She burst into tears, and I took from her hand a thin bit of shell with two tiny holes in it through which ran a filament of fish sinew. I fancy the film of mother-of-pearl was about an inch long and half an inch broad. Scratched on it I read this:

FOLLOW RUBRICAUDAS
SEPT. T. JENKINS———

The girl was beyond power of speech, and I studied the little inscription in the light of what I knew, till she had recovered herself. "What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means that he has thought of me all these years," she said. "And he knew that I would never forget and I'd be anxious. He's succeeded. This is the proof of it."

I brought her back to the subject. "What does this writing mean? How do

you know it is from him—after all these years? How did you get it?"

She sat down and gazed out toward the waving palm fronds. "Captain Norton picked the bird up off Maui," she said slowly. "This was tied to its leg. I know it is from Tom because it is signed with his name, and because he always explained that these birds were homers, and, if one had once been to Hawaii it would come back after the nesting season, no matter how far away the island was. He's found the island where they nest. That's where he is now. And I must go to him, for he hasn't any vessel and no way of coming home."

At first this seemed simple enough, till I recalled that no one knew where this island, or islands, were, and the slight message seemed to me to give little clew except the direction "follow south." All this I made plain to her, but she was undaunted. I think it was enough for her to know that Jenkins was alive, and that he had sent word to her painstakingly, by a messenger of his own discovery, leaving her to guess his plight. I left her to dream.

In the morning she sent for me to come to her office. I found her amidst the orderly, austere environs of her great business. Clerks plodded through invoices and posted books within a few feet of her. Men waited in the anteroom, holding their caps on their knees. And she sat at her desk, with the light of the open sea on her face, careless of all the routine of finance and trade, her hands idle in her lap. "I've thought it all out," she told me. "This is only April. We must wait till September. Tom is right. I've watched them, and they don't start back south till nearly October. We must follow them."

You have no notion how plain the matter looked to us then. In the future we were to follow certain easily discerned rosy-coloured birds south till they came to perch on some island. There we would find Professor Jenkins. I promised to accompany her.

I pass over the next few months till a day in August when, on this very spot, we saw the whirring flight of a crimson bird along the great stream of the Trades. At sight of it Gertrude heaved a sigh and rose to her feet. "Now we can go," she said.

Each afternoon we had hurried out here to see whether any *Phaëthon rubricauda* was homing southward, for Gertrude, with all her sweet confidence in Jenkins' accurate scientific knowledge, hoped that it might be July or August instead of September that the great homing began. But the professor was right. So it was the fifth of September when the *Mariana*, with Norton in command and Gertrude and me on deck, slipped out of Honolulu and headed south on the final quest for the home of *Phaëthon rubricauda*.

It was a strange voyage. We dropped like a stone down the blue Pacific latitudes under roaring skies, till we lost the Trades and entered that region where the percentage of calm days marked on the charts jumps from nothing up to disheartening figures; where the sea runs in vast, silent currents, rippled by faint breaths, torn by fierce squalls, driven in headlong floods by living gales. The schooner swung slowly down toward the equator, and we searched the heavens intently for a sight of those crimson guides who were to lead us to the remote and unknown island where Jenkins waited. Really, it was ridiculous the way we craned our necks and fixed watering eyes on the illimitable firmament. Dawn found us peering into its blaze for a glimpse of a soaring bird. Sunset and darkness saw us straining our sight for the flash of a diving *phaëthon*. When we saw one, Norton would reckon its course and lay the schooner after it with all white sails straining from the masts till a flaw brought us up with thrashing sheets and we were buried in the smother of a squall.

September passed, and October and November, and we still sailed blindly south, now veering far to the westward after some vagrant bird, now driving full east because a floating *phaëthon*, high in the clear air, seemed leisurely headed on that course. Never was such a voyage. The chart showed that we zigzagged across forty odd degrees of longitude and down twenty degrees of latitude, when December caught us frying on the equator no wiser than when we started out. Norton was for turning back, or running to the east. The crew dozed in the shadows, grumbling at their food. Even I was thoroughly convinced of the uselessness of our search. But Gertrude, browned and thin, shook her head at any suggestion of failure. We sailed on.

Not that we didn't see plenty of the redbills; not that we didn't find many signs of their general direction. But those seas are full of strong currents and baffling winds. Our vessel, speedy and staunch as she was, couldn't be expected to keep pace with the whirring tropic birds, nor could she breast the tremendous seas that now and then rose before some far-away gale and sent us dizzily careering under the swinging stars. In

those thousands of leagues of ocean, Jenkins sat (we imagined) on some peaked island, watching for us. We fancied that, far above us, out of sight in the azure, his messengers were winging their way northward, bearing his cry for us to come. And we were helpless in the immensity of the world of water.

January passed and February came. We had crossed the line, and Norton, muttering savagely over his slate, was reckoning the days till we should reach the other tropic. "Beyond that there's no need for us to go," he swore. "Nobody ever saw one of them redbills further north than Capricorn, nor further south than Cancer. It's no use, Miss Gertrude; you can't change nature."

"I'm glad of it," she would say cheerfully. "For Professor Jenkins knows that, and we can trust him. We must go south."

Though we had passed islands, the solitude now became terrific. We never saw a sail, nor a smudge of smoke on the horizon. We couldn't distinguish the shining days. The nights were resplendent with an unvarying and oppressive brilliance. We marked our progress by the rising of the Southern Cross toward the zenith, till it opened above us, like a lit window in the dark arch of the sky.

On the second day of March, Norton made his longitude in the afternoon, scowled at the slate and called Gertrude. "I may as well tell you that this business is ended," he told her gruffly. "Our stores are getting low. We haven't seen a tropic bird for a week, and it's been two months since we saw any to amount to anything. I'm main sorry, Miss Gertrude, but we've got to quit."

She stared at him, put her sunburned hands quickly over her face and went to the rail. We saw that she was shaken with sobs. The old skipper and I looked at each other, and waited. She said nothing, but leaned against the gently lifting rail in an attitude of intense grief, like a woman who had suddenly looked into a grave.

You understand, she made no demur, no appeal to us. She accepted our decision. But I think that the long years of her waiting and loving him seemed to her to have ended in a blank, to have terminated in a flash, like a dream. Remember, she had kept up, as we say; maintained her serenity, her poise, her business-like capacity all this time. She had smiled and gone her way among us like one who must be busy because soon one will want leisure. And now it was finished, and her faithful skipper and I watched her, hoping for a look, for a word. But she didn't raise her face from her hands. She made no sound, apart from that suppressed sobbing. Norton tried to create a diversion by roaring at the seamen to break out a fresh spinnaker cloth, but his hearty words died on his lips and he found himself staring at the pitiful figure of the poor girl on the quarterdeck. He licked his lips, shook his head and burst out, "We'll keep going, by G—, till the last biscuit's eaten and the last plank's gone from under us!" Under his brawny arms the faithful schooner swung up again into the south.

Gertrude showed us a face ravaged by grief. It was awful, the haggardness that had overtaken her. Youth and bloom seemed to have fled. Her voice had lost its gentle purity. "Please help me find him!" she cried.

The next morning Norton called me before dawn, tiptoeing into my berth. "I think we've got a hint," he whispered to me. "Come on deck."

I followed him, and he showed me a newly fledged bird lying on the hatch, which showed by the lantern's light strange markings on its back, like arrowheads. I looked at him for an interpretation. "That's a young one, a young redbill," he remarked. "Miss Gertrude once sent me on a three-months' cruise to find where they could be got. This one hit the rigging and the cook caught it. We can't be far from their nests."

We didn't call Gertrude, but Norton carefully headed the *Mariana* up close to the wind. "Those young ones can't fly against any breeze," he remarked. "So that island must be to windward."

At daybreak Gertrude came on deck and we told her of our discovery. She went over and picked the little fledgling into her warm breast and smiled at us.

The next few days brought us little encouragement, but within the week the *Mariana* slowly forged into the edge of the southeast trades, and, borne on their powerful current, we saw clouds of roseate birds, vast multitudes swinging easily to the north. We caught some of the weaker ones and found them all marked with the tell-tale arrows.

Our excitement was intense. The fresh winds blowing out of the cold antarctic, softened as they were by sweeping over hundreds of leagues of warm sea, toned us up and drove away all lassitude. We scanned the horizon for land, searched the sky for signs of some reflection that would

tell us in what quarter to seek for it. And on the twelfth day of March we found it, a slight shimmering spot on the sea line.

Norton headed the *Mariana* to windward of it and all day we stemmed a stiff current, gradually raising the island till we saw that it was very small, rocky, and apparently desolate. Gertrude stood in the fore-rigging, swinging now outboard, now inboard as the vessel heeled over to the lift of the sea. Night fell, and Norton took in sail so that we should not overrun the spot in darkness. None of us slept, for overhead we seemed to hear the dim whirr of wings, the soft passage of thronging birds going north from their nesting place. The dawn showed us the islet, for it was no more than that, a mile to leeward of us.

I'm sure my own disappointment was keen. In a region where no chart that we possessed indicated land, rose a rock not over a mile in extent. So far as we could see it was verdureless. Its craggy steeps rose possibly a hundred feet, and at the base of it the great Pacific rollers broke in leaping foam. Gertrude voiced the thought of us all: "There is no light there. Nobody is there."

Norton shook his head. "There's no landing place on this side, but on the lee we may find a bight!"

It was noon when the *Mariana* weathered the southeastern point and we wore ship and stood down to leeward. Here the islet bore a different aspect. It was still rocky, but a small indentation ran in to a narrow beach. The colour of the water showed that there was plenty of depth clear up under the cliff. "No holding ground there," the skipper said. "We'll send a boat ashore."

With no more words a boat was cleared away, and into it Norton, Gertrude, and myself got with a couple of hands. As we pulled away from the *Mariana*, which had been our home for so long, I felt a sudden distaste for the whole affair. I can recall even now my repugnance to ever going back to the ship, my intense, if baseless, longing to be done with the search, to know no more of mystery and anticipation and sick waiting. I think that Gertrude felt the same way, for she was silent, sitting listlessly on the thwart, her eyes but half seeing the poor, barren eminence that represented the goal of all the years of her expectancy.

It was calm in the lee of islet, and we quickly made the bight and the little slender shore. We were startled to see a man standing on the edge of the water, evidently trying to launch some sort of boat. Norton looked over at me and shook his head. The keel of our boat rasped on the shale.

Imagine a slender, sunburned man with a reddish beard and no clothes to speak of, a spindle-shanked, deep-ribbed fellow, with short-sighted eyes. That was the man who came forward and croaked at us on that little shore, leaving his queer canoe or whatever it was to toss in the edge of the gentle surf. Only Gertrude knew that it was Jenkins. She gazed at him with all her eyes, quivering. And he said, "Did you get my message?"

I had fancied that when she found him she would glow with love and affection and satisfied devotion. Instead she stammered, twined the fingers of her hands together, flushed, grew pale, was all but speechless. "I came as soon as I could," she said.

Norton broke in here with his hoarse tones. "Are you the professor? What have you had to eat on this God-forsaken rock?"

Jenkins, for it was he, shook his head. "There wasn't any way of starting a fire," he said dully.

Well, that was about the gist of it. The great romance dwindled into a tragedy: years without a fire, or a light, or soft food; huddling in the darkness, shivering in the chill, defenseless, houseless, solitary, he had existed from season to season, scratching his brief messages on splinters of shell which he tied to the tropic birds in the hope that one might reach Gertrude and tell her that he had succeeded and lived.

On the *Mariana* we fitted him out with clothes, and Norton even dug up an old pair of spectacles that helped his sight. Then Gertrude came to him and asked coldly, "Is there anything on the island that you want to take with you?"

"Nothing," he told her. "Nothing at all. What is the longitude and latitude?"

Norton figured it for him and the result was what is embroidered on my handkerchief. "I'm glad to know that," the professor said gently. "I tried for three years to figure it out, but having no instruments I couldn't do it, couldn't even approximate it."

It seems that Jenkins (from his story) had been abandoned on the leaking *Haleākalā* and, sticking to the water-logged craft, had finally come ashore on some forsaken island where his most careful investigation failed to discover any signs of human habitation. The cook, who had stayed with him, died from eating some poisonous fish. Jenkins decided that he could move on, having a

poor, ramshackle small boat left him on the now derelict schooner. Instead of returning north, he continued his search and headed south, feeling that his sole hope lay in reaching the nesting place of the *Phaëthon rubricauda* and thence sending messages till one was received. It took him years of arduous and incredible voyaging to find the island where we had come upon him. He had sailed in the small boat, from reef to island and from island to reef, till it had fallen to pieces under him. Strange, barbarous people had fed him and tried to keep him with them. He had sailed on, in canoes, on rafts, on floating logs, always south, always in the direction from which he saw the fledgling tropic birds come. Nobody, I presume, could relate a tithe of his sorrows, of his agonies, of his sufferings, of his vast endurance, of his unshakable confidence in his scientific theory that the *Phaëthon rubricauda* was a "homer," and not a mere vagabond fowl. So he finally, to cut an interminable story short, reached this rocky islet. There he stayed, daily trying to catch another bird to which to affix the message he had scratched in the dusk, eating raw flesh, devouring raw eggs, sleeping in the open, trying to keep himself alive till he should be able to return.

All this he told us very simply and briefly that night as the *Mariana* headed north with the trades in the belly of her sails. And when he had finished Gertrude leaned forward and said softly, "Tom, didn't you know I would come?"

"No," he answered, quietly.

"But you sent me a message—messages. Didn't you think I would answer them and come?"

He seemed hugely embarrassed. "I did. I—I hoped you might get some of them. But I didn't know you would come, Miss—Gertrude."

She seemed appalled at the outcome of her quest. Here she was, after ten years, facing the man she loved, whom she had rescued from death on a lonely islet by almost miraculous effort and tenacity. And he told her he didn't know she would come. And she came because she had thought of him confidently looking night and day across the barren sea for a sign of the sail that was bringing her. In the reaction she got up and walked away, biting her poor, quivering lips. Jenkins looked after her a moment and then turned to Norton. "By the way, what did you make the position of that island?"

But Norton had caught a glimpse of Gertrude's face and shuffled off without reply. The professor turned to me. "I don't exactly understand," he told me with some hesitation. "What have I done? Miss Gertrude—Miss Haines seems hurt. What have I done?"

I didn't want to explain, for really he hadn't done anything tangible. He had merely disappointed foolish hopes, dissipated dreams that he couldn't have known anything about. "She's been trying for years to find you," I remarked. "She's spent thousands of dollars. Nobody else in the whole world, my dear fellow, even remembered that you existed. And she's found you, and she——"

He stared thoughtfully when I paused, then looked sharply up. I followed his glance and saw Gertrude, standing just behind Jenkins. "What were you going to do, professor," she inquired quietly, "if nobody came and found you?"

He rose. "Oh, I had built a boat. I was coming back," he said. "I worked on my little canoe all this last year."

"Back where?" she demanded. "And how? How could you get back? It's more than two thousand miles to Honolulu."

"I was coming back the way I came," he answered, gravely. "It took me several years to reach the island. I hoped to get back in two."

"But why did you keep on, after the schooner went ashore and the men had deserted you? Why didn't you try to come back to civilization instead of running deeper into an uncharted ocean?"

"Have you forgotten?" he asked with a sudden intensity in his voice. "Have you forgotten?"

She seemed to waken at the tone. "Forgotten what?" she demanded, huskily.

"That I couldn't ask you to be my wife till I had succeeded. That was the promise I made. It was the condition on which your father gave me the schooner. I couldn't go back, for I should have lost you. I came on."

"You came on—a thousand miles—years, all alone!" she whispered. "All that you could ask me to marry you?"

"That is true," he said, gently. "And when I had succeeded I was trying to start back—for you."

She answered him never a word while she thought, bright-eyed, finger on lip. What did she think about? I suppose she saw in fancy this gaunt, haggard, lean scientist, deserted by a drunken crew, a rotten schooner broken up under his feet, still

pushing on across an unknown and desolate sea, paddling himself in a toppling canoe under broiling suns, battling for life in the welter of tempest-driven tides, always looking up for the crimson flash of the bird whose nesting place he must find. Possibly she saw the vista of all those years, the grim steadfastness of the man, the simplicity of his love, the pride of him, the amazing strength of his passion. I don't doubt but that she saw, too, the years from which she had saved him: the stubborn, weary, thirsty voyage in his wretched canoe from desert isle to desert isle, the horrible agony of his return to her, the endless months of his infinite strife to come back and claim her—all the bitterness he had purposed to endure, all the astounding and incredible persistence of his love.

When she spoke again she said, haltingly, "And you didn't know I would come?"

He shook his head. "You sent me no message, you didn't tell me you cared."

She broke out in a cry of understanding. "I could have sent you a message! And I didn't know . . . of course . . . what must you have thought . . . but you were coming back?"

"Yes," he answered. "But you sent no word by the birds, for I watched them each season and I knew some of them had been in Honolulu and seen you, and yet none of them bore any message."

Of course it was true. If the *Phaëthon rubricauda* went one way, it would return the other. Ridiculous, wasn't it, that it never occured to us? But she was satisfied. "Tom," she whispered, "I never thought of it. So I came myself . . . are you sorry? . . . Tom . . ."

As I rejoined Norton by the wheel I thought I heard a whirr overhead, the soft speeding of a tropic bird out of the deep south into the blooming north. Norton must have heard the same noise, for he grinned at me across the binnacle and said, "Now we'll follow them home."

"And the professor wrote his book?" I inquired.

"Yes, and articles for the encyclopedias and magazines. But you won't find the position of that island in any of 'em," said the Oldest Journalist. "Gertrude says that is their island. She sends me a handkerchief each year to remind me where it lies."

To Night

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I HAVE loved wind and light,
And the bright sea,
But, holy and most secret Night,
Not as I love and have loved thee.

God, like all highest things,
Hides light in shade,
And in the night his visitings
To sleep and dreams are clearliest made.

Love, that knows all things well,
Loves the night best;
Joys whereof daylight dares not tell
Are his, and the diviner rest.

And Life, whom day shows plain
Its prison-bars,
Feels the close wall and the hard chain
Fade when the darkness brings the stars.

So They Say

A NEGRO COOK:
explaining her family affairs to her white mistress

"Yas'm, I got five chillun: I had two by mah fus husban, an' one by dis Sam husban I got now—an' den I had two by mahsef."

GELETT BURGESS:
American satirist

"With their rise in the world women are losing their three weapons: deceit, cruelty and lying."

THOMAS HARDY:
English writer

"The human race being still practically barbarian, it does not seem likely that men's delight in cruel sports can be lessened except by slow degrees."

M. PARADOPOULOS:
appealing, as self-appointed attorney of record, to the Supreme Court in Athens for a reversal of the death sentence against Socrates in 399 B.C.

"The honour of Greece requires a revision of the judgment, and a judicial declaration of Socrates' innocence."

MRS. LUCILE VANERSTROM:
causes husband to be brought before the judge when no alimony payments were made

"He took a delicatessen store in trade on some real estate, and when I went there to get money he gave me an armload of groceries and told me to credit his alimony account."

POPE PIUS XI:
disapproves of the Fascist idea of "everything and everybody in the State for the State"

"Man is not and never can be a means . . . in the creation, man is really the end and center about which everything is organized."

MAHONRI YOUNG:
American sculptor

"The modern woman, thin and flat in contour, is not interesting as sculptural material."

RAJAH T. GOESTI BAGOES DJELANTIK:
ruler of Karang-Asam (Lombok, Dutch East Indies)—showing an American traveler a newspaper picture

"Here is a picture of your Rajah Coolidge—with one of his favourite wives."

[*It proved to be a view of the President and Queen Marie*]

CHANG TSO-LIN:
War Lord of Northern China and head of the Peking Government

"China is too big to have a highly centralized government. . . . Provincial rights are as important in China as States' rights in America. Central power should be strictly limited to foreign affairs and certain national services, such as the army and navy."

MISS TSIENYI-WONG:
"Miss Dorothy—in American," Chinese graduate of University of Chicago, M.A., at Teachers' College, now working for a Ph.D.—before the League for Political Education

"The anti-Christian movement of our youth is just a desire to know. We want to know whether Christianity is a universal religion, and is suited to our own spiritual needs, or whether it is purely Western—and we have not got our answer yet. As for the 'anti-foreign,' that should read 'anti-Western imperialism.'"

BAVARIAN SLOGAN:
echoing through Southern Germany, since the 15 per cent. increase in the price of draught beer

"Drink no more beer than is necessary to sustain life."

DR. J. F. ELDER:
District Health Commissioner, Youngstown, Ohio

"Before you let him kiss you, be sure he doesn't have a cold."

BENIAMINO GIGLI:
Tenor singer in grand opera—when asked if he was to be a second Caruso

"To speak of other tenors it would not be delicate. Gigli is Gigli. Gigli desires to remain Gigli—not to be any one else."

DR. LEONARD L. B. WILLIAMS:
of London Metropolitan Hospital; editor, author, and member of many medical societies

"The present generation of young women will certainly go bald. Most women now are shingled, and wear tight hats like men, with the result that when they get to the age of thirty or forty they will find their hair falling out."

NICHOLAS M'DOWELL M'KNIGHT:
Secretary of Appointments, Columbia University

"There are relatively few opportunities at present for women to enter commercial work other than those of a stenographic nature. . . . However, it is questionable whether the average beginner actually uses stenography as a stepping stone to a minor administrative post."

AN "EXPIRED" SUBSCRIBER:
Communicates to a magazine which asks for a renewal of her subscription—in the form of the best etiquette manuals

"Miss Avonia Dillon, —— City, Missouri, to whom this is addressed, is deceased and would be glad if you would discontinue sending circulars to her address."

H. G. WELLS:
Author, social philosopher and prophet, lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris.

"We must face the fact of the ignorance and incapacity of the common man. . . . Democracy cannot produce resolute, stable governments."

JOHN W. KEARNEY:
of San Francisco, who (though having spent 18 of his 33 years in prison), wooed, won, and married more than ten women. (There were others, but he forgot the names)

"Women are easy. I met them at church, parties, dances, and any kind of a social gathering that provided an opportunity. Then I would sing to them, talk poetry, love them, and they were mine."

A HUNGARIAN INSURANCE COMPANY:
refuses to continue payment of an annuity to a retired merchant of Budapest, because he had undergone a Voronoff grafting operation

"We have learned that last fall you underwent an operation according to the method of Dr. Voronoff, and, consequently, it follows that you are younger to-day than you were when you signed the contract with us. In view of this fundamental change we find ourselves obliged to cancel the agreement entered into with you."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN:
American critic

"If there is, with the single exception of Miss Helen Wills, a woman tennis-player or swimmer or horse-fanatic or gutta-percha ball-pounder who, even in her late twenties, doesn't look like an old apple, I am either taking the wrong rotogravure section or losing my eyesight."

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK:
pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, likes Holy Mother idea

"I cannot help believe that my Roman Catholic brethren have the right idea. With my Protestant background, I would hesitate to kneel before a statue of the Virgin in public, but worse things than that have been done on this earth."

RABBI MORRIS LICHTENSTEIN:
asserts marriage hinges on sacrifice

"Marriage must be regarded not as the culmination of love, but as the starting point of love."

LOUIS CARTIER:
Parisian jeweler

"The jeweler is the slave of the dressmaker, for he creates for the dressed, not the undressed women."

A FRENCH NEWSPAPER:
agitates for the return of knee-breeches

"If only twelve French gentlemen of secure social position would appear in knee-breeches on the boulevards, half the world would adopt them within a month."

Rev. Harold S. Rambo: *of the Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church*

"With the glory of whiskers departed, old age has lost its picturesqueness and the authority which comes from reverence. When I was a boy, the beard was the crowning emblem of righteousness and success."

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell: *of Labrador*

"I found that the only way to change life from a tragic drama to a field of honour was through Christ."

Vicente Blasco Ibañez: *Spanish novelist*

"Any intellectual who allows himself to die nowadays before eighty makes a ridiculous exit. Look at Hugo, Ibsen, Bjornson and Anatole France."

M. Borodin: *Russian High Advisor to the Chinese Nationalist Government*

"The dykes have been cut, and the water has begun to rush through."

Miss Harriet Hoctor: *dancer*

"Walking is forbidden fruit to a dancer."

Mrs. Thyra Samter Winslow: *writer, who took a year's "vacation" from her husband (she has since begun suit for divorce)*

"Married persons deserve a furlough from married life."

Police-Sergeant Wellington W. Britton: *investigates Percy and Nellie, pet cheetahs belonging to John Wentworth, and has them sent to the country*

"Mr. Wentworth showed me a book which said that cheetahs will not attack a man, but one of them bit my leg. Mr. Wentworth said this was because of the scent of my police dog."

Noel Coward: *playwright*

"The masses have really no moral sense."

Dr. Arthur Liebert: *Manager of the Kant Society*

"The modern factory and the railroad train running at lightning speed are as wonderful as the Strasbourg Cathedral and the finest sculpture in a Gothic church."

Simon Rothschild: *100 years old*

"My memory is very good: I can make the same mistakes to-day that I made fifty years ago."

Claire Eames: *actress*

"Beauty to me is a thrilling force. It's like electricity. Some women are charged with it. It illumines everything they do."

An Official: *of the Royal Veterinary College, London*

"The new fashion of bobbed and shingled hair is actually saving the lives of thousands of animals and numerous people who swallowed hairpins dropped by women in the country, on picnics, joy-rides and so on."

Mildred Clay: *adopted daughter of John Cecil Clay (who sold a Button Gwinnett autograph for $51,000), sings a snatch of song on hearing the news*

"'I do not believe a word that you say
But say it, say it again.'"

Fred Greisl: *of North Bergen, N. J., bought a bull pup for $60; before the dog had been in his house an hour, it swallowed a $100 bill*

"He's a great dog; he's already worth two and two-thirds times what I paid for him."

"By-products": *editorial column of the N. Y. "Times"*

"Colonel Lawrence's book on Arabia at $20,000 a copy would be just the book to spend a quiet evening at home with in that new hotel where the door handles are gold-plated and the bathroom fixtures are silver."

Thomas Edison: *inventor*

"Time is really the only capital that any human being has, and the one thing that he can't afford to lose."

Miss Storm Jameson: *British novelist*

"A baby is a whole-time job."

LULU MCCONNELL:
actress, and practical joker

"My best practical joke was played on my husband. It was in Omaha one winter's night; I married him."

TRACY RICHARDSON:
adventurer and explorer who made an expedition into unexplored Southern Mexico

"I saw exactly two wild Indians, and our dogs ran the pair up a tree."

MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER:
of New York

"To be chief executive of New York, needs just a human being with a smiling face and a happy heart."

HUSBANDS OF CHICAGO:
band together in the Husbands' Defense League

"Man has become so completely domesticated, that not only is he tame, but he is almost useless."

WALTER PACH:
artist, one of the Independent Artists' directors, discussing contributors

"We want all kinds. We want the lunatics. We want the stock-brokers who paint on Sundays, the old maids who get rid of their inhibitions, and we want the old school, too. But what we don't want is an exhibition which looks like the Metropolitan Museum."

WILLIE BUZZELL:
fourteen-year-old Maine schoolboy, applying for a license to marry a twenty-seven-year-old divorcee

"I do not know why I want to get married, but I do."

SENATOR LUIGI LUIGI:
Italian port engineer, and professor of structural engineering at the University of Rome

"I have studied the works of the Greeks and Romans and the cathedrals of Europe. These show the highest achievement in art and science, but they are not alive. But when one sees an American skyscraper he feels that he is observing a living being."

DEEMS TAYLOR:
American composer

"European artists keep their artistic virginity just until the guy with enough money comes along."

GLORIA SWANSON:
film star

"Love, if there is such a thing, is the ability for complete self-sacrifice. No creative person has that ability."

MISS JUDY JOHNSON:
twenty-year-old English horsewoman

"If a horse doesn't do what you want him to, it is usually because he doesn't understand what you want."

HON. VINCENT MASSEY:
first Minister from the Dominion of Canada to the United States

"A sentry between the United States and Canada would be about as appropriate as a fire extinguisher on top of the Great Pyramid."

FRED R. BEYGRAU:
shorthand authority of the West Side Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

"We are swamped with applications for male stenographers, typists and secretaries, and can't get enough students to fill them. But the boys don't seem to wake up to the fact that through flapperism the reign of the girl in important office work is over."

MISS CATHERINE BARY:
Russian aristocrat, who slapped Kerensky after the latter's New York lecture

"It was just one of those things you had to do."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON:
American author

"The only salvation for sound immorality is to restore long skirts. Unimaginative people need something to work their imaginations on, and long skirts would turn the trick."

MATADOR VILLALTA:
champion bull-fighter of Mexico and Spain, who has killed 800 bulls

"I am the holder of the Golden Ear."

ISAAC SIMMONS:
when his wife sued for separation and $52,000 a year alimony, after thirty years of married life

"It appears that now I have on my hands a wife and children, spoiled by my generous treatment, who seem to pride themselves on their parasitic accomplishments."

The Revolt of "Mother"

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

"FATHER!"

"What is it?"

"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tightly, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

"Father!"

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs," the old man said then. He ran his words together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a growl.

But the woman understood; it was her most native tongue. "I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field," said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman, short and straight-waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

They were in the barn, standing before the wide open doors. The spring air, full of the smell of growing grass and unseen blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was littered with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edges, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse, and started forth from the barn.

"*Father!*" said she.

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?"

The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, jouncing as sturdily on his seat as a boy.

The woman stood a moment looking after him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and outbuildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

"What are they digging for, mother?" said she. "Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for—a cellar for a new barn."

"Oh, mother, he ain't going to build another barn?"

"That's what he says."

A boy stood before the kitchen glass combing his hair. He combed slowly and painstakingly, arranging his brown hair

in a smooth hillock over his forehead. He did not seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

"Sammy, did you know father was going to build a new barn?" asked the girl.

The boy combed assiduously.

"Sammy!"

He turned, and showed a face like his father's under his smooth crest of hair. "Yes, I s'pose I did," he said, reluctantly.

"How long have you known it?" asked his mother.

"'Bout three months, I guess."

"Why didn't you tell of it?"

"Didn't think 'twould do no good."

"I don't see what father wants another barn for," said the girl, in her sweet, slow voice. She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender, sweet face was full of a gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald and innocent as a baby's, with the light hair strained back from it in a row of curl-papers. She was quite large, but her soft curves did not look as if they covered muscles.

Her mother looked sternly at the boy. "Is he goin' to buy more cows?" said she.

The boy did not reply; he was tying his shoes.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf, and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in the hips, that made his loose home-made jacket tilt up in the rear.

The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," said she; "I'll wash. There's a good many this mornin'."

The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water, the girl wiped the plates slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's going to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?"

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You ain't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You ain't seen enough of men-folks yet to. One of these days you'll find it out, an' then you'll know that we know only what men-folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men-folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we've been pretty comfortable here, after all. The roof don't leak—ain't never but once—that's one thing. Father's kept it shingled right up."

"I do wish we had a parlour."

"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain."

"I ain't complained either, mother."

"Well, I don't think you'd better, a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

Sarah Penn washed the frying-pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living-room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist: so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked; her soft, milk-white hands and wrists showed whiter than her delicate work.

"We must have the stove moved out in the shed before long," said Mrs. Penn. "Talk about not havin' things, it's been a real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove-pipe out there."

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled her pies had that expression of meek vigour which might have characterized one of the New Testament saints. She was making mince-pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked them better than any other kind. She baked twice a week. Adoniram often liked a piece of pie between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than usual when she began, and she wanted to have a pie baked for dinner. However deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul—the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the place where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much conversation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about their work.

Sammy went back to school, taking soft sly lopes out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the door and called after him, but he was out of sight.

"I don't see what you let him go for, mother," said he. "I wanted him to help me unload that wood."

Adoniram went to work out in the yard, unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl-papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread.

When Nanny was gone, Mrs. Penn went to the door. "Father!" she called.

"Well, what is it!"

"I want to see you jest a minute, father."

"I can't leave this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock. Sammy had ought to help me. You hadn't ought to let him go to school so early."

"I want to see you jest a minute."

"I tell ye I can't, nohow, mother."

"Father, you come here." Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience which makes authority royal in her voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen, and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, father," said she; "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. "Well, what is it, mother?"

"I want to know what you're buildin' that new barn for, father?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another barn?"

"I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it, mother; an' I ain't goin' to say nothin'."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his mouth tight.

"I know you be, as well as I want to. Now, father, look here"—Sarah Penn had not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never have since I married you, but I'm goin' to now. I ain't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to complain now, but I'm goin' to talk plain. You see this room here, father; you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls. We ain't had no new paper on it for ten year, an' then I put it on myself, an' it didn't cost but ninepence a roll. You see this room, father; it's all the one I've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we was married. There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband ain't got half the means you have but what's got better. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in; an' there ain't one of her mates but what's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's parlour, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a mahogany card-table. An' this is all the room my daughter will have to be married in. Look here, father!"

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic stage. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between. "There, father," said she—"there's all the room I've had to

sleep in forty year. All my children were born there—the two that died, an' the two that's livin'. I was sick with a fever there."

She stepped to another door and opened it. It led into the small, ill-lighted pantry. "Here," said she, "is all the buttery I've got—every place I've got for my dishes, to set away my victuals in, an' to keep my milk-pans in. Father, I've been takin' care of the milk of six cows in this place, an' now you're goin' to build a new barn, an' keep more cows, an' give me more to do in it."

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father," said she, "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more ladylike one than Nanny, an' that's the place she has to sleep in. It ain't so good as your horse's stall; it ain't so warm an' tight."

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," said she, "I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty year ago, you promised me faithful that we should have a new house built in that lot over in the field before the year was out. You said you had money enough, an' you wouldn't ask me to live in no such place as this. It is forty year now, an' you've been makin' more money, an' I've been savin' of it for you ever since, an' you ain't built no house yet. You've built sheds an' cow-houses an' one new barn, an' now you're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it's right. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than you are your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think it's right."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there's another thing—I ain't complained; I've got along forty year, an' I s'pose I should forty more, if it wa'n't for that—if we don't have another house. Nanny, she can't live with us after she's married. She'll have to go somewhere else to live away from us, an' it don't seem as if I could have it so, noways, father. She wa'n't ever strong. She's got considerable colour, but there wa'n't never any backbone to her. I've always took the heft of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' an' ironin' an' bankin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an' sweepin'! I can't have it so, noways, father."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; her mild eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos; but her opponent employed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram arose clumsily.

"Father, ain't you got nothin' to say?" said Mrs. Penn.

"I've got to go off after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a barn?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out, her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had to plan and piece the sleeves.

Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needlework. She had taken down her curl-papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," said she.

"What say?"

"I've been thinking—I don't see how we're goin' to have any—wedding in this room. I'd be ashamed to have his folks come if we didn't have anybody else."

"Mebbe we can have some new paper before then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your belongin's."

"We might have the wedding in the new barn," said Nanny, with gentle pettishness. "Why, mother, what makes you look so?"

Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothin'," said she.

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two-wheeled dump cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman charioteer. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded louder.

It seemed to her all through the spring

months that she heard nothing but the halloos and the noises of saws and hammers. The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her, although sometimes, upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.

"It's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn," he said, confidentially, to Sammy one day.

Sammy only grunted after an odd fashion for a boy; he had learned it from his father.

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the post-office," said he, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.

"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he say about the folks?"

"I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling-pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart beat loudly.

"I dun' know but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of hayin', but the ten-acre lot's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can git along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse round here to suit me, nohow, an' I've got to have another for all that wood-haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go."

"I'll get out your clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn calmly.

She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving-water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasped dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. "*If* them cows come to-day, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn," said he; "an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there."

"Well," replied Mrs. Penn.

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the doorstep, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," said he.

"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.

She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange, doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding-day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.

"Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'?" she asked.

"A little."

Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guide-posts of the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect; and she made up her mind to her course of action.

"S'posin' I *had* wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry —"s'posin' I had wrote, an' asked him if he knew of any horse? But I didn't, an' father's goin' wa'n't none of my doin'. It looks like a providence." Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.

"What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.

"Nothin'."

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed —"stop!"

The men stopped and looked; Sammy upreared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother.

"Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't you put the hay in that barn; put it in the old one."

"Why, he said to put it in here," returned one of the haymakers, wonderingly. He was a young man, a neighbour's son, whom Adoniram hired by the year to help on the farm.

"Don't you put the hay in the new barn; there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.

"Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, nohow, far as room's concerned. Well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.

Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and a fragrance like warm honey came into the room.

Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?" she said, wonderingly.

"It's all right," replied her mother.

Sammy slid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready.

"I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner to-day, as long as father's gone," said his mother. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," said she. "You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward."

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.

"What you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny, in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble, as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes over his pie.

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do," replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up-stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom."

"Oh, mother, what for?" gasped Nanny.

"You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all their little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away.

Nanny and Sammy followed their mother's instructions without a murmur; indeed, they were overawed. There is a certain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny went back and forth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.

Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great box-stalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bedrooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlour, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Up stairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.

At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gaping, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread all over the little village the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn. Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellious spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the forenoon, and she was at the barn

door shelling peas for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity; then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handled the peas as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.

"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it the subject of prayer, an' it's betwixt me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."

"Well, of course, if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin, gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to scourge himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.

"I think it's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty year. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways, an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' set down? How is Mis' Hersey?"

"She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.

He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures; he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators; but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with primal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But, after all, although it was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.

Towards sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brown-bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremours. Still, there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work. The children watched Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. "What on airth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.

"What"—Adoniram sniffed—"what is it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and fright-

ened. "What on airth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.

"You come in here, father," said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're goin' to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.

"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."

"Why, mother!"

Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?" said Sarah.

And the old man bent his head and mumbled.

All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too sturdily healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah went out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of haystacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved; he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah. "I'll—put up the—partitions, an'—everything you—want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on't as all this comes to."

The Road to Truth

By STEPHEN CRANE

THE wayfarer,
Perceiving the pathway to truth,
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha," he said,
"I see that none has passed here
In a long time."
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
"Well," he mumbled at last,
"Doubtless there are other roads."

The Inn of the Two Witches

A Find

By JOSEPH CONRAD

THIS TALE, episode, experience—call it how you will—was related in the fifties of the last century by a man who, by his own confession, was sixty years old at the time. Sixty is not a bad age—unless in perspective, when no doubt it is contemplated by the majority of us with mixed feelings. It is a calm age; the game is practically over by then; and standing aside one begins to remember with a certain vividness what a fine fellow one used to be. I have observed that, by an amiable attention of Providence, most people at sixty begin to take a romantic view of themselves. Their very failures exhale a charm of peculiar potency. And indeed the hopes of the future are a fine company to live with, exquisite forms, fascinating if you like, but —so to speak, naked, stripped for a run. The robes of glamour are luckily the property of the immovable past which, without them, would sit, a shivery sort of thing, under the gathering shadows.

I suppose it was the romanticism of growing age which set our man to relate his experience for his own satisfaction or for the wonder of his posterity. It could not have been for his glory, because the experience was simply that of an abominable fright—terror he calls it. You would have guessed that the relation alluded to in the very first lines was in writing.

This writing constitutes the Find declared in the sub-title. The title itself is my own contrivance (can't call it invention), and has the merit of veracity. We will be concerned with an inn here. As to the witches that's merely a conventional expression, and we must take our man's word for it that it fits the case.

The Find was made in a box of books bought in London, in a street which no longer exists, from a second-hand bookseller in the last stage of decay. As to the books themselves they were at least twentieth-hand, and on inspection turned out not worth the very small sum of money I disbursed. It might have been some premonition of that fact which made me say: "But I must have the box too." The decayed book-seller assented by the careless; tragic gesture of a man already doomed to extinction.

A litter of loose pages at the bottom of the box excited my curiosity but faintly. The close, neat, regular handwriting was not attractive at first sight. But in one place the statement that in A. D. 1813 the writer was twenty-two years old caught my eye. Two and twenty is an interesting age in which one is easily reckless and easily frightened; the faculty of reflection being weak and the power of imagination strong.

In another place the phrase: "At night we stood in again," arrested my languid attention, because it was a sea phrase. "Let's see what it is all about," I thought, without excitement.

Oh, but it was a dull-faced MS., each line resembling every other line in their close-set and regular order. It was like the drone of a monotonous voice. A treatise on sugar-refining (the dreariest subject I can think of) could have been given a more lively appearance. "In A. D. 1813, I was twenty-two years old," he begins earnestly and goes on with every appearance of calm, horrible industry. Don't imagine, however, that

there is anything archaic in my find. Diabolic ingenuity in invention though as old as the world is by no means a lost art. Lost art. Look at the telephones for shattering the little peace of mind given to us in this world, or at the machine guns for letting with dispatch life out of our bodies. Nowadays any blear-eyed old witch if only strong enough to turn an insignificant little handle could lay low a hundred young men of twenty in the twinkling of an eye.

If this isn't progress! . . . Why, immense! We have moved on, and so you must expect to meet here a certain naïveness of contrivance and simplicity of aim appertaining to the remote epoch. And of course no motoring tourist can hope to find such an inn anywhere, now. This one, the one of the title, was situated in Spain. That much I discovered only from internal evidence, because a good many pages of that relation were missing—perhaps not a great misfortune after all. The writer seemed to have entered into a most elaborate detail of the why and wherefore of his presence on that coast—presumably the north coast of Spain. His experience has nothing to do with the sea, though. As far as I can make it out, he was an officer on board a sloop-of-war. There's nothing strange in that. At all stages of the long Peninsular campaign many of our men-of-war of the smaller kind were cruising off the north coast of Spain—as risky and disagreeable a station as can well be imagined.

It looks as though that ship of his had had some special service to perform. A careful explanation of all the circumstances was to be expected from our man, only, as I've said, some of his pages (good tough paper too) were missing: gone in covers for jam-pots or in wadding for the fowling-pieces of his irreverent posterity. But it is to be seen clearly that communication with the shore and even the sending of messengers inland was part of her service, either to obtain intelligence from or to transmit orders or advice to patriotic Spaniards, guerilleros or secret juntas of the province. Something of the sort. All this can be only inferred from the preserved scraps of his conscientious writing.

Next we come upon the panegyric of a very fine sailor, a member of the ship's company, having the rating of the captain's coxswain. He was known on board as Cuba Tom; not because he was Cuban, however; he was indeed the best type of a genuine British tar of that time, and a man-of-war's man for years. He came by the name on account of some wonderful adventures he had in that island in his young days, adventures which were the favourite subject of the yarns he was in the habit of spinning to his shipmates of an evening on the forecastle head. He was intelligent, very strong, and of proved courage. Incidentally, we are told, so exact is our narrator, that Tom had the finest pigtail for thickness and length of any man in the navy. This appendage, much cared for and sheathed tightly in a porpoise skin, hung half way down his broad back to the great admiration of all beholders and to the great envy of some.

Our young officer dwells on the manly qualities of Cuba Tom with something like affection. This sort of relation between officer and man was not then very rare. A youngster on joining the service was put under the charge of a trustworthy seaman, who slung his first hammock for him and often later on became a sort of humble friend to the junior officer. The narrator on joining the sloop had found this man on board after some years of separation. There is something touching in the warm pleasure he remembers and records at this meeting with the professional mentor of his boyhood.

We discover then that, no Spaniard being forthcoming for the service, this worthy seaman with the unique pigtail and a very high character for courage and steadiness had been selected as messenger for one of these missions inland which have been mentioned. His preparations were not elaborate. One gloomy autumn morning the sloop ran close to a shallow cove where a landing could be made on that iron-bound shore. A boat was lowered, and pulled in with Tom Corbin (Cuba Tom) perched in the bow, and our young man (Mr. Edgar Byrne was his name on this earth which knows him no more) sitting in the stern-sheets.

A few inhabitants of a hamlet, whose gray stone houses could be seen a hundred yards or so up a deep ravine, had come down to the shore and watched the approach of the boat. The two Englishmen leaped ashore. Either from dullness or astonishment the peasants gave no greeting, and only fell back in silence.

Mr. Byrne had made up his mind to see Tom Corbin started fairly on his way. He looked round at the heavy surprised faces.

"There isn't much to get out of them," he said. "Let us walk up to the village. There will be a wine-shop for sure where we may find somebody more promising to talk to and get some information from."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Tom, falling into

step behind his officer. "A bit of palaver as to courses and distances can do no harm; I crossed the broadest part of Cuba by the help of my tongue tho' knowing far less Spanish than I do now. As they say themselves it was 'four words and no more' with me, that time when I got left behind on shore by the *Blanche*, frigate."

He made light of what was before him, which was but a day's journey into the mountains. It is true that there was a full day's journey before striking the mountain path, but that was nothing for a man who had crossed the island of Cuba on his two legs, and with no more than four words of the language to begin with.

The officer and the man were walking now on a thick sodden bed of dead leaves, which the peasants thereabouts accumulate in the streets of their villages to rot during the winter for field manure. Turning his head Mr. Byrne perceived that the whole male population of the hamlet was following them on the noiseless springy carpet. Women stared from the doors of the houses and the children had apparently gone into hiding. The village knew the ship by sight, afar off, but no stranger had landed on that spot perhaps for a hundred years or more. The cocked hat of Mr. Byrne, the bushy whiskers and the enormous pigtail of the sailor, filled them with mute wonder. They pressed behind the two Englishmen staring like those islanders discovered by Captain Cook in the South Seas.

It was then that Byrne had his first glimpse of the little cloaked man in a yellow hat. Faded and dingy as it was, this covering for his head made him noticeable.

The entrance to the wine-shop was like a rough hole in a wall of flints. The owner was the only person who was not in the street, for he came out from the darkness at the back where the inflated forms of wine-skins hung on nails could be vaguely distinguished. He was a tall, one-eyed Asturian with scrubby, hollow cheeks; a grave expression of countenance contrasted enigmatically with the roaming restlessness of his solitary eye. On learning that the matter in hand was the sending on his way of that English mariner toward a certain Gonzales in the mountains, he closed his good eye for a moment as if in meditation. Then opened it, very lively again.

"Possibly, possibly. It could be done."

A friendly murmur arose in the group in the doorway at the name of Gonzales, the local leader against the French. Inquiring as to the safety of the road Byrne was glad to learn that no troops of that nation had been seen in the neighbourhood for months. Not the smallest little detachment of these impious *polizones*. While giving these answers the owner of the wine-shop busied himself in drawing into an earthenware jug some wine which he set before the heretic English, pocketing with grave abstraction the small piece of money the officer threw upon the table in recognition of the unwritten law that none may enter a wine-shop without buying drink. His eye was in constant motion as if it were trying to do the work of the two; but when Byrne made inquiries as to the possibility of hiring a mule, it became immovably fixed in the direction of the door which was closely besieged by the curious. In front of them, just within the threshold, the little man in the large cloak and yellow hat had taken his stand. He was a diminutive person, a mere homunculus, Byrne describes him, in a ridiculously mysterious, yet assertive attitude, a corner of his cloak thrown cavalierly over his left shoulder, muffling his chin and mouth; while the broad-brimmed yellow hat hung on a corner of his square little head. He stood there taking snuff, repeatedly.

"A mule," repeated the wine-seller, his eyes fixed on that quaint and snuffy figure. . . . "No, señor officer! Decidedly no mule is to be got in this poor place."

The coxswain, who stood by with the true sailor's air of unconcern in strange surroundings, struck in quietly—

"If your honour will believe me Shank's pony's the best for this job. I would have to leave the beast somewhere, anyhow, since the captain has told me that half my way will be along paths fit only for goats."

The diminutive man made a step forward, and speaking through the folds of the cloak which seemed to muffle a sarcastic intention—

"Si, señor. They are too honest in this village to have a single mule amongst them for your worship's service. To that I can bear testimony. In these times it's only rogues or very clever men who can manage to have mules or any other four-footed beasts and the wherewithal to keep them. But what this valiant mariner wants is a guide; and here, señor, behold my brother-in-law, Bernardino, wine-seller, and alcalde of this most Christian and hospitable village, who will find you one."

This, Mr. Byrne says in his relation, was the only thing to do. A youth in a ragged coat and goat-skin breeches was produced after some more talk. The English officer

stood treat to the whole village, and while the peasants drank he and Cuba Tom took their departure accompanied by the guide. The diminutive man in the cloak had disappeared.

Byrne went along with the coxswain out of the village. He wanted to see him fairly on his way; and he would have gone a greater distance if the seaman had not suggested respectfully the advisability of return so as not to keep the ship a moment longer than necessary so close in with the shore on such an unpromising looking morning. A wild, gloomy sky hung over their heads when they took leave of each other, and their surroundings of rank bushes and stony fields were dreary.

"In four days' time," were Byrne's last words, "the ship will stand in and send a boat on shore if the weather permits. If not you'll have to make it out on shore the best you can till we come along to take you off."

"Right you are, sir," answered Tom, and strode on. Byrne watched him step out of a narrow path. In a thick pea-jacket with a pair of pistols in his belt, a cutlass by his side, and a stout cudgel in his hand, he looked a sturdy figure and well able to take care of himself. He turned round for a moment to wave his hand, giving to Byrne one more view of his honest bronzed face with bushy whiskers. The lad in goat-skin breeches looking, Byrne says, like a faun or a young satyr leaping ahead, stopped to wait for him, and then went off at a bound. Both disappeared.

Byrne turned back. The hamlet was hidden in a fold of the ground, and the spot seemed the most lonely corner of the earth and as if accursed in its uninhabited desolate barrenness. Before he had walked many yards, there appeared very suddenly from behind a bush the muffled up diminutive Spaniard. Naturally Byrne stopped short.

The other made a mysterious gesture with a tiny hand peeping from under his cloak. His hat hung very much at the side of his head. "Señor," he said without any preliminaries. "Caution! It is a positive fact that one-eyed Bernardino, my brother-in-law, has at this moment a mule in his stable. And why has he who is not clever a mule there? Because he is a rogue; a man without conscience. Because I had to give up the *macho* to him to secure for myself a roof to sleep under and a mouthful of *olla* to keep my soul in this insignificant body of mine. Yet, señor, it contains a heart many times bigger than the mean thing which beats in the breast of that brute connection of mine of which I am ashamed, though I opposed that marriage with all my power. Well, the misguided woman suffered enough. She had her purgatory on this earth—God rest her soul."

Byrne says he was so astonished by the sudden appearance of that sprite-like being, and by the sardonic bitterness of the speech, that he was unable to disentangle the significant fact from what seemed but a piece of family history fired out at him without rhyme or reason. Not at first. He was confounded and at the same time he was impressed by the rapid forcible delivery, quite different from the frothy excited loquacity of an Italian. So he stared while the homunculus, letting his cloak fall about him, aspired an immense quantity of snuff out of the hollow of his palm.

"A mule," exclaimed Byrne, seizing at last the real aspect of the discourse. "You say he has got a mule? That's queer! Why did he refuse to let me have it?"

The diminutive Spaniard muffled himself up again with great dignity.

"*Quien sabe?*" he said coldly, with a shrug of his draped shoulders. "He is a great *politico* in everything he does. But one thing your worship may be certain of—that his intentions are always rascally. This husband of my *defunta* sister ought to have been married a long time ago to the widow with the wooden legs*."

"I see. But remember that, whatever your motives, your worship countenanced him in this lie."

The bright unhappy eyes on each side of a predatory nose confronted Byrne without wincing, while with that testiness which lurks so often at the bottom of Spanish dignity——

"No doubt the señor officer would not lose an ounce of blood if I were stuck under the fifth rib," he retorted. "But what of this poor sinner here?" Then changing his tone. "Señor, by the necessities of the times I live here in exile, a Castilian and an old Christian, existing miserably in the midst of these brute Asturians, and dependent on the worst of them all, who has less conscience and scruples than a wolf. And being a man of intelligence I govern myself accordingly. Yet I can hardly contain my scorn. You have heard the way I spoke. A caballero of parts like you worship might have guessed that there was a cat in there."

"What cat?" said Byrne uneasily. "Oh

*The gallows, supposed to be widowed of the last executed criminal and waiting for another.

I see. Something suspicious. No, señor. I guessed nothing. My nation are not good guessers at that sort of thing; and, therefore, I ask you plainly whether that wine-seller has spoken the truth in other particulars?"

"There are certainly no Frenchmen anywhere about," said the little man with a return to his indifferent manner.

"Or robbers—*ladrones?*"

"*Ladrones en grande*—no! Assuredly not," was the answer in a cold philosophical tone. "What is there left for them to do after the French? And nobody travels in these times. But who can say! Opportunity makes the robber. Still that mariner of yours has a fierce aspect, and with the son of a cat rats will have no play. But there is a saying, too, that where honey is there will soon be flies."

This oracular discourse exasperated Byrne. "In the name of God," he cried, "tell me plainly if you think my man is reasonably safe on his journey."

The homunculus, undergoing one of his rapid changes, seized the officer's arm. The grip of his little hand was astonishing.

"Señor! Bernardino had taken notice of him. What more do you want? And listen—men have disappeared on this road—on a certain portion of this road, when Bernardino kept a *meson*, an inn, and I, his brother-in-law, had coaches and mules for hire. Now there are no travellers, no coaches. The French have ruined me. Bernardino has retired here for reasons of his own after my sister died. They were three to torment the life out of her, he and Erminia and Lucilla, two aunts of his—all affiliated to the devil. And now he has robbed me of my last mule. You are an armed man. Demand the *macho* from him, with a pistol to his head, señor—it is not his, I tell you—and ride after your man who is so precious to you. And then you shall both be safe, for no two travellers have been ever known to disappear together in those days. As to the beast, I, its owner, I confide it to your honour."

They were staring hard at each other, and Byrne nearly burst into a laugh at the ingenuity and transparency of the little man's plot to regain possession of his mule. But he had no difficulty to keep a straight face because he felt deep within himself a strange inclination to do that very extraordinary thing. He did not laugh, but his lip quivered; at which the diminutive Spaniard, detaching his black glittering eyes from Byrne's face, turned his back on him brusquely with a gesture and a fling of the cloak which somehow expressed contempt, bitterness, and discouragement all at once. He turned away and stood still, his hat aslant, muffled up to the ears. But he was not offended to the point of refusing the silver *duro* which Byrne offered him with a non-committal speech as if nothing extraordinary had passed between them.

"I must make haste on board now," said Byrne, then.

"*Vaya usted con Dios*," muttered the gnome. And this interview ended with a sarcastic low sweep of the hat which was replaced at the same perilous angle as before.

Directly the boat had been hoisted the ship's sails were filled on the off-shore tack, and Byrne imparted the whole story to his captain, who was but a very few years older than himself. There was some amused indignation at it—but while they laughed they looked gravely at each other. A Spanish dwarf trying to beguile an officer of his majesty's navy into stealing a mule for him—that was too funny, too ridiculous, too incredible. Those were the exclamations of the captain. He couldn't get over the grotesqueness of it.

"Incredible. That's just it," murmured Byrne at last in a significant tone.

They exchanged a long stare. "It's as clear as daylight," affirmed the captain impatiently, because in his heart he was not certain. And Tom, the best seaman in the ship for one, the good humouredly deferential friend of his boyhood for the other, was becoming endowed with a compelling fascination, like a symbolic figure of loyalty appealing to their feelings and their conscience, so that they could not detach their thoughts from his safety. Several times they went up on deck, only to look at the coast, as if it could tell them something of his fate. It stretched away, lengthening in the distance, mute, naked, and savage, veiled now and then by the slanting cold shafts of rain. The westerly swell rolled its interminable angry lines of foam and big dark clouds flew over the ship in a sinister procession.

"I wish to goodness you had done what your little friend in the yellow hat wanted you to do," said the commander of the sloop late in the afternoon with visible exasperation.

"Do you, sir?" answered Byrne, bitter with positive anguish. "I wonder what you would have said afterwards? Why! I might have been kicked out of the service

for looting a mule from a nation in alliance with His Majesty. Or I might have been battered to a pulp with flails and pitchforks—a pretty tale to get abroad about one of your officers—while trying to steal a mule. Or chased ignominiously to the boat—for you would not have expected me to shoot down unoffending people for the sake of a mangy mule. . . . And yet," he added in a low voice, "I almost wish myself I had done it."

Before dark those two young men had worked themselves up into a highly complex psychological state of scornful scepticism and alarmed credulity. It tormented them exceedingly; and the thought that it would have to last for six days at least, and possibly be prolonged further for an indefinite time, was not to be borne. The ship was therefore put on the inshore tack at dark. All through the gusty dark night she went towards the land to look for her man, at times lying over in the heavy puffs, at others rolling idle in the swell, nearly stationary, as if she too had a mind of her own to swing perplexed between cool reason and warm impulse.

Then just at daybreak a boat put off from her and went on tossed by the seas towards the shallow cove where, with considerable difficulty, an officer in a thick coat and a round hat managed to land on a strip of shingle.

"It was my wish," writes Mr. Byrne, "a wish of which my captain approved, to land secretly if possible. I did not want to be seen either by my aggrieved friend in the yellow hat, whose motives were not clear, or by the one-eyed wine-seller, who may or may not have been affiliated to the devil, or indeed by any other dweller in that primitive village. But unfortunately the cove was the only possible landing place for miles; and from the steepness of the ravine I couldn't make a circuit to avoid the houses.

"Fortunately," he goes on, "all the people were yet in their beds. It was barely daylight when I found myself walking on the thick layer of sodden leaves filling the only street. No soul was stirring abroad, no dog barked. The silence was profound, and I had concluded with some wonder that apparently no dogs were kept in the hamlet, when I heard a low snarl, and from a noisome alley between two hovels emerged a vile cur with its tail between its legs. He slunk off silently showing me his teeth as he ran before me, and he disappeared so suddenly that he might have been the unclean incarnation of the Evil One. There was, too, something so weird in the manner of its coming and vanishing, that my spirits, already by no means very high, became further depressed by the revolting sight of this creature as if by an unlucky presage."

He got away from the coast unobserved, as far as he knew, then struggled manfully to the west against wind and rain, on a barren dark upland, under a sky of ashes. Far away the harsh and desolate mountains raising their scarped and denuded ridges seemed to wait for him menacingly. The evening found him fairly near to them, but, in sailor language, uncertain of his position, hungry, wet, and tired out by a day of steady tramping over broken ground during which he had seen very few people, and had been unable to obtain the slightest intelligence of Tom Corbin's passage. "On! on! I must push on," he had been saying to himself through the hours of solitary effort, spurred more by incertitude than by any definite fear or definite hope.

The lowering daylight died out quickly, leaving him faced by a broken bridge. He descended into the ravine, forded a narrow stream by the last gleam of rapid water, and clambering out on the other side was met by the night which fell like a bandage over his eyes. The wind sweeping in the darkness the broadside of the sierra worried his ears by a continuous roaring noise as of a maddened sea. He suspected that he had lost the road. Even in daylight, with its ruts and mudholes and ledges of outcropping stone, it was difficult to distinguish from the dreary waste of the moor interspersed with boulders and clumps of naked bushes. But, as he says, "he steered his course by the feel of the wind," his hat rammed low on his brow, his head down, stopping now and again from mere weariness of mind rather than of body—as if not his strength but his resolution were being overtaxed by the strain of endeavour half suspected to be vain, and by the unrest of his feelings.

In one of these pauses, borne in the wind faintly as if from very far away he heard a sound of knocking, just knocking on wood. He noticed that the wind had lulled suddenly.

His heart started beating tumultuously because in himself he carried the impression of the desert solitudes he had been traversing for the last six hours—the oppressive sense of an uninhabited world. When he raised his head a gleam of light, illusory as it often happens in dense darkness, swam before his eyes. While he peered, the sound of feeble knocking was repeated—and

suddenly he felt rather than saw the existence of a massive obstacle in his path. What was it? The spur of a hill? Or was it a house! Yes. It was a house, as though it had risen from the ground or had come gliding to meet him, dumb and pallid, from some dark recess of the night. It towered loftily. He had come up under its lee; another three steps and he could have touched the wall with his hand. It was no doubt a *posada*, and some other traveler was trying for admittance. He heard again the sound of cautious knocking.

Next moment a broad band of light fell into the night through the opened door. Byrne stepped eagerly into it, whereupon the person outside leaped with a stifled cry away into the night. An exclamation of surprise was heard too, from within. Byrne, flinging himself against the half-closed door, forced his way in against some considerable resistance.

A miserable candle, a mere rushlight, burned at the end of a long deal table. And in its light Byrne saw, staggering yet, the girl he had driven from the door. She had a short black skirt, an orange shawl, a dark complexion—and the escaped single hairs from the mass, somber and thick like a forest and held up by a comb, made a black mist about her low forehead. A shrill lamentable howl of: "Misericordia!" came in two voices from the further end of the long room, where the fire-light of an open hearth played between heavy shadows. The girl recovering herself drew a hissing breath through her set teeth.

It is unnecessary to report the long process of questions and answers by which he soothed the fears of two old women who sat on each side of the fire, on which stood a large earthenware pot. Byrne thought at once of two witches watching the brewing of some deadly potion. But all the same, when one of them raising forward painfully her broken form lifted the cover of the pot, the escaping steam had an appetizing smell. The other did not budge, but sat hunched up, her head trembling all the time.

They were horrible. There was something grotesque in their decrepitude. Their toothless mouths, their hooked noses, the meagerness of the active one, and the hanging yellow cheeks of the other (the still one, whose head trembled) would have been laughable if the sight of their dreadful physical degradation had not been appalling to one's eyes, had not gripped one's heart with poignant amazement at the unspeakable misery of age, at the awful persistency of life becoming at last an object of disgust and dread.

To get over it Byrne began to talk, saying that he was an Englishman, and that he was in search of a countryman who ought to have passed this way. Directly he had spoken the recollection of his parting with Tom came up in his mind with amazing vividness: the silent villagers, the angry gnome, the one-eyed wine-seller, Bernardino. Why! These two unspeakable frights must be that man's aunts—affiliated to the devil.

Whatever they had been once it was impossible to imagine what use such feeble creatures could be to the devil, now, in the world of the living. Which was Lucilla and which was Erminia? They were now things without a name. A moment of suspended animation followed Byrne's words. The sorceress with the spoon ceased stirring the mess in the iron pot, the very trembling of the other's head stopped for the space of a breath. In this infinitesimal fraction of a second Byrne had the sense of being really on his quest, of having reached the turn of the path, almost within hail of Tom.

"They have seen him," he thought with conviction. Here was at last somebody who had seen him. He made sure they would deny all knowledge of the Ingles; but on the contrary they were eager to tell him that he had eaten and slept the night in the house. They both started talking together, describing his appearance and behaviour. An excitement quite fierce in its feebleness possessed them. The doubled-up sorceress flourished aloft her wooden spoon, the puffy monster got off her stool and screeched, stepping from one foot to the other, while the trembling of her head was accelerated to positive vibration. Byrne was quite disconcerted by their excited behaviour. . . . Yes! The big, fierce Ingles went away in the morning, after eating a piece of bread and drinking some wine. And if the caballero wished to follow the same path nothing could be easier—in the morning.

"You will give me somebody to show me the way?" said Byrne.

"Si, señor. A proper youth. The man the caballero saw going out."

"But he was knocking at the door," protested Byrne. "He only bolted when he saw me. He was coming in."

"No! No!" the two horrid witches screamed out together. "Going out. Going out!"

After all it may have been true. The sound of knocking had been faint, elusive,

reflected Byrne. Perhaps only the effect of his fancy. He asked——

"Who is the man?"

"Her *novio*." They screamed pointing to the girl. "He is gone home to a village far away from here. But he will return in the morning. Her *novio!* And she is an orphan—the child of poor Christian people. She lives with us for the love of God, for the love of God."

The orphan crouching on the corner of the hearth had been looking at Byrne. He thought that she was more like a child of Satan kept there by these two weird harridans for the love of the Devil. Her eyes were a little oblique, her mouth rather thick, but admirably formed; her dark face had a wild beauty, voluptuous and untamed. As to the character of her steadfast gaze, attached upon him with a sensuously savage attention, "to know what it was like," says Mr. Byrne, "you have only to observe a hungry cat watching a bird in a cage or a mouse inside a trap."

It was she who served him the food, of which he was glad; though with those big, slanting black eyes examining him at close range, as if he had something curious written on his face, she gave him an uncomfortable sensation. But anything was better than being approached by these blear-eyed nightmarish witches. His apprehensions somehow had been soothed; perhaps by the sensation of warmth after severe exposure and the ease of resting after the exertion of fighting the gale inch by inch all the way. He had no doubt of Tom's safety. He was now sleeping in the mountain camp, having been met by Gonzales' men.

Byrne rose, filled a tin goblet with wine out of a skin hanging on the wall, and sat down again. The witch with the mummy face began to talk to him, ramblingly, of old times; she boasted of the inn's fame in those better days. Great people in their own coaches stopped there. An archbishop slept once in the *casa*, a long, long time ago.

The witch with the puffy face seemed to be listening from her stool, motionless, except for the trembling of her head. The girl (Byrne was certain she was a casual gipsy admitted there for some reason or other) sat on the hearth stone in the glow of the embers. She hummed a tune to herself, rattling a pair of castanets slightly now and then. At the mention of the archbishop, she chuckled impiously and turned her head to look at Byrne, so that the red glow of the fire flashed in her black eyes and on her white teeth under the dark cowl of the enormous overmantle. And he smiled at her.

He rested now in the ease of security. His advent not having been expected, there could be no plot against him in existence. Drowsiness stole upon his senses. He enjoyed it, but kept a hold, so he thought at least, on his wits; but he must have been gone further than he thought because he was startled beyond measure by a fiendish uproar. He had never heard anything so pitilessly strident in his life. The witches had started a fierce quarrel about something or other. Whatever its origin they were now only abusing each other violently, without arguments; their senile screams expressed nothing but wicked anger and ferocious dismay. The gipsy girl's black eyes flew from one to the other. Never before had Byrne felt himself so removed from fellowship with human beings. Before he had really time to understand the subject of the quarrel, the girl jumped up rattling her castanets loudly. A silence fell. She came up to the table and bending over, her eyes in his——

"Señor," she said with decision, "You shall sleep in the archbishop's room."

Neither of the witches objected. The dried-up one bent double was propped on a stick. The puffy-faced one had now a crutch.

Byrne got up, walked to the door, and turning the key in the enormous lock put it coolly in his pocket. This was clearly the only entrance, and he did not mean to be taken unawares by whatever danger there might have been lurking outside. When he turned from the door he saw the two witches "affiliated to the Devil" and the Satanic girl looking at him in silence. He wondered if Tom Corbin took the same precaution last night. And thinking of him he had again that queer impression of his nearness. The world was perfectly dumb. And in this stillness he heard the blood beating in his ears with a confused rushing noise, in which there seemed to be a voice uttering the words: "Mr. Byrne, look out, sir." Tom's voice. He shuddered; for the delusions of the senses of hearing are the most vivid of all, and from their nature have a compelling character.

It seemed impossible that Tom should not be there. Again a slight chill as of stealthy draught penetrated through his very clothes and passed over all his body. He shook off the impression with an effort.

It was the girl who preceded him upstairs carrying an iron lamp, from the naked

flame of which ascended a thin thread of smoke. Her soiled white stockings were full of holes.

With the same quiet resolution with which he had locked the door below, Byrne threw open one after another the doors in the corridor. All the rooms were empty except for some nondescript lumber in one or two. And the girl seeing what he would be at stopped every time, raising the smoky light in each doorway patiently. Meantime, she observed him with sustained attention. The last door of all she threw open herself.

"You sleep here, señor," she murmured in a voice light like a child's breath, offering him the lamp.

"*Buenos noches, señorita,*" he said politely, taking it from her.

She didn't return the wish audibly, though her lips did move a little, while her gaze, black like a starless night, never for a moment wavered before him. He stepped in, and as he turned to close the door she was still there motionless and disturbing, with her voluptuous mouth and slanting eyes, with the expression of expectant sensual ferocity of a baffled cat. He hesitated for a moment, and in the dumb house he heard again the blood pulsating ponderously in his ears, while once more the illusion of Tom's voice speaking earnestly somewhere near by was specially terrifying, because this time he could not make out the words.

He slammed the door in the girl's face at last, leaving her in the dark; and he opened it again almost on the instant. Nobody. She had vanished without the slightest sound. He closed the door quickly and bolted it with two heavy bolts.

A profound mistrust possessed him suddenly. Why did the witches quarrel about letting him sleep here? And what meant that stare of the girl as if she wanted to impress his features for ever in her mind? His own nervousness alarmed him. He seemed to himself to be removed very far from mankind.

He examined his room. It was not very high, just high enough to take the bed which stood under an enormous baldaquin-like canopy from which fell heavy curtains at foot and head; a bed certainly worthy of an archbishop. There was a heavy table carved all round the edges, some armchairs of enormous weight like the spoils of a grandee's palace; a tall shallow wardrobe placed against the wall and with double doors. He tried them. Locked. A suspicion came into his mind, and he snatched the lamp to make a closer examination. No, it was not a disguised entrance. That heavy, tall piece of furniture stood clear of the wall by quite an inch. He glanced at the bolts of his room door. No! No one could get at him treacherously while he slept. But would he be able to sleep? he asked himself anxiously. If only he had Tom there—the trusty seaman who had fought at his right hand in a cutting-out affair or two, and had always preached to him the necessity to take care of himself. "For it's no great trick," he used to say, "to get yourself killed in a hot fight. Any fool can do that. The proper pastime is to fight the Frenchies and then live to fight another day."

Byrne found it a hard matter not to fall into listening to the silence. Somehow he had the conviction that nothing would break it unless he heard again the haunting sound of Tom's voice. He had heard it twice before. Odd! And yet no wonder, he argued with himself reasonably, since he had been thinking of the man for over thirty hours continuously and, what's more, inconclusively. For his anxiety for Tom had never taken a definite shape. "Disappear," was the only word connected with the idea of Tom's danger. It was very vague and awful. "Disappear!" What did that mean?

Byrne shuddered, and then said to himself that he must be a little feverish. But Tom had not disappeared. Byrne had just heard of him. And again the young man felt the blood beating in his ears. He sat still expecting every moment to hear through the pulsating strokes the sound of Tom's voice. He waited straining his ears, but nothing came. Suddenly the thought occurred to him: "He has not disappeared, but he cannot make himself heard."

He jumped up from the armchair. How absurd! Laying his pistol and his hanger on the table he took off his boots, and, feeling suddenly too tired to stand, flung himself on the bed which he found soft and comfortable beyond his hopes.

He had felt very wakeful, but he must have dozed off after all, because the next thing he knew he was sitting up in bed and trying to recollect what it was that Tom's voice had said. Oh! He remembered it now. It had said: "Mr. Byrne! Look out, sir!" A warning this. But against what?

He landed with one leap in the middle of the floor, gasped once, then looked all round the room. The window was shuttered and barred with an iron bar. Again he ran

his eyes slowly all round the bare walls, and even looked up at the ceiling, which was rather high. Afterward he went to the door to examine the fastenings. They consisted of two enormous iron bolts sliding into holes made in the wall; and as the corridor outside was too narrow to admit of any battering arrangement or even to permit an axe to be swung, nothing could burst the door open—unless gunpowder. But while he was still making sure that the lower bolt was pushed well home, he received the impression of somebody's presence in the room. It was so strong that he spun round quicker than lightning. There was no one. Who could there be? And yet. . . .

It was then that he lost the decorum and restraint a man keeps up for his own sake. He got down on his hands and knees, with the lamp on the floor, to look under the bed, like a silly girl. He saw a lot of dust and nothing else. He got up, his cheeks burning, and walked about discontented with his own behaviour and unreasonably angry with Tom for not leaving him alone. The words: "Mr. Byrne! Look out, sir," kept on repeating themselves in his head in a tone of warning.

"Hadn't I better just throw myself on the bed and try to go to sleep," he asked himself. But his eyes fell on the tall wardrobe, and he went toward it feeling irritated with himself and yet unable to desist. How he could explain to-morrow the burglarious misdeed to the two odious witches he had no idea. Nevertheless he inserted the point of his hanger between the two halves of the door and tried to prize them open. They resisted. He swore, sticking now hotly to his purpose. His mutter: "I hope you will be satisfied, confound you," was addressed to the absent Tom. Just then the doors gave way and flew open.

He was there.

He—the trusty, sagacious, and courageous Tom was there, drawn up shadowy and stiff, in a prudent silence, which his wide-open eyes by their fixed gleam seemed to command Byrne to respect. But Byrne was too startled to make a sound. Amazed, he stepped back a little—and on the instant the seaman flung himself forward headlong as if to clasp his officer round the neck. Instinctively Byrne put out his faltering arms; he felt the horrible rigidity of the body and then the coldness of death as their heads knocked together and their faces came into contact. They reeled, Byrne hugging Tom close to his breast in order not to let him fall with a crash. He had just strength enough to lower the awful burden gently to the floor—then his head swam, his legs gave way, and he sank on his knees, leaning over the body with his hands resting on the breast of that man once full of generous life, and now as insensible as a stone.

"Dead! my poor Tom, dead," he repeated mentally. The light of the lamp standing near the edge of the table fell from above straight on the stony empty stare of those eyes which naturally had a mobile and merry expression.

Byrne turned his own away from them. Tom's black silk neckerchief was not knotted on his breast. It was gone. The murderers had also taken off his shoes and stockings. And noticing this spoliation, the exposed throat, the bare upturned feet, Byrne felt his eyes run full of tears. In other respects the seaman was fully dressed; neither was his clothing disarranged as it must have been in a violent struggle. Only his checked shirt had been pulled a little out of the waistband in one place, just enough to ascertain whether he had a money-belt fastened round his body. Byrne began to sob into his handkerchief.

It was a nervous outburst which passed off quickly. Remaining on his knees he contemplated sadly the athletic body of as fine a seaman as ever had drawn a cutlass, laid a gun, or passed the weather earring in a gale, lying stiff and cold, his cheery, fearless spirit departed—perhaps turning to him, his boy chum, to his ship out there rolling on the gray seas off an iron-bound coast, at the very moment of its flight.

He perceived that the six brass buttons of Tom's jacket had been cut off. He shuddered at the notion of the two miserable and repulsive witches busying themselves ghoulishly about the defenceless body of his friend. Cut off. Perhaps with the same knife which . . . The head of one trembled; the other was bent double, and their eyes were red and bleared, their infamous claws unsteady. . . . It must have been in this very room too, for Tom could not have been killed in the open and brought in here afterward. Of that Byrne was certain. Yet those devilish crones could not have killed him themselves even by taking him unawares—and Tom would be always on his guard of course. Tom was a very wide-awake, wary man when engaged on any service. . . . And in fact how did they murder him? Who did? In what way?

Byrne jumped up, snatched the lamp off the table, and stooped swiftly over the body. The light revealed on the clothing no stain, no trace, no spot of blood anywhere. Byrne's hands began to shake so that he had to set the lamp on the floor and turn away his head in order to recover from this agitation.

Then he began to explore that cold, still, and rigid body for a stab, a gunshot wound, for the trace of some killing blow. He felt all over the skull anxiously. It was whole. He slipped his hand under the neck. It was unbroken. With terrified eyes he peered close under the chin and saw no marks of strangulation on the throat.

There were no signs anywhere. He was just dead.

Impulsively Byrne got away from the body as if the mystery of an incomprehensible death had changed his pity into suspicion and dread. The lamp on the floor near the set, still face of the seaman showed it staring at the ceiling as if despairingly. In the circle of light Byrne saw by the undisturbed patches of thick dust on the floor that there had been no struggle in that room. "He has died outside," he thought. Yes, outside in that narrow corridor, where there was hardly room to turn, the mysterious death had come to his poor dear Tom. The impulse of snatching up his pistols and rushing out of the room abandoned Byrne suddenly. For Tom, too, had been armed—with just such powerless weapons as he himself possessed—pistols, a cutlass! And Tom had died a nameless death, by incomprehensible means.

A new thought came to Byrne. That stranger knocking at the door and fleeing so swiftly at his appearance had come there to remove the body. Aha! That was the guide the withered witch had promised would show the English officer the shortest way of rejoining his man. A promise, he saw it now, of dreadful import. He who had knocked would have two bodies to deal with. Man and officer would go forth from the house together. For Byrne was certain now that he would have to die before the morning—and in the same mysterious manner, leaving behind him an unmarked body.

The sight of a smashed head, of a throat cut, of a gaping gunshot wound, would have been an inexpressible relief. It would have soothed all his fears. His soul cried within him to that dead man whom he had never found wanting in danger. "Why don't you tell me what I am to look for, Tom? Why don't you?" But in rigid immobility, extended on his back, he seemed to preserve an austere silence, as if disdaining in the finality of his awful knowledge to hold converse with the living.

Suddenly Byrne flung himself on his knees by the side of the body, and dry-eyed, fierce, opened the shirt wide on the breast, as if to tear the secret forcibly from that cold heart which had been so loyal to him in life! Nothing! Nothing! He raised the lamp, and all the sign vouchsafed to him by that face which used to be so kindly in expression was a small bruise on the forehead—the least thing, a mere mark. The skin even was not broken. He stared at it a long time as if lost in a dreadful dream. Then he observed that Tom's hands were clenched as though he had fallen facing somebody in a fight with fists. His knuckles, on closer view, appeared somewhat abraded. Both hands.

The discovery of these slight signs was more appalling to Byrne than the absolute absence of every mark would have been. So Tom had died striking against something which could be hit, and yet could kill one without leaving a wound—by a breath.

Terror, hot terror, began to play about Byrne's heart like a tongue of flame that touches and withdraws before it turns a thing to ashes. He backed away from the body as far as he could, then came forward stealthily casting fearful glances to steal another look at the bruised forehead. There would perhaps be such a faint bruise on his own forehead—before the morning.

"I can't bear it," he whispered to himself. Tom was for him now an object of horror, a sight at once tempting and revolting to his fear. He couldn't bear to look at him.

At last, desperation getting the better of his increasing horror, he stepped forward from the wall against which he had been leaning, seized the corpse under the armpits, and began to lug it over to the bed. The bare heels of the seaman trailed on the floor noiselessly. He was heavy with the dead weight of inanimate objects. With a last effort Byrne landed him face downwards on the edge of the bed, rolled him over, snatched from under this stiff passive thing a sheet with which he covered it over. Then he spread the curtains at head and foot so that joining together as he shook their folds they hid the bed altogether from his sight.

He stumbled toward a chair, and fell on it. The perspiration poured from his face

for a moment, and then his veins seemed to carry for a while a thin stream of half-frozen blood. Complete terror had possession of him now, a nameless terror which had turned his heart to ashes.

He sat upright in the straight-backed chair, the lamp burning at his feet, his pistols and his hanger at his left elbow on the end of the table, his eyes turning incessantly in their sockets round the walls, over the ceiling, over the floor, in the expectation of a mysterious and appalling vision. The thing which could deal death in a breath was outside that bolted door. But Byrne believed neither in walls nor bolts now. Unreasoning terror turning everything to account, his old-time boyish admiration of the athletic Tom, the undaunted Tom (he had seemed to him invincible), helped to paralyze his faculties, added to his despair.

He was no longer Edgar Byrne. He was a tortured soul suffering more anguish than any sinner's body had ever suffered from rack or boot. The depth of his torment may be measured when I say that this young man, as brave at least as the average of his kind, contemplated seizing a pistol and firing into his own head. But a deadly, chilly languor was spreading over his limbs. It was as if his flesh had been wet plaster stiffening slowly about his ribs. Presently, he thought, the two witches will be coming in, with crutch and stick—horrible, grotesque, monstrous—affiliated to the devil—to put a mark on his forehead, the tiny little bruise of death. And he wouldn't be able to do anything. Tom had struck out at something, but he was not like Tom. His limbs were dead already. He sat still, dying the death over and over again; and the only part of him which moved were his eyes, turning round and round in their sockets, running over the walls, the floor, the ceiling, again and again, till suddenly they became motionless and stony—starting out of his head fixed in the direction of the bed.

He had seen the heavy curtains stir and shake as if the dead body they concealed had turned over and sat up. Byrne, who thought the world could hold no more terrors in store, felt his hair stir at the roots. He gripped the arms of the chair, his jaw fell, and the sweat broke out on his brow, while his dry tongue clove suddenly to the roof of his mouth. Again the curtains stirred, but did not open. "Don't, Tom!" Byrne made effort to shout, but all he heard was a slight moan such as an uneasy sleeper may make. He felt that his brain was going, for, now, it seemed to him that the ceiling over the bed had moved, had slanted, and came level again—and once more the closed curtain swayed gently as if about to part.

Byrne closed his eyes not to see the awful apparition of the seaman's corpse coming out animated by an evil spirit. In the profound silence of the room he endured a moment of frightful agony, then opened his eyes again. And he saw at once that the curtains remained closed still, but that the ceiling over the bed had risen quite a foot. With the last gleam of reason left to him he understood that it was the enormous baldaquin over the bed which was coming down, while the curtains attached to it swayed softly, sinking gradually to the floor. His drooping jaw snapped to—and half rising in his chair he watched mutely the noiseless descent of the monstrous canopy. It came down in short smooth rushes till lowered half way or more, when it took a run and settled swiftly its turtle-back shape with the deep border-piece fitting exactly the edge of the bedstead. A slight crack or two of wood were heard, and the overpowering stillness of the room resumed its sway.

Byrne stood up, gasped for breath, and let out a cry of rage and dismay, the first sound which he is perfectly certain did make its way past his lips on this night of terrors. This then was the death he had escaped! This was the devilish artifice of murder poor Tom's soul had perhaps tried from beyond the border to warn him of. For this was how he had died. Byrne was certain he had heard the voice of the seaman, faintly distinct in his familiar phrase, "Mr. Byrne! Look out, sir!" and again uttering words he could not make out. But then the distance separating the living from the dead is so great! Poor Tom had tried. Byrne ran to the bed and attempted to lift up, to push off the horrible lid smothering the body. It resisted his efforts, heavy as lead, immovable like a tombstone. The rage of vengeance made him desist; his head buzzed with chaotic thoughts of extermination, he turned round the room as if he could find neither his weapons nor the way out; and all the time he stammered awful menaces. . . .

A violent battering at the door of the inn recalled him to his soberer senses. He flew to the window, pulled the shutters open, and looked out. In the faint dawn he saw below him a mob of men. Ha! He would go and

face at once this murderous lot, collected no doubt for his undoing. After his struggle with nameless terrors he yearned for an open fray with armed enemies. But he must have remained yet bereft of his reason, because forgetting his weapons he rushed downstairs with a wild cry, unbarred the door while blows were raining on it outside, and flinging it open flew with his bare hands at the throat of the first man he saw before him. They rolled over together. Byrne's hazy intention was to break through, to fly up the mountain path, and come back presently with Gonzales' men to exact an exemplary vengeance. He fought furiously till a tree, a house, a mountain, seemed to crash down upon his head—and he knew no more.

. . . . . .

Here Mr. Byrne describes in detail the skilful manner in which he found his broken head bandaged, informs us that he had lost a great deal of blood, and ascribes the preservation of his sanity to that circumstance. He sets down Gonzales' profuse apologies in full too. For it was Gonzales who, tired of waiting for news from the English, had come down to the inn with half his band, on his way to the sea. "His Excellency," he explained, "rushed out with fierce impetuosity, and, moreover, was not known to us for a friend, and so we . . ." etc., etc. When asked what had become of the witches, he only pointed his finger silently to the ground, then voiced calmly a moral reflection: "The passion for gold is pitiless in the very old, señor," he said. "No doubt in former days they have put many a solitary traveler to sleep in the archbishop's bed."

"There was also a gipsy girl there," said Byrne, feebly, from the improvised litter on which he was being carried to the coast by a squad of guerilleros.

"It was she who winched up that infernal machine, and it was she too who lowered it that night," was the answer.

"But why? Why?" exclaimed Byrne. "Why should she wish for my death?"

"No doubt for the sake of your excellency's coat buttons," said politely the saturnine Gonzales. "We found those of the dead mariner concealed on her person. But your excellency may rest assured that everything that is fitting has been done on this occasion."

Byrne asked no more questions. There was still another death which was considered by Gonzales as "fitting to the occasion." The one-eyed Bernardino stuck against the wall of his wine-shop received the charge of six escopettas into his breast. As the shots rang out, the rough bier with Tom's body on it went past carried by a bandit-like gang of Spanish patriots down the ravine to the shore, where two boats from the ship were waiting for what was left on earth of her best seaman.

Mr. Byrne, very pale and weak, stepped into the boat which carried the body of his humble friend. For it was decided that Tom Corbin should rest far out in the Bay of Biscay. The officer took the tiller and, turning his head for the last look at the shore, saw on the gray hillside something moving, which he made out to be a little man in a yellow hat mounted on a mule—that mule without which the fate of Tom Corbin would have remained mysterious for ever.

[*There were Channel Swimmers also in those days: May 9, 1810*]

Written After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos

By LORD BYRON

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

Lucullus's Dinner-Party

By MAURICE BARING

SCENE.—*A room in* LUCULLUS's *house. Discovered:* LUCULLUS (*an old man*) *and his* COOK.

LUCULLUS—Of course, I don't say that it wasn't a good dish; but it was not Neapolitan peacock.

THE COOK—They were straight from Naples; the same as we've always had, sir.

LUCULLUS (*irritated*)—I'm not talking about the bird, but about the dish. You know as well as I do that Neapolitan peacock without anemone seed is not Neapolitan peacock. And then the nightingales' tongues were over-roasted. They ought to be roasted for twenty-three minutes, and not one second longer.

THE COOK—They were only twenty-four minutes on the roast.

LUCULLUS—There, you see, it was that extra minute that spoilt them. You might just as well not roast them at all as roast them for twenty-four minutes. And then there were too many butterflies' wings round the sturgeon.

THE COOK—The chief slave——

LUCULLUS—I've told you over and over again, till I'm tired of saying it, that the chief slave has nothing to do with the arrangement of the dishes. That is your affair. The chief slave can arrange the table, but he must not touch the dishes. The look of a dish is just as important as the taste of it. And then there was a pinch too much salt in the wild boar sauce.

THE COOK—The first sauceman has just lost his wife.

LUCULLUS—That's not my affair. Please make it clear that this must not happen again. The fact is, Æmilius, you're falling off—last night's dinner wasn't fit to eat; it was filthy; the kind of food one gets at Cæsar's—sent for from round the corner.

THE COOK—If I may be so bold as to say so, we were saying in the kitchen that these rehearsals of dinners the night before the real dinner make us nervous——

LUCULLUS—All I can say is, if you can't cook a good dinner twice running you'd better get another place. The dinner wasn't fit to eat, and if it's anything like that to-night I advise you to give up trying to cook and to take to wrestling. That's all; you can go. (*The* COOK *blushes scarlet and goes out. Enter a* SLAVE.)

THE SLAVE—Can you see Portia, the wife of Brutus?

LUCULLUS—Yes; show her in. (*Enter* PORTIA.)

PORTIA—It's such a beautiful morning that I thought a nice brisk walk would do me good, and as I was passing your door I couldn't help just looking in.

LUCULLUS—I'm delighted.

PORTIA (*sitting down*)—I wanted to ask you whether you would mind giving your patronage to the Old Slaves' Pension Fund? Cicero has helped us a great deal, and Cæsar has promised. By the way, is Cæsar dining with you to-night?

LUCULLUS—Yes, I believe he is.

PORTIA—Well, he particularly wants to see Brutus, and he said something about meeting us here to-night, and as I had heard nothing from you I thought I would just ask. The slaves are so stupid about letters—not that I want very much to dine out. You see, I'm very busy just at this moment, and there's a Committee Meeting to-night for the O. S. P. F. (*She sighs.*) But one can't always think of oneself, and Brutus has been so depressed lately. He sleeps badly, and we've tried everything. The new Greek doctor has done him no good, and we've tried fomented eucalyptus and poppy soup, and the cold-water cure; but it all seems to make him worse, and the doctors say that what he wants is *society*, and we so seldom see any one.

LUCULLUS—I shall be quite delighted if you both could come to-night. (*He calls out.*) Lucius. (*Enter* SLAVE.) Tell Æmilius at once we shall be two extra to dinner to-night; and tell him to get some more hoopoes' eggs.

PORTIA—Of course, I didn't mean to propose myself (*she laughs nervously*)—you mustn't think that; and have you really got room for us?

LUCULLUS—Oh, there's plenty of room. (*Pensively.*) Do you like hoopoes' eggs?

PORTIA (*simpering*)—Well, they're dreadfully indigestible, but I must say I never can resist a good hoopoe's egg. (*Getting up.*) Then I can count on your patronage?

LUCULLUS—Certainly; is there a subscription?

PORTIA—Not for the patrons. You see——

LUCULLUS—Yes, I see.

PORTIA—Good-bye. Thank you so much. (*Exit* PORTIA. LUCULLUS *sees her to the door and returns.*)

LUCULLUS (*pensively*)—Brutus never drinks wine. (*Enter* SLAVE.)

THE SLAVE—The Queen of Egypt is here. Æmilius says it's too late to cook dinner for twelve now without spoiling it; he says we're one too many as it is, and that he can't get any more hoopoes' eggs, and that there won't be enough to go round.

LUCULLUS—Show the Queen in. (*Exit* SLAVE. *Enter* CLEOPATRA.)

CLEOPATRA—Don't get up, Lucullus; I'm not going to keep you a minute. I want to know if you could possibly dine with me to-night. I've got some dancing; a little Persian girl—so clever—she does a parakeet dance with live birds.

LUCULLUS—There's nothing I should like so much, dear Egypt; but I've got a dinner of my own. Do you want a man?

CLEOPATRA—I want *two* men, dreadfully.

LUCULLUS—I'll tell you who are coming—Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA—I don't know him.

LUCULLUS—Cicero.

CLEOPATRA—I'm afraid he wouldn't do.

LUCULLUS—Brutus and his wife.

CLEOPATRA (*laughing*)—They don't know me.

LUCULLUS—Catullus. Oh, I forgot Cæsar and his wife.

CLEOPATRA—Of course Cæsar would do beautifully, but I suppose you couldn't spare him.

LUCULLUS—To tell you the truth, I've got too many guests and not enough hoopoes' eggs to go round, but——

CLEOPATRA—Well, I happened to meet Cæsar quite by chance this morning, and he said that poor Calpurnia had got one of her headaches and was dying not to dine out, but you know how dear and unselfish she is. So if you should put them off, I think it would be rather a relief to *her*, and then Cæsar could just run in for a moment to my dinner.

LUCULLUS—Certainly; I'll say I've mistaken the date.

CLEOPATRA—That is charming of you; thank you so much. And you must come and dine quite quietly with me one night, and you might bring Mark Antony; I want to know him so much.

LUCULLUS—He's not interesting; he bolts his food.

CLEOPATRA—How funny! Just like Cæsar. Good-bye; I must fly. (*Exit* CLEOPATRA. *Enter* SLAVE.)

THE SLAVE—Clodia, the wife of Metellus Celer, wishes to see you.

LUCULLUS—Show her in, and tell Æmilius we shan't be two extra. (*Enter* CLODIA.)

CLODIA—It's too bad of me, Lucullus, to disturb you so early in the morning.

LUCULLUS—On the contrary——

CLODIA—What a charming room. (*Pointing to a statue of Hermes*) That's a Praxiteles, isn't it?

LUCULLUS—No; it's only a copy I had made by a little man at Puteoli.

CLODIA—I think it is wonderful.

LUCULLUS—It is clever.

CLODIA—You got my note?

LUCULLUS—Yes; I'm delighted you can come.

CLODIA—Well, that's just what I wanted to explain. Metellus says you've asked Catullus, and last night we were all dining with Pollio, and Catullus was there. Of course, I don't know him very well, but I've always been civil to him because of Metellus, who happens to like him. Well, last night he was so rude to my father-in-law that I don't feel as if I could meet him again to-night. I mean I don't think it would be right. Couldn't you put him off and say he made you thirteen?—otherwise I don't think I can come, and I wouldn't miss your dinner for worlds.

LUCULLUS (*enchanted*)—Quite delighted, I assure you, to render you the smallest service. I will write at once. (*He scribbles two notes.*) Lucius! (*Enter a* SLAVE.) Take this note to Caius Valerius Catullus at once, and this one to the Queen of Egypt, and tell Æmilius we shall only be nine. (*To* CLODIA.) I assure you it won't matter

to him, as Cleopatra is giving a dinner to-night and is looking out for a man. I have written to tell her.

CLODIA—Cleopatra! Oh!

LUCULLUS—Yes; don't you like her?

CLODIA—Metellus hates Greeks; and I only just know her, but I do admire her. Metellus thinks she's so second-rate. I don't see it.

LUCULLUS—She's cultivated.

CLODIA—Yes; Greeks always are. (*Enter a* SLAVE *with a letter, which he gives to* LUCULLUS.)

THE SLAVE—Waiting for an answer.

LUCULLUS—May I read this?

CLODIA—Please. (LUCULLUS *opens the letter and looks at the signature.*)

LUCULLUS—It's from one of my guests—Cynthia. I can't read it; I'm so short-sighted, and I left my emerald upstairs.

CLODIA—Shall I read it for you?

LUCULLUS—That would be very kind.

CLODIA (*reads*)—"DEAR LUCULLUS—I find I can come to dinner after all. I have just found a letter which has been going all over Rome for me for the last week, from the King of Nubia, who had asked me to-night (and of course it was a command), saying that his dinner is put off. So I shall be delighted to come to-night if I may.—CYNTHIA." That will just make you a woman over, won't it; but it will be all right if I don't come.

LUCULLUS—On the contrary——

CLODIA—Of course it will. You see, I may just as well come another night, and Metellus will come without me—husbands are always so much nicer without their wives. As a matter of fact, Metellus didn't much want me to come, because my throat's been rather bad lately, and he thinks I oughtn't to go out at night; so it all fits in. Good-bye, Lucullus.

LUCULLUS—Good-bye. (*Exit* CLODIA.) She'll go to Cleopatra's—after all, food is wasted on women. Lucius! (*Enter the* SLAVE.)

THE SLAVE—If you please, sir, Æmilius has killed himself!

LUCULLUS—Then who's going to cook the dinner?

THE SLAVE—The head sauceman says he can manage the nightingales' tongues and the fish, but he's no experience of peacock.

LUCULLUS—Peacock! I should think not. He's not to touch the peacock. (*He walks up and down in great agitation, thinking.*) Tell the head sauceman—who is it—Balbus?

THE SLAVE—Yes, sir.

LUCULLUS—Tell Balbus I will have dinner in my room an hour and a half before the other dinner. He can give soup, fish, pheasant, nightingales' tongues, the cold boar pie which was left from yesterday, and some hoopoes' eggs—and as for the dinner, you can send out for it. Send now to Varro's shop and order dinner for nine—eight courses—anything you like. Go at once. They may not be able to do it in time.

THE SLAVE—If you please, sir, one of the slaves was over at Varro's this morning about the extra slaves to wait, and they said they had a dinner ordered and countermanded by Calpurnia on their hands.

LUCULLUS—That will do. But tell Balbus if my nightingales are not satisfactory he shall be impaled.

CURTAIN.

It's Good to Have It Settled

THERE is singularly nothing that makes a difference a difference in beginning and in the middle and in ending except that each generation has something different at which they are all looking. By this I mean so simply that anybody knows it that composition is the difference which makes each and all of them then different from other generations and this is what makes everything different otherwise they are all alike and everybody knows it because everybody says it.

It is very likely that nearly every one has been very nearly certain that something that is interesting is interesting them. Can they and do they? It is very interesting that nothing inside in them, that is when you consider the very long history of how every one ever acted or has felt, it is very interesting that nothing inside in them in all of them makes it connectedly different. By this I mean this. The only thing that is different from one time to another is what is seen and what is seen depends upon how everybody is doing everything. This makes the thing we are looking at very different and this makes what those who describe it make of it, it makes a composition, it confuses, it shows, it is, it looks, it likes it as it is, and this makes what is seen as it is seen.

GERTRUDE STEIN: "*Composition as Explanation*" (*The Dial*).

Why We are Lawbreakers

"O say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

[*The banner still waves, as on that day of 1814—over nearly twice as much territory, including Pacific isles of which Francis Scott Key had never heard, and over as many "brave" in one metropolitan district as were then in the whole United States. But—land of the free?*

I cannot discover that the wise ones have formulated any very clear idea of freedom. Goethe insists one must reconquer it every day. Greek Persius asks: "Is any man free except he who can pass his life as he pleases?" Arthur Train quotes "a wise judge" as declaring that it's coming to mean here the right to make other people do as you think they should do for their own good. Woodrow Wilson says it comes only where "the people take care of the government." Apparently, though, a free man must be capable of living in harmony with his environment. And our success in that seems somewhat incomplete.

For example, one earnest investigator says we have put 1,900,000 laws on the statute books of this free land; and he avows the only one he could find that was ever repealed was the Kansas ordinance by which drivers of horseless carriages must stop a mile outside of any town and telephone ahead to warn the inhabitants of the monster's coming. We simply disregard thousands of the laws we pass: that's the way most of us keep out of jail. Nobody knows "the law"—for it would take you eight solid years, reading eight hours each day, merely to read our legal enactments through once. Yet every now and then some obsolete statute is revived, at the instance of some group, to convict an individual of breaking a law which his community has long ignored.

Here are some utterances on the subject from judges, governors, college presidents, editors and writers.]

If the Laws Were Enforced

This is the kind of a case that disgusts one with the majesty of the law: A poor young girl, owner of a shepherd dog and ignorant of the law, had neglected to take out a dog license, thereby depriving the Commonwealth of $1; whereupon the Commonwealth's constabulary pounced upon her and brought the malefactor before a Magistrate, who, with punctilious sense of duty, imposed a fine of $10, with costs of $3, and in default of payment committed her to jail for fifteen days.

In the United States one may fairly assume that 50,000,000 crimes are being committed, and if these were all prosecuted for punishment, as of course they should be under any enlightened theory of enforcement, over half of our Federal population would be confined in jail and the other engaged in getting them there.

Thus the law is fast developing into a self-devouring monster. The defendant is discharged. Judge Henry A. Fuller (Luzerne County, Pa.).

The Busy Regulators

Do you realize the number of laws you are called upon to understand and to obey? Why, this present Congress in one hour will pass more laws than all the Parliaments of Europe will in one year. . . . They are trying to regulate every form of human activity from the setting of a hen to the burial of a horse. There is nothing that is not supervised—horse-racing, movies, personal relations—nothing escapes.

Augustus O. Stanley, ex-Governor of Kentucky.

The Menace of Speeding Jackasses

Ohioans with a flair for sports soon may be able to play games on Memorial Day or even race a jackass faster than six miles an hour and still be within the law. At present, however, such activities are specifically forbidden.

Archaic statutes containing inhibitions against these and other actions popular among Ohioans of a half century ago have been unearthed, and will be repealed if a legislative bill is approved.

In all, some 200 obsolete sections in the Ohio statutes would be removed by the bill. These included paragraphs penalizing drunken stage drivers and punishing those who would "crash" toll gates on turnpikes. *N. Y. Herald Tribune, January, 1927.*

"What is Truth?"—Ask the Legislature

To-day the plaint is broader, that private rights, individual habits, even thoughts are being hampered by legislative enactments. Ten years ago the suggestion that Darwinian theories as to the descent of man were a fit theme for legislation would have been ridiculed. Yet the absurdity of yesterday becomes the solemn reality of to-day, and conscientious, well-meaning legislators in several States honestly believe that public opinion is demanding State regulation of teaching as to evolution. They have all the earnestness of the high heels and the low heels of Lilliput. Frederick Roy Martin.

Bureaucracy or Autocracy?

If present tendencies are continued and aggravated they will result in either one of two things: First, an increase of police force or control, thus adding to the militaristic features of the Government, or else our fundamental form of government will be changed, and, instead of a representative democracy, as at present, we shall have an intelligent autocracy.

Laws the people do not want cannot be enforced, and the continued lack of enforcement only tends to break down the morals of the community and its respect for law in general. Arthur Twining Hadley.

A Governor's View of the Flood of Laws

A recent report indicates that in one year in the United States 49,141 new laws were proposed and 16,298 were enacted. In fact, when contemplated from a twenty-year standpoint, the figures are startling. In that period 954,625 laws were proposed, and 233,563 were enacted. In our own State alone in the short period of five years 3,649 laws were enacted, and in twenty years 62,611 were proposed and 14,230 enacted.

Men whose business it is to keep track of the law are unable to keep up with it, to say nothing at all about the man on the street. I think it goes without saying that a great many of these laws could have been avoided by the enactment of general statutes taking care of minor matters that are not of sufficient importance to have placed upon them the dignity of a special statute. Alfred E. Smith.

The Library of the Future

A law library which would have been complete, with all of the volumes of American decisions and all of the volumes of American statutes, has recently been calculated to have contained one hundred years ago about 180 volumes of decisions and 60 volumes of statutes. To-day, it is said, a library which would be complete in the same sense would contain 18,500 volumes of decisions and 5,500 volumes of statutes. One hundred years in the future, if the increase during the last century is maintained, such a library would have to contain 1,850,000 volumes of decisions and 550,000 volumes of statutes. Merle Thorpe.

Automatic Repeal?

I am impressed with the thought that a time limit should be set for the life of all laws that have been passed, and when that limit is reached the laws should become automatically repealed, unless reënacted. We work on the principle that lack of knowledge of a law is no defense, and yet just to read the laws of the United States would take eight years and four months, reading eight hours every day, including Sundays and holidays.

A. Harry Moore (Governor of New Jersey).

The 1925 Crop

There is always a crop of measures which may be classed as oddities. . . .Iowa, in its zeal for prohibition, adopted a measure intended to prevent the sale of a kind of canned heat, for fear that the alcohol in the device would be diverted to unholy purposes. Arizona, which is a quiet State, demanded that railroads equip their locomotives with automatic bell-ringers. . . . Illinois offered a reward of $1,000 to any man, woman or child capturing or killing a bank robber; and Kansas taxed the use—not the sale—of gasolene for any purpose except a farm tractor.

Missouri provided that the butcher shops selling both kosher and non-kosher meats should so stipulate in their window-signs and advertising; and Ohio passed a law that every public school teacher must read aloud daily ten verses from the Bible, without comment. This measure was vetoed by the Governor.

The ten Biblical verses in Ohio were not alone: in another State a bill was offered providing for the memorizing of the Ten Commandments. There was another bill requiring that study of the Constitution of the United States and of the State should be a prerequisite of graduation, not only from public but private schools.

But there is little of the unusual about such measures. The crop is fairly uniform and varies only in that it tends to get larger and larger as time goes on. *New York Times.*

A Crusade

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 8.—The police were busy to-day making a list, as complete as possible, of the violators of the old Vice and Immorality act in Perth Amboy. No arrests were made, and no summonses were issued.

The Vice and Immorality act, known as the Sunday blue law, prohibits the playing of any sort of game on Sunday, the operation of any store, the operation of buses and trolleys, automobile driving and many other things. It has been on the New Jersey statute books for many years, but there has never been any real effort to enforce it.

This list will be turned over to Prosecutor Stricker. His original plan was to have all violators arrested, but it was decided that there would not be enough room in the jail for those who might refuse to furnish bail. It is expected that the Middlesex County Grand Jury will be asked to act. *New York Times*, 1925.

An Ancient Folly

Aside from morals, there is a great philosophic principle underlying the enactment of all law, which the people of the United States in their unwisdom have disregarded, to wit: that sumptuary laws of any character are contrary to the genius of a free people, and inevitably invite revolt.

By sumptuary laws, of course, is meant any laws which interfere with the tastes or habits of the people, laws which forbid acts not essentially themselves inherently immoral or sinful.

To this gathering it should not be necessary to point the moral of the unwisdom of sumptuary legislation in a liberty-loving nation. When, therefore, we denounce the disregard of recent laws, we well may ask ourselves whether the well-intentioned, irreproachable, high-minded people of the country may not to some extent be responsible for the incitation to their violation. Citizenship Committee, N. Y. State Bar Association.

Tennessee Protects the Sabbath

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 7.—Two newspaper publishers and managers of the city railways were included in the sixteen citations to court for violation of a State "blue law," 123 years old, issued here to-day.

Others cited include managers of bootblack stands, candy and cigar stores, soft drink places, newsstands, automobile rental companies, a bus line and a gas filling-station. . . .

Warrants charging violation of the law enacted by the Legislature in 1803 were sworn out by George High, local attorney. The law provides that penalty for violations shall be a fine of $3 for each citation, half to go to the State and the other half to the person making the complaint. *Daily Paper.*

Our Improvement on the Founder's Ideas

The multiplicity of enactments is the direct opposite of the plan on which the Republic was based. The fathers held to the belief that the fewer the laws enacted to constrain the individual, the better would be the government. They thought persons equipped to live under a democracy could be trusted not to interfere with the manifest rights of their neighbours, and that laws were not necessary to regulate every contact of man with man.

We have departed or drifted away from this idea. We seem to have taken the position, at least we are practising it, that nearly every human act must have its warrant in written law.

This, it seems to me, tends to destroy the capacity of the individual to function as a citizen, or a sympathetic or harmonious unit, in a self-governing State. It strikes at the very principle upon which the nation was founded.

We have arrived at a time when it is impossible for the citizen to know or understand all the laws by which he must regulate his life and business affairs. In fact, comparatively few have heard of these enactments. And yet it is a fundamental principle of law that ignorance does not excuse the law-breaker.

Where is it to end? There is little use guessing. Certainly, if the present mania for law-making persists for another twenty-five years, the situation will have grown so difficult as to render the entire system of law enforcement a matter of doubtful possibility.

We have too many laws. We cannot observe or even know of the existence of all of them. It tends strongly to make the individual the ward of the Government, instead of the author of it. It is destroying his interest in and capacity for self-government.

Charles C. Simons, U. S. District Judge, Michigan.

Some American Laws

ACT ONCE PASSED BY THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE

When two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall start till the other is gone.

TENNESSEE STATUTE OF 1913

It shall be unlawful for the owner or keeper of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats and hogs to run at large.

MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1632; "SO FAR AS KNOWN," NEVER REPEALED

Hereafter no garment shall be made with short sleeves whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof; and such as have garments already made with short sleeves shall not hereafter wear the same, unless they cover their arms to the wrist with linen, or otherwise; and that hereafter no person whatsoever shall make any garment for women, or any of their sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part thereof, and proportionable for bigger or smaller persons.

KANSAS DECREES

If any stallion or jack escapes from his owner he shall be liable in damages.

All carpets and equipment used in offices and sleeping-rooms, including walls and ceilings, must be well plastered and kept in a clean and sanitary condition at all times.

ON THE PLAINS IN NEW ENGLAND

An act in a certain Western legislature provided for the destruction of grasshoppers by driving them onto the prairies after giving ten days' notice (possibly to the grasshoppers, possibly to somebody else; the act remaining silent on this point.)

In the Vermont Legislature it has been a common thing to grant ferry rights on Lake Champlain from the N. Y. shore; while sect. 448 of the general laws, which has been a law for the past ten years, provides that no nursery stock shall be transported into the State unless accompanied by a certificate of inspection from a nursery-stock inspector of the State from which the consignment is made. There is not a word as to what this certificate shall contain. If it contain *anything*, even to certifying that the stock has all the diseases known to plant life, it may come in. H. C. Shurtleff.

A LAWYER-WRITER GATHERS SOME CHOICE SPECIMENS

The City of Los Angeles boasted until recent date an ordinance prohibiting street-car conductors from shooting live game—notably jack-rabbits—from the platforms. It also forbade by law "more than one person bathing in or occupying a bathtub at the same time." (Ord. No. 17,666—New Series.) . . .

One ordinance provided that "it shall be unlawful for any person to sell a snake, lizard, chameleon, or other reptile in any street or public place in the city of Los Angeles," (Ord. No. 12,841—New Series), while another prohibited "wearing false whiskers, whether complete or partial." (Ord. No. 15,022—New Series).

The fact that in medieval days animals were held responsible for their misconduct, perhaps accounts for the Kansas statute which provides that "if any stallion or jack escapes from his owner he shall be liable in damages," and for the act passed by the Washington Legislature in 1913 (C. 159) reading:

> "*It shall be unlawful* in this State *for sheep to enter any land* or lands, enclosed or unenclosed, belonging to or in possession of any person other than the owner of such sheep, unless by the consent of the owner of said land."

As has been pointed out by a patriotic Washingtonian, this statute "does not penalize the sheep for their unlawful act, or even require the law to be read to the sheep, which goes to show that we have, in the opinion of our legislators, an unusually intelligent, up-to-date, and law-abiding variety of sheep in this State of unparalleled resources; the presumption being that our sheep keep posted on the law, and will in future ask the consent of the owner of lands upon which they wish to graze before going thereon. . . ."

Almost as considerate of our dumb animals would appear—from its preamble at least—to be the Pennsylvania statute of 1919 (No. 824) beginning:

> "An act for the better protection of the Skunk or polecat."

A Kansas statute of 1913 (L. 1913, C. 204) tears aside the arras that usually hangs before the connubial bed-chamber, even of an inn, and provides with due, if patriarchal, solicitude that:

> "No mattress on any bed in a hotel or rooming-house shall be used which is made of moss, sea-grass, excelsior, husks, or shoddy."

If such parental care on a part of a legislature is to be exercised it should be at least thorough. In 1915 (Ch. 931) the Legislature of Indiana passed one of those justly celebrated "sheet laws", so popular in various communities, to the effect that the owner of a hotel must provide each bed with sheets to be not less than ninety-nine (99) inches long and eighty-one (81) inches wide, "*such sheets to be removed* from said bed and replaced by freshly laundered sheets *after the departure of each guest or lodger.*"

It would appear to be perfectly legal to leave sheets on a bed indefinitely as long as the bed continues to be occupied by the same incumbent. . . .

Of course, the number of foolish laws actually passed is few compared with those proposed. Among these last and deserving of mention is the celebrated ordinance introduced in the Los Angeles Board of Aldermen prohibiting the eating of meat before eleven o'clock in the morning. This ingenuous idea originated in the fertile brain of a worthy citizen who reached the conclusion that the cause of most domestic unhappiness was the morning quarrel at breakfast—which in turn he believed to be due to the eating of meat too early in the day.

In Georgia a bill was introduced into the Legislature making it a ground for the annulment of a marriage if the lady had induced the proposal by "artificial means, false hair, or rouge."

Many statutes, on their face frivolous, are introduced as "riders" to bills which it is thus sought to kill by making them ridiculous or extreme. Such is the only explanation suggesting itself for the amendment offered to a recent bill introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature providing that "every proprietor of a lumber camp must supply an individual bathtub for each lumberjack in his employ."

On the other hand, many acts proposed and passed with serious intent are so drawn either through haste or carelessness that they appear almost deliberately jocular. Often this is due to a lack of sufficient definition. As a member of the bar, the writer wishes that Act 239 of the Michigan Laws of 1907 might have been made clearer. It reads:

> "An act to provide for the lawful taking of suckers, mullet, dogfish, and *lawyers* from the waters of the Sturgeon River. . . ."

Until recently it was provided by law that: "The circumference of a circle shall be three times its diameter. . . ."

And here is the origin of the quip, "The operation was a success, but the patient died": the act passed by the General Assembly of Ohio, April 8, 1919. "Major surgery . . . shall be defined to mean the performance of those *surgical operations attended by mortality* from the use of the knife or other surgical instruments." ARTHUR TRAIN.

HOW MANY LAWS HAVE YOU BROKEN TO-DAY?

The writer gladly stakes whatever professional reputation he has upon the assertion that there is no automobile run in New York City that does not violate the traffic laws at least ten times each day, for *it is against the law and punishable with fine and imprisonment to go around a corner at more than four miles an hour.*

It is also an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to fail to tie up securely the newspapers in one's garbage-can, or to fill it to within less than four inches of the top, to beat a rug on the front stoop, to carry an unmuzzled dog no matter how small, to use the hose on the sidewalk after 8 A. M., to fail to have one's chauffeur wear his motor-badge on his coat, to have awnings that extend more than six feet from the house line, to fail to keep one's curbstone at the right level, to have one's area gate open outwardly instead of inwardly, to fail to affix your street number to your fanlight or front door, etc.

No citizen could keep up with the laws and have time to earn his living. We are swamped by the flood of statutes, ordinances, regulations, rules, orders, and official interpretations of laws passed by our National Congress, State legislatures, boards of aldermen, commissioners, and governmental departments. There is nothing too intimate or too trivial to escape supervision and control under threat of imprisonment, be it the sin of expectoration, or the length of bed sheets. . . .

The more laws there are the harder it is to enforce them, and then what might be called "the legal saturation point" is reached—where owing to their very multiplicity they cannot be enforced—they become either laughing-stocks or instruments of blackmail.

ARTHUR TRAIN. *On the Trail of the Bad Men.*

THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY STILL LIVES

Among the wrecks and fragments of exalted wisdom, which have floated down the stream of time from venerable antiquity, and been picked up by those humble but industrious wights who ply along the shores of literature, we find a shrewd ordinance of Charondas the Locrian legislator. Anxious to preserve the judicial code of the State from the additions and amendments of country members and seekers of popularity, he ordained that, whoever proposed a new law should do it with a halter about his neck; whereby, in case his proposition were rejected, they just hung him up—and there the matter ended.

The effect was, that for more than two hundred years there was but one trifling alteration in the judicial code; and legal matters were so clear and simple that the whole race of lawyers starved to death for want of employment. The Locrians, too, being freed from all incitement to litigation, lived very lovingly together, and were so happy a people that they make scarce any figure in history; it being only your litigious, quarrelsome, rantipole nations who make much noise in the world. . . .

Such legislation, however, was not suited to the busy, meddling mind of William the Testy. On the contrary, he conceived that the true wisdom of legislation consisted in the multiplicity of laws. He accordingly had great punishment for great crimes, and little punishments for little offenses. By degrees the whole surface of society was cut up by ditches and fences, and quickset hedges of the law, and even the sequestered paths of private life so beset by petty rules and ordinances, too numerous to be remembered, that one could scarce walk at large without the risk of letting off a spring-gun or falling into a man-trap.

In a little while the blessings of innumerable laws became apparent; a class of men arose to expound and confound them. Petty courts were instituted to take cognizance of petty offenses, pettifoggers began to abound; and the community was soon set together by the ears. . . .

My readers will excuse this digression into which I have been unwarily betrayed; but I could not avoid giving a cool and unprejudiced account of an abomination too prevalent in this excellent city, and with the effects of which I am ruefully acquainted: having been nearly ruined by a lawsuit which was decided against me; and my ruin having been completed by another, which was decided in my favour. WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE UNBURIED DEAD

All our codes are filled with obsolete laws. The Fugitive Slave Law was never obeyed in the North; it took more than a law to compel a humane white man to send a black man back to slavery. The Sunday laws to-day in many States of the Union forbid the publication of newspapers, the running of trains and street cars, riding and driving for pleasure, attending moving-picture shows, playing any game, the starting out of boats on voyages, or the doing of any work except works of necessity. Nearly all these laws are dead, though they still remain on the books. They are dead because they do not fit the age. They are not now a part of the customs, habits and modes of the people. They could not be enforced. . . .

The Anti-Trust Act is a notorious example of legislation that is not enforced and cannot be enforced. Only a few prosecutions have ever been brought under it, and even when a prosecution has been successful ample means have been found to accomplish the desired ends in spite of the law. It has never kept Big Business from organizing and combining. It never can or should. . . .

No one who has property believes in the tax laws. No one obeys them or pretends to obey them. When speaking of these laws no one shouts from the housetops the silly doctrine that a law must be enforced because it is on the books. No one even quotes the foolish statement of General Grant that the "best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it." . . . The way to get rid of a bad law, which means a law obnoxious to large masses of people, is not by trying to keep it alive, but by letting it die a natural death. This is the way that society has always followed in dealing with unjust laws.

CLARENCE S. DARROW.

ENGLAND, TOO, HAS HER LEGAL ODDITIES

LONDON, Feb. 21.—A tramp in Christchurch, Hampshire, was sentenced to a day's imprisonment for begging a bucket of hot water. It is no offense to beg cold water, but hot water is a misdemeanour. *New York World* (1927).

THE MUCH-REGULATED RAILROADS

Last year, in forty-three State legislatures, 1,897 bills regulating railroads were introduced, and 377 of them were enacted into law. The last Congress in December alone introduced 75 bills affecting the railroads, or three a day. There are now in force 20,000 State and Federal laws regulating railroads. It is, of course, quite impossible for any human being to carry them all in mind, and therefore impossible to say whether the railroads are behaving unlawfully or not. E. V. WILCOX.

THE LOGICAL RESULT

Crimes have been invented and multiplied until there is scarcely a human activity that is permissible without violating some law. This constant invention of offenses and multiplication of penal statutes has brought about a psychology that looks upon the grave moral offenses as no worse than the least of the offenses. There are those who look upon murder as no more certain of prosecution than infractions of Prohibition or Sunday observance laws. JOHN J. BLAINE (Governor of Wisconsin).

WHEN THE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE SIGNED THE ANTI-EVOLUTION LAW

"It may not be sufficiently definite to permit any specific application or enforcement. Nobody believes that it is going to be an active statute."

The Rishi's Finger

A Strange Adventure on the Roof of the World

Gladys Cross

(Dr. Gladys Cross, a medical missionary, is a university lecturer in Chinese on European affairs and medicine, and in European languages on China. This tale relates an extraordinary experience in Tibet, so alien to Western knowledge that it would be incredible except for the reputation of the narrator; but this woman of exceptional scholarship and cultivation presents it for bald fact.)

WILDERNESS travel and medical mission work on the Roof of the World have led me to out-of-the-way places, out-of-the-way even in the eyes of inhabitants of that buried and forbidden part of the earth. Men of the Place of Spirits—Lhasa—will tell you of strange peoples toward their western frontier, reached only by rare traders who travel to the country where Nature has scribbled her mightiest stone words.

On one occasion my business took me that way, to Draus, the village marking the rise of the Indus, which no other European—so far as I know—has visited. Getting there meant weeks of painful and perilous travel over dreadful cobblestone paths and worse, through mountains which are kings over Everest and Kanchinjunga.

I reached Draus, and stayed some days in among its generally dirty, single-storied houses. Outside the village lived a dual personage in a neat little house, surrounded by a well-kept—and guarded—garden. A ruler at home, he was the chief—and very much feared—bandit during the caravan season on the trade route sixty miles away. This route connects Peking with Barkul, and so the Western world. It was followed by Lao Tze when he went to Greece with his treasure of philosophy—which Plato pirated later—over 500 years before Christ.

Nowadays, rich merchants of many nationalities use the route; Dewarzung—the bandit of whom I speak—and his kind exact a heavy toll from them.

Shortly before my arrival this bandit had broken a leg; and my servants, hearing of the accident, talked my "doctoring" prowess in the bazaar. The same evening, the "gentleman of the road" invited me to see him. Properly escorted, I went through the orange gardens to his house, and found him in great pain, with a *rishi*—an aged holy man—invoking the aid of Buddha to exorcise the pain demons.

That his sacred verses and invocations were useless was as obvious as the fact that it was only the perishing cold which had saved the bandit's life. Inflammation was already established above the knee.

Dewarzung passed the usual courteous formula, and asked—his henchmen agape with curiosity—if I could do anything for him. After examining and answering in the affirmative, I reduced the swelling and inflammation, set the fracture and relieved the patient of much of the pain he had been suffering. When he felt better, he cursed the *rishi*—as no Westerner could curse an enemy—and ordered him to be made a prisoner.

I remained in the house until the fever subsided; and, while making an evening meal on the wine and delicacies which were laid before me, one of my servants set off to bring a medicine chest in which I had something capable of giving my doughty patient a night's sleep.

The treatment had confirmed the story of my prowess, and had given him so much confidence that he drank the draught prepared by me for him, and was soon asleep.

Next morning found me with my renowned giantess "amah" again traversing the bandit's splendid garden.

We reached the house through the

groups of salaaming servants. As we were being ushered into his room I heard Dewarzung say: "Out with an eye, off with a finger!" I saw the poor old *rishi* on the floor, and knew it was upon him that this dread sentence had been passed.

He had failed to do what I had done!

I determined to save him, if that were possible, little thinking that the sentence would be the genesis of the most remarkable series of happenings I have experienced. I, the successful exorcisor of demons, pleaded on behalf of the *rishi*, and I suggested that perhaps this unfortunate man influenced me to the spot where my usefulness was proved. My concluding plea was: "Bring not this man's wrath down upon you, Dewarzung. Be wise, and cancel the order."

The bandit seemed adamant, but said: "He has no money to bring back his eye and his finger."

The poor old *rishi* looked to me supplicatingly. Surely he would give an eye to Buddha with little ado, was a thought which flashed through my mind. Then he spoke: "Honourable lady, I believe not in these exorcisions of demons, and truly I said so to the nah-bo. I hoped and prayed Buddha to help. No more was possible."

I opened my *pashteen*, and from my neck removed a pliable gold ring, saying, as I handed it to the bandit: "Take this; it is worth many *satangs*. Let the holy man go free, and so avoid the risk of having malign forces directed against you."

Dewarzung, the immovable bandit, was moved. He took the ornament, and ordered the *rishi* out of his country.

The old man, after salaaming my feet, rose with his tongue out—as is the custom—and said, putting actions to his words: "This eye and that finger are for you, honourable lady."

Undoubtedly, he had passed a terrific test on his way to Nirvana, through this ordeal in which I had played a part.

Three months later I was in Barkul collecting blue jade, now the fashionable colour for the *Ju'i*—meaning, "as you would wish it to be"—given as tokens of friendships by mandarins, as well as by all upper-class Chinese.

There was talk of "pirates" working between here and Kerst, and that meant danger, for the pirates were men who had served Enver Pasha.

The day the lading of my mules was completed, I took the path towards Yea-Keang, which—a fact not generally known—has displaced Kashgar as the Turkoman emporium.

A week later, my caravan was becoming benighted near the "turn off" route which was a day's journey from my intended destination. Reaching the junction ahead of my "train," I turned towards the smaller road, when my mule stopped, shivered and refused to move. A feeling of impending disaster filled my solar plexus, and then I *felt* that I saw a warning finger barring my intended way! As I have not the habit of "seeing" things—the people of Tibet will tell you that I am a "respect this" sceptic—the incident was so impressive that I took it as a warning.

With me were others bound for Yea-Keang, for we had joined forces with a view to safety. I dared not proceed against the finger vision, for I connected it with the old *rishi*, and thought that perhaps, after all, these people who are credited with living on the price of life, may really possess powers which we do not understand.

The whole caravan came to a standstill, and I declared at a *pow-pow* of leaders that my portion would go to Kashgar. After the others refused to accompany me—though I strongly advised them to do so—we parted company, and my "train" camped five miles further on, at Ling-La.

We arrived safely at Kashgar, where we heard that those who left me had been ambushed and killed to a man ten miles from Yea-Keang! I may now be considered superstitious when I say that I then thought my investment on behalf of the "holy man" had been a good one.

Some time later I reached Cairo on my way home, and stayed with some friends there. One evening a carriage was ordered at the Continental Savoy to take me to a house near Ismailia College. There was considerable turbulence in the streets, but the police had advised the hotels that "all was quiet." I set off with no misgivings.

My carriage was approaching the lighted shelters of the tramway center, when I noticed that the shop lights opposite—usually a blaze of light—were out.

Suddenly the *rishi's* finger was conjured up in my mind's eyes. The former experience and its sequel obsessed me, and in a flash I ordered my driver to turn, in such an imperious manner that—grumbling and blocking all traffic—he did so. We had just got round when a terrific explosion rent the air. A bomb had burst opposite the

police post fifty yards ahead of my turning-point! The carriage I had been following was blown to smithereens.

Cairo suffered much that night, and surely my investment paid me a big dividend.

The following month I went to Alexandria to catch a steamer sailing for Valetta. I arrived at the quay rather late, but was passed through the barrage, and with my porters reached the steamer's gangway. As I mounted, the finger was again impressed upon my mind's eye. It barred my advance! I spent my Xmas in "Alex," and two days later the ship I had deserted foundered in the terrific storm which swept the Mediterranean!

I crossed to Naples later, determined to risk my life no more, but feeling that the *rishi* could not be infallible; though if not infallible he could not—according to Akbar's historian, Abulfazl—be a *rishi*.

However, having to get from Paris to London as quickly as possible, I broke my good resolution by walking into the Air Union office to book for Croydon. Two Americans were booking in front of me, when—holding my signed passage papers in my hand and awaiting my turn—the feeling of the finger menaced me.

Without demur, I asked the clerk to cancel my booking, put the papers into my pocket, and returned to my hotel. I crossed by train and boat; and, on arrival at Folkestone, read of the fearful crash of the air liner upon which I should have accompanied the two Americans who were in front of me at the office, and who—among others—were numbered with those killed!

I feel like saying that the powers of these *rishis* are as beyond our Western comprehension as is their well-known sincerity of guardianship towards those they desire to serve.

Thoughts on Spring Fishing — By DON MARQUIS

Fishing is a delusion entirely surrounded by liars in old clothes.

Its chief purpose is to develop unoccupied human beings in the art of sleeping with both feet in a puddle in the hot sun with a can of worms.

Fishermen are called Nimrods. "Nim" is from the Latin meaning "dumb," and "rod" is from the Sanscrit, meaning "all wet."

Fish are divided into four general classes: Salt water, fresh water, store and conversational. Fishermen are divided into many classes, but none of them count.

Salt water fishing is the same as unskilled labour and is relatively of no importance. It is to fresh water fishing what chicken stealing is to quail hunting, and is indulged in only by anglers with the milder form of insanity.

For the real violent cases fresh water fishing is alone designed. When a fisherman gets so crazy he will believe in anything he becomes a fresh-water enthusiast and goes after trout, bass, pike, pickerel and illusions. The salt water angler always gives a fish credit for having a little common sense and invariably baits a hook with something a fish can eat.

The fresh water fisherman, however, believes fish are as foolish as prime ministers, congenital idiots and people who put vinegar and sugar on lettuce salads. At rare intervals he will use digestible bait, but his great delight is to row around a lake with a suitcase full of funny looking objects known as "plugs," "spinners," "wabblers" and "flies."

"Plugs" look something like cucumbers, bananas, darning needles, dill pickles and carrots with a spring rash. After a "plug" is shaped and coloured, a few hooks and spangles are added to it. It is then thrown to the fish in the belief they have an insatiable appetite for ornaments taken off old uniforms of Napoleon's guards.

"Spinners" are assorted pieces of tin with hooks fore and aft. The man who invented them had an idea fish ate earrings for breakfast, indentification disks for lunch and suspender buckles for dinner.

A very excellent bass "spinner" is made by taking a fireman's shield, dyeing it red, tying it to a pair of boy's skates, attaching it to a mouse trap and dragging it through the water at a speed not exceeding twenty miles an hour.

The general effect of these "plugs" and "spinners" upon the fish is the same as that produced when you drag a red, white and blue banana in front of a horse and try to make him think it's an oat, or drag a set of false whiskers in front of an emaciated kitten in the conviction it will mistake it for a saucer of cream.

The Luck of Roaring Camp

By BRET HARTE

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp,—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted for his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men

that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay,—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine-boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it"; even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry,—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man. It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy with a singular mixture of authority and *ex-officio* complacency,—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible,—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman,—"Is that him?" "mighty small specimen"; "hasn't mor'n got the colour"; "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the, gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where

the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectively. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it,—the d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog,—a distance of forty miles,—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse into the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety,—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dush into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got,—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills,—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for maternal deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills,—that air pungent with balsamic odour, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating,—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston,"

a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eying the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar'. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humourists be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but, strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honour and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song,—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end,—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine-boughs, he would lie while the men were

working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairy-land had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral,"—a hedge of tessellated pine-boughs, which surrounded his bed,—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a talking to a jay-bird as was a sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine-boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall red-woods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times,"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly preëmpted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're might rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck,"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek become a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the

hope, the joy, the Luck, of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a-taking me with him,—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

"The Twa Sisters o' Binnory"

(*Old Scotch Ballad*)

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
Stirling for aye.
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

She's ta'en her sister by the hand,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
And down they went to the river strand,
Stirling for aye.
The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came and pushed her in,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

Round about her middle sma',
Edinbro', Edinbro',
There went a gowden girdle braw,
Stirling for aye.
All amang her yellow hair
A string of pearls was twisted rare,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

He went unto her father's hall,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
And played his harp before them all,
Stirling for aye.
And soon the harp sang loud and clear:
"Farewell, my father and mother dear!"
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a'thing,
Stirling for aye.
The eldest she was vexèd sair
And sair envied her sister dear,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

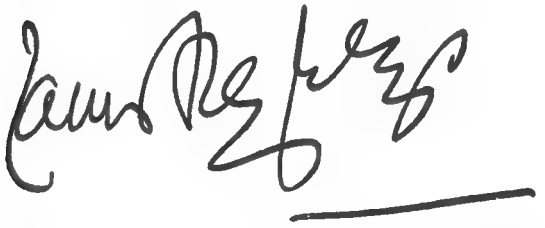
Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
Till she came to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
Stirling for aye.
And out then came the miller's son
And there he found a drownèd woman,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
Harped to nobles when they dine,
Stirling for aye.
He's ta'en three locks of her yellow hair,
And with them strung his harp sae fair,
Bonnie St. Johnston stands on Tay.

And next when the harp began to sing,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
'Twas "Farewell, Sweetheart" said the string,
Stirling for aye.
And then as plain as plain could be [me!"
"There stands my sister, wha murdered
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



THE old gentleman came in hurriedly and called for that to which he was accustomed. He fumbled in one pocket after another, and after going over all his pockets several times he remarked to me "I have forgotten my purse." His air was so friendly and confiding that it more than repaid me for the small sum which I had to advance. He sat down close beside me, and, after touching on the difficulty of being understood in a tavern, he drew genially to these remarks—

"Language may be described as a medium for recording one's sensations. It is gesture translated into sound. It is noise with a meaning. Music cannot at all compare with it, for music is no more than the scientific distribution of noise, and it does not impart any meaning to the disintegrated and harried tumults. Language may be divided into several heads, which, again, may be subdivided almost indefinitely.—The primary heads are, language, talk, and speech. Speech is the particular form of noise which is made by Members of Parliament. Language is the symbols whereby one lady in a back street makes audible her impressions of the lady who lives on the same floor—it is often extremely sinewy. Talk may be described as the crime of people who make one tired.

"It is my opinion that people talk too much. I think the world would be a healthier and better place if it were more silent. On every day that passes there is registered over all the earth a vast amount of language which, so far as I can see, has not the slightest bearing on anything anywhere.

"I have been told of a race living in Central Africa, or elsewhere, who by an inherent culture were enabled to dispense with speech. They whistled, and by practice had attained so copious and flexible a vocabulary that they could whistle good-morning and good-night, or how-do-you-do, with equal facility and distinction. This, while it is a step in the right direction, is not a sufficiently long step. To live among these people might appear very like living in a cageful of canaries or parrots. Parrots are a very superior race who usually travel with sailors. They have a whistle which can be guided or deflected into various byways. I once knew a parrot who was employed by a sailorman to curse for him when his own speech was suspended by liquor. He could also whistle ballads and polkas, and had attained an astonishing proficiency in these arts; for, by long practice, he could dovetail curses and whistles in a most energetic and, indeed, astonishing manner. It would often project two whistles and a curse, sometimes two curses and a whistle, while all the time keeping faithfully to the tune of 'The Sailor's Grave' or another. It was a highly cultivated and erudite person. As it advanced in learning it took naturally to chewing tobacco, but, being a person of strongly experimental habits, it tried one day to curse and whistle and chew tobacco at the one moment, with the unfortunate result that a piece of honeydew got jammed

between a whistle and a curse, and the poor thing perished miserably of strangulation.

"It is indeed singular that while every race of mankind is competent to speak, none of the other races, such as cats, cows, caterpillars, and crabs, have shown the slightest interest in the making of this ordered noise. This is the more strange when we reflect that almost all animals are provided with a throat and a mouth which are capable of making a noise certainly equal in volume and intelligibility to the sounds made by a German or a Spaniard.

"Long ago men lived in trees and had elongated backbones which they were able to twitch. There were no shops, theatres, or churches in those times, and, consequently, no necessity for a specialized and meticulous prosody. Man barked at his fellow-man when he wanted something, and if his request was not understood he bit his fellow-man and was quit of him. When they forsook the trees and became ground-walkers they came into contact with a variety of theretofore unknown objects, the necessity for naming which so exercised their tongues that gradually their bark took on a different quality and became susceptible of more complicated sounds. Then, with the dawning of the Pastoral Age, food in a gregarious community became a matter of more especial importance. When a man barked at his wife for a cocoanut and she handed him a baby or a bowl of soup or an evening paper, it became necessary, in order to minimize her alternatives, that he should elaborate his bark to meet this and a hundred other circumstances. I do not know at what period of history man was able to call his wife names with the certainty of reprisal. It was possible quite early, because I have often heard a dog bark in a dissatisfied and important manner at another dog and be perfectly comprehended.

"A difficulty would certainly arise as to the selection of a word when forty or fifty men might at the same time label any article with as many different names, and it is reasonable to suppose that they would be reluctant to adopt any other expression but that of their own creation. In such a crux the strongest man of the community would be likely to clout the others to an admission that his terminology was standard.

"Thus, by slow accretions, the various languages crept into currency, and the youth of innumerable schoolboys has been embittered by having to learn to spell.

"Grasshoppers are a fine, sturdy race of people. A great many of them live on the Hill of Howth, where I have often spent hours hearkening to their charming conversation. They do not speak with the same machinery that we use—they convey their ideas to each other by rubbing their hind legs together, whereupon noises are produced of exceeding variety and interest. As a method of speech this is simply delightful, and I wish we could be trained to converse in so majestical a manner. Perhaps we shall live to see the day when the journals will chronicle that Mr. Redmond had rubbed his legs together for three hours at the Treasury Bench and was removed frothing at the feet, but after a little rest he was enabled to return and make more noise than ever."

The old gentleman smiled very genially and went out. The assistant suggested that he had a terrible lot of old "guff," but I did not agree with him.

The Great Pig That Consumed Oak Forests

Hokku, from the Japanese of Hoki Poki

"YOU have eaten a potential
forest of oaks,"
Said the Philosopher Bigosh
to a pig munching an acorn.
Then the pig went around boasting
that it had eaten a forest of oaks,
and in time it died
and became a tradition
and finally was worshiped
by all pigs
as "The Great Pig
That Consumed Oak Forests." T. K. HEDRICK

The Maternal Feminine

By EDNA FERBER

Edna Ferber.

CALLED upon to describe Aunt Sophy you would have to coin a term or fall back on the dictionary definition of a spinster. "An unmarried oman," states that worthy work, baldly, especially when no longer young." That, the world, was Sophy Decker. Unarried, certainly. And most certainly no nger young. In figure she was, at fifty, hat is known in the corset ads as a "stylish out." Well dressed in blue serge, with oad-toed health shoes and a small, tute hat. The blue serge was practical mmon sense. The health shoes were mfort. The hat was strictly business. phy Decker made and sold hats, both tute and ingenuous, to the female popution of Chippewa, Wisconsin. Chipwa's East-End set bought the knowing pe of hat, and the mill hands and hired rls bought the naïve ones. But whether mpy or possessed of that indefinable ing known as line, Sophy Decker's hats ere honest hats.

The world is full of Aunt Sophys, unsung. lump, ruddy, capable women of middle ge. Unwed, and rather looked down upon a family of married sisters and tolerant, od-humoured brothers-in-law, and caress nieces and nephews.

"Poor Aunt Soph," with a significant alf smile. "She's such a good old thing. nd she's had so little in life, really."

She was, undoubtedly, a good old thing—unt Soph. Forever sending a spray of weeping black paradise, like a jet of quid velvet, to this pert little niece in eattle; or taking Adele, sister Flora's aughter, to Chicago or New York, as a eat, on one of her buying trips. Burdening erself, on her business visits to these cities, ith a dozen foolish shopping commissions for the idle women folk of her family. Hearing without partisanship her sisters' complaints about their husbands, and her sisters' husbands' complaints about their wives. It was always the same.

"I'm telling you this, Sophy. I wouldn't breathe it to another living soul. But I honestly think, sometimes, that if it weren't for the children——"

There is no knowing why they confided these things to Sophy instead of to each other, these wedded sisters of hers. Perhaps they held for each other an unuttered distrust or jealousy. Perhaps, in making a confidante of Sophy, there was something of the satisfaction that comes of dropping a surreptitious stone down a deep well and hearing it plunk, safe in the knowledge that it has struck no one and that it cannot rebound, lying there in the soft darkness. Sometimes they would end by saying, "But you don't know what it is, Sophy. You can't. I'm sure I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

But when Sophy answered, sagely, "I know; I know"—they paid little heed, once having unburdened themselves. The curious part of it is that she did know. She knew as a woman of fifty must know who, all her life, has given and given and in return has received nothing. Sophy Decker had never used the word inhibition in her life. I doubt if she knew what it meant. When you are busy copying French models for the fall trade you have little time or taste for Freud. She only knew (without in the least knowing she knew) that in giving of her goods, of her affections, of her time, of her energy, she found a certain relief. Her own people would have been shocked if you had told them that there was about this old maid aunt something rather splendidly Rabelaisian. Without

being at all what is known as a masculine woman she had, somehow, acquired the man's viewpoint, his shrewd value sense. She ate a good deal, and enjoyed her food. She did not care for those queer little stories that married women sometimes tell, with narrowed eyes, but she was strangely tolerant of what is known as sin. So simple and direct she was that you wondered how she prospered in a line so subtle as the millinery business.

You might have got a fairly true characterization of Sophy Decker from one of fifty people: from a dapper salesman in a New York or Chicago wholesale millinery house; from Otis Cowan, cashier of the First National Bank of Chippewa; from Julia Gold, her head milliner and trimmer; from almost any one, in fact, except a member of her own family. They knew her least of all, as is often true of one's own people. Her three married sisters—Grace in Seattle, Ella in Chicago, and Flora in Chippewa—regarded her with a rather affectionate disapproval from the snug safety of their own conjugal ingle-nooks.

"I don't know. There's something—well—common about Sophy," Flora confided to Ella. Flora, on shopping bent and Sophy, seeking hats, had made the five-hour run from Chippewa to Chicago together. "She talks to everybody. You should have heard her with the porter on our train. Chums! And when the conductor took our tickets it was a social occasion. You know how packed the seven fifty-two is. Every seat in the parlour car taken. And Sophy asking the coloured porter about how his wife was getting along—she called him William—and if they were going to send her West, and all about her. I *wish* she wouldn't."

Aunt Sophy undeniably had a habit of regarding people as human beings. You found her talking to chambermaids and delivery boys, and elevator starters, and gas collectors, and hotel clerks—all that aloof, unapproachable, superior crew. Under her benign volubility they bloomed and spread and took on colour as do those tight little Japanese paper water-flowers when you cast them into a bowl. It wasn't idle curiosity in her. She was interested. You found yourself confiding to her your innermost longings, your secret tribulations, under the encouragement of her sympathetic, "You don't say!" Perhaps it was as well that sister Flora was in ignorance of the fact that the men millinery salesmen at Danowitz & Danowitz, Importers, always called Miss Decker Aunt Soph, as, with one arm flung about her plump blue serge shoulder, they revealed to her the picture of their girl in the back flap of their bill-folder.

Flora, with a firm grip on Chippewa society as represented by the East-End set, did not find her position enhanced by a sister in the millinery business in Elm Street.

"Of course, it's wonderful that she's self-supporting and successful and all," she told her husband. "But it's not so pleasant for Adele, now that she's growing up, having all the girls she knows buying their hats of her aunt. Not that I— but you know how it is."

H. Charnsworth Baldwin said yes, he knew. But perhaps you, until you are made more intimately acquainted with Chippewa, Wisconsin; with the Decker girls of twenty years ago; with Flora's husband, H. Charnsworth Baldwin; and with their children Adele and Eugene, may feel a little natural bewilderment.

The Deckers had lived in a sagging old frame house (from which the original paint had long ago peeled in great scrofulous patches) on an unimportant street in Chippewa. There was a worm-eaten russet apple tree in the yard; an untidy tangle of wild-cucumber vine over the front porch; and an uncut brush of sunburnt grass and weeds all about. From May until September you never passed the Decker place without hearing the plunketty-plink of a mandolin from somewhere behind the vines, accompanied by a murmur of young voices, laughter, and the creak-creak of the hard-worked and protesting hammock hooks. Flora, Ella, and Grace Decker had more beaux and fewer clothes than any other girls in Chippewa. In a town full of pretty young things they were, undoubtedly, the prettiest; and in a family of pretty sisters (Sophy always excepted) Flora was the acknowledged beauty. She was the kind of girl whose nose never turns red on a frosty morning. A little, white, exquisite nose, purest example of the degree of perfection which may be attained by that vulgarest of features. Under her great gray eyes were faint violet shadows which gave her a look of almost poignant wistfulness. If there is a less hackneyed way to describe her head on its slender throat than to say it was like a lovely flower on its stalk, you are free to use it. Her slow, sweet smile gave the beholder an actual physical pang. Only her family knew she was lazy as a

behemoth, untidy about her person, and as sentimental as a hungry shark. The strange and cruel part of it was that, in some grotesque, exaggerated way, as a cartoon may be like a photograph, Sophy resembled Flora. It was as though Nature, in prankish mood, had given a cabbage the colour and texture of a rose, with none of its fragile reticence and grace.

It was a manless household. Mrs. Decker, vague, garrulous, and given to ice-wool shawls, referred to her dead husband, in frequent reminiscence, as poor Mr. Decker. Mrs. Decker dragged one leg as she walked—rheumatism, or a spinal affection. Small wonder, then, that Sophy, the plain, with a gift for hat-making, a knack at eggless cake-baking, and a genius for turning a sleeve so that last year's style met this year's without a struggle, contributed nothing to the sag in the center of the old twine hammock on the front porch.

That the three girls should marry well, and Sophy not at all, was as inevitable as the sequence of the seasons. Ella and Grace did not manage badly, considering that they had only their girlish prettiness and the twine hammock to work with. But Flora, with her beauty, captured H. Charnsworth Baldwin. Chippewa gasped. H. Charnsworth Baldwin drove a skittish mare to a high-wheeled yellow runabout (this was twenty years ago); had his clothes made at Proctor Brothers in Milwaukee, and talked about a game called golf. It was he who advocated laying out a section of land for what he called links, and erecting a clubhouse thereon.

"The section of the bluff overlooking the river," he explained, "is full of natural hazards, besides having a really fine view."

Chippewa—or that comfortable, middle-class section of it which got its exercise walking home to dinner from the store at noon, and cutting the grass evenings after supper—laughed as it read this interview in the Chippewa *Eagle*.

"A golf course," they repeated to one another, grinning. "Conklin's cow pasture, up the river. It's full of natural—wait a minute—what was?—oh, yeh, here it is—hazards. Full of natural hazards. Say, couldn't you die!"

For H. Charnsworth Baldwin had been little Henry Baldwin before he went East to college. Ten years later H. Charnsworth, in knickerbockers and gay-topped stockings, was winning the cup in the men's tournament played on the Chippewa golf-club course, overlooking the river. And his name, in stout gold letters, blinked at you from the plate-glass windows of the office at the corner of Elm and Winnebago:

NORTHERN LUMBER AND LAND COMPANY.
H. Charnsworth Baldwin, Pres.

Two blocks farther down Elm Street was another sign, not so glittering, which read:

Miss Sophy Decker
Millinery

Sophy's hat-making, in the beginning, had been done at home. She had always made her sisters' hats, and her own, of course, and an occasional hat for a girl friend. After her sisters had married, Sophy found herself in possession of a rather bewildering amount of spare time. The hat trade grew so that sometimes there were six rather botchy little bonnets all done up in yellow paper pyramids with a pin at the top, awaiting their future wearers. After her mother's death, Sophy still stayed on in the old house. She took a course in millinery in Milwaukee, came home, stuck up a home-made sign in the parlour window (the untidy cucumber vines came down), and began her hat-making in earnest. In five years she had opened a shop on a side street near Elm; had painted the old house, installed new plumbing, built a warty stucco porch, and transformed the weedy, grass-tangled yard into an orderly stretch of green lawn and bright flower-beds. In ten years she was in Elm Street, and the Chippewa *Eagle* ran a half column twice a year describing her spring and fall openings. On these occasions Aunt Sophy, in black satin, and marcel wave, and her most relentless corsets was, in all the superficial things, not a pleat, or fold, or line, or wave behind her city colleagues. She had all the catch phrases:

"This is awfully good this year"

"Here's a sweet thing. A Mornet model. . . . Well, but my dear, it's the style—the line—you're paying for, not the material."

"I've got the very thing for you. I had you in mind when I bought it. Now don't say you can't wear henna. Wait till you see it on."

When she stood behind you as you sat, uncrowned and expectant before the mirror, she would poise the hat four inches above your head, holding it in the tips of her fingers, a precious, fragile thing. Your

fascinated eyes were held by it, and your breath as well. Then down it descended, slowly, slowly. A quick pressure. Her fingers firm against your temples. A little sigh of relieved suspense.

"That's wonderful on you! . . . You don't! Oh, my dear! But that's because you're not used to it. You know how you said, for years, you had to have a brim, and couldn't possibly wear a turban, with your nose, until I proved to you that if the head-size was only big. . . . Well, perhaps this needs just a lit-tle lift here. Ju-u-ust a nip. There! That does it."

And that did it. Not that Sophy Decker ever tried to sell you a hat against your judgment, taste, or will. She was too wise a psychologist and too shrewd a business woman for that. She preferred that you go out of her shop hatless rather than with an unbecoming hat. But whether you bought or not you took with you out of Sophy Decker's shop something more precious than any hatbox ever contained. Just to hear her admonishing a customer, her good-natured face all aglow:

"My dear, always put on your hat before you get into your dress. I do. You can get your arms above your head, and set it right. I put on my hat and veil as soon's I get my hair combed."

In your mind's eye you saw her, a stout, well-stayed figure in tight brassière and scant petticoat, bare-armed and bare-bosomed, in smart hat and veil, attired as though for the street from the neck up and for the bedroom from the shoulders down.

The East-End set bought Sophy Decker's hats because they were modish and expensive hats. But she managed, miraculously, to gain a large and lucrative following among the paper-mill girls and factory hands as well. You would have thought that any attempt to hold both these opposites would cause her to lose one or the other. Aunt Sophy said, frankly, that of the two, she would have preferred to lose her smart trade.

"The mill girls come in with their money in their hands, you might say. They get good wages and they want to spend them. I wouldn't try to sell them one of those little plain model hats. They wouldn't understand 'em, or like them. And if I told them the price they'd think I was trying to cheat them. They want a velvet hat with something good and solid on it. Their fathers wouldn't prefer caviar to pork roast, would they? It's the same idea."

Her shop windows reflected her business acumen. One was chastely, severely elegant, holding a single hat poised on a slender stick. In the other were a dozen honest arrangements of velvet and satin and plumes.

At the spring opening she always displayed one of those little toques completely covered with violets. No one ever bought a hat like that. No one ever will. That violet-covered toque is a symbol.

"I don't expect 'em to buy it," Sophy Decker explained. "But everybody feels there should be a hat like that at a spring opening. It's like a fruit center-piece at a family dinner. Nobody ever eats it, but it has to be there."

The two Baldwin children—Adele and Eugene—found Aunt Sophy's shop a treasure trove. Adele, during her doll days, possessed such boxes of satin and velvet scraps, and bits of lace, and ribbon and jet as to make her the envy of all her playmates. She used to crawl about the floor of the shop workroom and under the table and chairs like a little scavenger.

"What in the world do you do with all that truck, child?" asked Aunt Sophy. "You must have barrels of it."

Adele stuffed another wisp of tulle into the pocket of her pinafore. "I keep it," she said.

When she was ten Adele had said to her mother, "Why do you always say 'Poor Sophy'?"

"Because Aunt Sophy's had so little in life. She never has married, and has always worked."

Adele considered that. "If you don't get married do they say you're poor?"

"Well—yes——"

"Then I'll get married," announced Adele. A small, dark, eerie child, skinny and rather foreign looking.

The boy, Eugene, had the beauty which should have been the girl's. Very tall, very blond, with the straight nose and wistful eyes of the Flora of twenty years ago. "If only Adele could have had his looks," his mother used to say. "They're wasted on a man. He doesn't need them, but a girl does. Adele will have to be well-dressed and interesting. And that's such hard work."

Flora said she worshipped her children. And she actually sometimes still coquetted heavily with her husband. At twenty she had been addicted to baby talk when endeavouring to coax something out of someone. Her admirers had found it irresistible. At forty it was awful. Her

selfishness was colossal. She affected a semi-invalidism, and for fifteen years had spent one day a week in bed. She took no exercise and a great deal of baking soda and tried to fight her fat with baths. Fifteen or twenty years had worked a startling change in the two sisters, Flora the beautiful, and Sophy the plain. It was more than a mere physical change. It was a spiritual thing, though neither knew nor marked it. Each had taken on weight, the one, solidly, comfortably; the other, flabbily, unhealthily. With the encroaching fat, Flora's small, delicate features seemed, somehow, to disappear in her face, so that you saw it as a large white surface bearing indentations, ridges, and hollows like one of those enlarged photographs of the moon's surface as seen through a telescope. A self-centered face, and misleadingly placid. Aunt Sophy's large, plain features, plumply padded now, impressed you as indicating strength, courage, and a great human understanding.

From her husband and her children Flora exacted service that would have chafed a galley-slave into rebellion. She loved to lie in bed, in a lavender bed-jacket with ribbons, and be read to by Adele or Eugene, or her husband. They all hated it.

"She just wants to be waited on, and petted, and admired," Adele had stormed one day, in open rebellion, to her Aunt Sophy. "She uses it as an excuse for everything and has, ever since 'Gene and I were children. She's as strong as an ox." Not a very ladylike or daughterly speech, but shockingly true.

Years before, a generous but misguided woman friend, coming in to call, had been ushered in to where Mrs. Baldwin lay propped up in a nest of pillows.

"Well, I don't blame you," the caller had gushed. "If I looked the way you do in bed I'd stay there forever. Don't tell me you're sick, with all that lovely colour!"

Flora Baldwin had rolled her eyes ceilingward. "Nobody ever gives me credit for all my suffering and ill-health. And just because all my blood is in my cheeks."

Flora was ambitious, socially, but too lazy to make the effort necessary for success in that direction.

"I love my family," she would say. "They fill my life. After all, that's a profession in itself—being a wife and mother."

She showed her devotion by taking no interest whatever in her husband's land schemes; by forbidding Eugene to play football at school for fear he might be injured; by impressing Adele with the necessity for vivacity and modishness because of what she called her unfortunate lack of beauty.

"I don't understand it," she used to say in the child's very presence. "Her father's handsome enough, goodness knows; and I wasn't such a fright when I was a girl. And look at her! Little, dark, skinny thing."

The boy Eugene grew up a very silent, handsome, shy young fellow. The girl dark, voluble, and rather interesting. The husband, more and more immersed in his business, was absent from home for long periods; irritable after some of these homecomings; boisterously high-spirited following other trips. Now growling about household expenses and unpaid bills; now urging the purchase of some almost prohibitive luxury. Any one but a nagging, self-absorbed, and vain woman such as Flora would have marked these unmistakable signs. But Flora was a taker, not a giver. She thought herself affectionate because she craved affection unduly. She thought herself a fond mother because she insisted on having her children with her, under her thumb, marking their devotion as a prisoner marks time with his feet, stupidly, shufflingly, advancing not a step.

Sometimes Sophy the clear-eyed and level-headed, seeing this state of affairs, tried to stop it.

"You expect too much of your husband and children," she said one day, bluntly, to her sister.

"I!" Flora's dimpled hands had flown to her breast like a wounded thing. "I! You're crazy! There isn't a more devoted wife and mother in the world. That's the trouble. I love them too much."

"Well, then," grimly, "stop it for a change. That's half Eugene's nervousness —your fussing over him. He's eighteen. Give him a chance. You're weakening him. And stop dinning that society stuff into Adele's ears. She's got brains, that child. Why, just yesterday, in the work-room, she got hold of some satin and a shape and turned out a little turban that Angie Hatton——"

"Do you mean to tell me that Angie Hatton saw my Adele working in your shop! Now, look here, Sophy. You're earning your living, and it's to your credit. You're my sister. But I won't have Adele associated in the minds of my friends with your hat store, understand. I won't have it. That isn't what I sent her away to an expensive school for. To have her come back and sit around a millinery workshop

with a lot of little, cheap, shoddy sewing girls! Now understand, I won't have it! You don't know what it is to be a mother. You don't know what it is to have suffered. If you had brought two children into the world——"

So then, it had come about, during the years between their childhood and their youth, that Aunt Sophy received the burden of their confidences, their griefs, their perplexities. She seemed, somehow, to understand in some miraculous way, and to make the burden a welcome one.

"Well, now, you tell Aunt Sophy all about it. Stop crying, Della. How can Aunt Sophy hear when you're crying! That's my baby. Now, then."

This when they were children. But with the years the habit clung and became fixed. There was something about Aunt Sophy's house—the old frame house with the warty stucco porch. For that matter, there was something about the very shop downtown, with its workroom in the rear, that had a cozy, homelike quality never possessed by the big Baldwin house. H. Charnsworth Baldwin had built a large brick mansion, in the Tudor style, on a bluff overlooking the Fox River, in the best residential section of Chippewa. It was expensively and correctly furnished. The hall consol alone was enough to strike a preliminary chill to your heart.

The millinery workroom, winter days, was always bright and warm and snug. The air was a little close, perhaps, and heavy, but with a not unpleasant smell of dyes, and stuffs, and velvet, and glue, and steam, and flatiron, and a certain heady scent that Julia Gold, the head trimmer, always used. There was a sociable cat, white with a dark patch on his throat and a swipe of it across one flank that spoiled him for style and beauty but made him a comfortable-looking cat to have around. Sometimes, on very cold days, or in the rush season, the girls would not go home to dinner or supper, but would bring their lunches and cook coffee over a little gas heater in the corner. Julia Gold, especially, drank quantities of coffee. Aunt Sophy had hired her from Chicago. She had been with her for five years. She said Julia was the best trimmer she had ever had. Aunt Sophy often took her to New York or Chicago on her buying trips. Julia had not much genius for original design, or she would never have been content to be head milliner in a small-town shop. But she could copy a fifty-dollar model from memory down to the last detail of crown and brim. It was a gift that made her invaluable.

The boy, Eugene, used to like to look at Julia Gold. Her hair was very black and her face was very white, and her eyebrows met in a thick, dark line. Her face, as she bent over her work, was sullen and brooding, but when she lifted her head suddenly, in conversation, you were startled by a vivid flash of teeth, and eyes, and smile. Her voice was deep and low. She made you a little uncomfortable. Her eyes seemed always to be asking something. Around the work-table, mornings, she used to relate the dream she had had the night before. In these dreams she was always being pursued by a lover. "And then I woke up, screaming." Neither she nor the sewing girls knew what she was revealing in these confidences of hers. But Aunt Sophy, the shrewd, somehow sensed it.

"You're alone too much, evenings. That's what comes of living in a boarding-house. You come over to me for a week. The change will do you good, and it'll be nice for me, too, having somebody to keep me company."

Julia often came for a week or ten days at a time. Julia, about the house after supper, was given to those vivid splashy kimonos with big flowers embroidered on them. They made her hair look blacker and her skin whiter by contrast. Sometimes Eugene or Adele or both would drop in and the four would play bridge. Aunt Sophy played a shrewd and canny game, Adele a rather brilliant one, Julia a wild and disastrous hand, always, and Eugene so badly that only Julia would take him on as a partner. Mrs. Baldwin never knew about these evenings.

It was on one of these occasions that Aunt Sophy, coming unexpectedly into the living-room from the kitchen where she and Adele were foraging for refreshments after the game, beheld Julia Gold and Eugene, arms clasped about each other, cheek to cheek. They started up as she came in and faced her, the woman defiantly, the boy bravely. Julia Gold was thirty (with reservations) at that time, and the boy not quite twenty-one.

"How long?" said Aunt Sophy, quietly. She had a mayonnaise spoon and a leaf of lettuce in her hand at the time, and still she did not look comic.

"I'm crazy about her," said Eugene. "We're crazy about each other. We're going to be married."

Aunt Sophy listened for the reassuring

sound of Adele's spoons and plates in the kitchen. She came forward. "Now, listen—" she began.

"I love him," said Julia Gold, dramatically. "I love him!"

Except that it was very white and, somehow, old looking, Aunt Sophy's face was as benign as always. "Now, look here, Julia, my girl. That isn't love and you know it. I'm an old maid, but I know what love is when I see it. I'm ashamed of you, Julia. Sensible woman like you. Hugging and kissing a boy like that, and old enough to be his mother, pretty near."

"Now, look here, Aunt Soph! I'm fond of you but if you're going to talk that way—Why, she's wonderful. She's taught me what it means to really——"

"Oh, my land!" Aunt Sophy sat down, looking, suddenly, very sick and old.

And then, from the kitchen, Adele's clear young voice: "Heh! What's the idea! I'm not going to do all the work. Where's everybody?"

Aunt Sophy started up again. She came up to them and put a hand—a capable, firm, steadying hand on the arm of each. The woman drew back, but the boy did not.

"Will you promise me not to do anything for a week? Just a week! Will you promise me? Will you?"

"Are you going to tell Father?"

"Not for a week, if you'll promise not to see each other in that week. No, I don't want to send you away, Julia, I don't want to— You're not a bad girl. It's just—he's never had—at home they never gave him a chance. Just a week, Julia. Just a week, Eugene. We can talk things over then."

Adele's footsteps coming from the kitchen.

"Quick!"

"I promise," said Eugene. Julia said nothing.

"Well, really," said Adele, from the doorway, "you're a nervy lot, sitting around while I slave in the kitchen. 'Gene, see if you can open the olives with this fool can opener. I tried."

There is no knowing what she expected to do in that week, Aunt Sophy; what miracle she meant to perform. She had no plan in her mind. Just hope. She looked strangely shrunken and old, suddenly. But when, three days later, the news came that America was to go into the war she knew that her prayers were answered.

Flora was beside herself. "Eugene won't have to go. He isn't quite twenty-one, thank God! And by the time he is, it will be over. Surely." She was almost hysterical.

Eugene was in the room. Aunt Sophy looked at him and he looked at Aunt Sophy. In her eyes was a question. In his was the answer. They said nothing. The next day Eugene enlisted. In three days he was gone. Flora took to her bed. Next day Adele, a faint, unwonted colour marking her cheeks, walked into her mother's bedroom and stood at the side of the recumbent figure. Her father, his hands clasped behind him, was pacing up and down, now and then kicking a cushion that had fallen to the floor. He was chewing a dead cigar, one side of his face twisted curiously over the cylinder in his mouth so that he had a sinister and crafty look.

"Charnsworth, won't you please stop ramping up and down like that! My nerves are killing me. I can't help it if the war has done something or other to your business. I'm sure no wife could have been more economical than I have. Nothing matters but Eugene, anyway. How could he do such a thing! I've given my whole life to my children——"

H. Charnsworth kicked the cushion again so that it struck the wall at the opposite side of the room. Flora drew her breath in between her teeth as though a knife had entered her heart.

Adele still stood at the side of the bed, looking at her mother. Her hands were clasped behind her, too. In that moment, as she stood there, she resembled her mother and her father so startlingly and simultaneously that the two, had they been less absorbed in their own affairs, must have marked it.

The girl's head came up, stiffly. "Listen. I'm going to marry Daniel Oakley."

Daniel Oakley was fifty, and a friend of her father's. For years he had been coming to the house, and for years she had ridiculed him. She and Eugene had called him Sturdy Oak because he was always talking about his strength and endurance, his walks, his golf, his rugged health; pounding his chest meanwhile and planting his feet far apart. He and Baldwin had had business relations as well as friendly ones.

At this announcement Flora screamed and sat up in bed. H. Charnsworth stopped short in his pacing and regarded his daughter with a queer look; a concentrated look, as though what she had said had set in motion a whole maze of mental machinery within his brain.

"When did he ask you?"

"He's asked me a dozen times. But it's

different now. All the men will be going to war. There won't be any left. Look at England and France. I'm not going to be left." She turned squarely toward her father, her young face set and hard. "You know what I mean. You know what I mean."

Flora, sitting up in bed, was sobbing. "I think you might have told your mother, Adele. What are children coming to! You stand there and say, 'I'm going to marry Daniel Oakley.' Oh, I *am* so faint . . . all of a sudden . . . get the spirits of ammonia. . . ."

Adele turned and walked out of the room. She was married six weeks later. They had a regular pre-war wedding—veil, flowers, dinner, and all. Aunt Sophy arranged the folds of her gown and draped her veil. The girl stood looking at herself in the mirror, a curious half-smile twisting her lips. She seemed slighter and darker than ever.

"In all this white, and my veil, I look just like a fly in a quart of milk," she said, with a laugh. Then, suddenly, she turned to her aunt who stood behind her and clung to her, holding her tight, tight. "I can't!" she gasped. "I can't! I can't!"

Aunt Sophy held her off and looked at her, her eyes searching the girl.

"What do you mean, Della? Are you just nervous, or do you mean you don't want to marry him? Do you mean that? Then what are you marrying for? Tell me! Tell your Aunt Sophy."

But Adele was straightening herself and pulling out the crushed folds of her veil. "To pay the mortgage on the old homestead, of course. Just like the girl in the play." She laughed a little. But Aunt Sophy did not laugh.

"Now look here, Della. If you're——"

But there was a knock at the door. Adele caught up her flowers. "It's all right," she said.

Aunt Sophy stood with her back against the door. "If it's money," she said. "It is! It is, isn't it! Listen. I've got money saved. It was for you children. I've always been afraid. I knew he was sailing pretty close, with his speculations and all, since the war. He can have it all. It isn't too late yet. Adele! Della, my baby!"

"Don't, Aunt Sophy. It wouldn't be enough, anyway. Daniel has been wonderful, really. Don't look like that. I'd have hated being poor, anyway. Never could have got used to it. It is ridiculous, though, isn't it? Like one of those melodramas, or a cheap movie. I don't mind. I'm lucky, really, when you come to think of it. A plain little black thing like me."

"But your mother——"

"Mother doesn't know a thing."

Flora wept mistily all through the ceremony, but Adele was composed enough for two.

When, scarcely a month later, Baldwin came to Sophy Decker, his face drawn and queer, Sophy knew.

"How much?" she said.

"Thirty thousand will cover it. If you've got more than that——"

"I thought Oakley—Adele said——"

"He did, but he won't any more, and this thing's got to be met. It's this damned war that's done it. I'd have been all right. People got scared. They wanted their money. They wanted it in cash."

"Speculating with it, were you?"

"Oh, well, a woman doesn't understand these business deals."

"No, naturally," said Aunt Sophy, "a butterfly like me."

"Sophy, for God's sake, don't joke now. I tell you this will cover it, and everything will be all right. If I had anybody else to go to for the money I wouldn't ask you. But you'll get it back. You know that."

Aunt Sophy got up, heavily, and went over to her desk. "It was for the children, anyway. They won't need it now."

He looked up at that. Something in her voice. "Who won't? Why won't they?"

"I don't know what made me say that. I had a dream."

"Eugene?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, we're all nervous. Flora has dreams every night and presentiments every fifteen minutes. Now, look here, Sophy. About this money. You'll never know how grateful I am. Flora doesn't understand these things, but I can talk to you. It's like this——"

"I might as well be honest about it," Sophy interrupted. "I'm doing it, not for you, but for Flora, and Della—and Eugene. Flora has lived such a sheltered life. I sometimes wonder if she ever really knew any of you. Her husband, or her children. I sometimes have the feeling that Della and Eugene are my children—were my children."

When he came home that night Baldwin told his wife that old Soph was getting queer. "She talks about the children being hers," he said.

"Oh, well, she's awfully fond of them," Flora explained. "And she's lived her little narrow life, with nothing to bother her but her hats and her house. She doesn't know

what it means to suffer as a mother suffers—poor Sophy."

"Um," Baldwin grunted.

When the official notification of Eugene's death came from the War Department, Aunt Sophy was so calm that it might have appeared that Flora had been right. She took to her bed now in earnest, did Flora, and they thought that her grief would end in madness. Sophy neglected everything to give comfort to the stricken two.

"How can you sit there like that!" Flora would rail. "How can you sit there like that! Even if you weren't his mother, surely you must feel something."

"It's the way he died that comforts me," said Aunt Sophy.

"What difference does that make! What difference does that make!"

This is the letter that made a difference to Aunt Sophy. You will have to read it to understand, though you are likely to skip letters on the printed page. You must not skip this.

AMERICAN RED CROSS
(CROIX ROUGE AMÉRICAINE)

MY DEAR MRS. BALDWIN:

I am sure you must have been officially notified, by now, by the U. S. War Dept., of the death of your son, Lieut. Eugene H. Baldwin. But I want to write you what I can of his last hours. I was with him much of that time as his nurse. I'm sure it must mean much to a mother to hear from a woman who was privileged to be with her boy at the last.

Your son was brought to our hospital one night, badly gassed from the fighting in the Argonne Forest. Ordinarily we do not receive gassed patients, as they are sent to a special hospital near here. But two nights before the Germans wrecked this hospital, so many gassed patients have come to us.

Your son was put in the officers' ward, where the doctors who examined him told me there was absolutely no hope for him, as he had inhaled the gas so much that it was only a matter of a few hours. I could scarcely believe that a man so big and strong as he was could not pull through.

The first bad attack he had, losing his breath and nearly choking, rather frightened him, although the doctor and I were both with him. He held my hand tightly in his, begging me not to leave him, and repeating, over and over, that it was good to have a woman near. He was propped high in bed, and put his head on my shoulder while I fanned him until he breathed more easily. I stayed with him all that night, though I was not on duty. You see, his eyes also were badly burned. But before he died he was able to see very well. I stayed with him every minute of that night, and have never seen a finer character than he showed during all that dreadful fight for life. He had several bad sinking attacks that night, and came through each one simply because of his great will power and fighting spirit. After each attack he would grip my hand and say, "Well, we made it that time, didn't we, nurse? And if you'll only stay with me we'll win this fight." At intervals during the night I gave him sips of black coffee, which was all he could swallow. Each time I gave it to him he would ask me if I had had some. That was only one instance of his thoughtfulness even in his suffering. Toward morning he asked me if he was going to die. I could not tell him the truth. He needed all his strength. I told him he had one chance in a thousand. He seemed to become very strong then, and sitting bolt upright in bed and shaking his fist, he said: "Then, by the Lord, I'll fight for it!" We kept him alive for three days, and actually thought we had won, when, on the third day. . . .

But even in your sorrow you must be very proud to have been the mother of such a son. . . .

I am a Wisconsin girl—Madison. When this is over and I come home will you let me see you so that I may tell you more than I can possibly write?

MARIAN KING.

It was in March, six months later, that Marian King came. They had hoped for it, but never expected it. And she came. Four people were waiting in the living-room of the big Baldwin house overlooking the river. Flora and her husband, Adele and Aunt Sophy. They sat, waiting. Now and then Adele would rise, nervously, and go to the window that faced the street. Flora was weeping with audible sniffs. Baldwin sat in his chair frowning a little, a dead cigar in one corner of his mouth. Only Aunt Sophy sat quietly, waiting.

There was little conversation. None in the last five minutes. Flora broke the silence, dabbing at her face with her handkerchief as she spoke.

"Sophy, how can you sit there like that? Not that I don't envy you. I do. I remember I used to feel sorry for you. I used to say, 'Poor Sophy.' But you unmarried ones are the happiest, after all. It's the married woman who drinks the cup to the last bitter drop. There you sit, Sophy, fifty years old, and life hasn't even touched you. You don't know how cruel life is."

Suddenly, "There!" said Adele. The other three in the room stood up and faced the door. The sound of a motor stopping outside. Daniel Oakley's hearty voice: "Well, it only took us five minutes from the station. Pretty good."

Footsteps down the hall. Marian King stood in the doorway. They faced her, the four—Baldwin and Adele and Flora and Sophy. Marian King stood a moment, uncertainly, her eyes upon them. She looked at the two older women with swift, appraising glance. Then she came into the room, quickly, and put her two hands on Aunt Sophy's shoulders and looked into her eyes straight and sure.

"You must be a very proud woman," she said. "You ought to be a very proud woman."

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

AT Baptist Church, 7:30 P. M., Popular Evening Service. Subject, "Fools and Idiots." A large number are expected.
Marengo (Ill.) Republican-News.

YOUR home Swedish massage educating treat. 1795 W. 37 st UN 7686.
Los Angeles Evening Herald.

YOUNG MAN, 28, single, will do anything, any time, or will go anywhere with or for any one; Confidential. Box 219, Washington Post.
Washington (D. C.) Post.

OPINION, if it is honest, is an unbiased expression of Experience. Let those who have availed themselves of our professional services tell others of their experience. L. M. Partridge, Funeral Director, 5 West 4th Street.
Jamestown (Mich.) Journal.

WANTED

Grapevines and shrubbery to trim before the fish commence biting. Tolerable good work done.
ALLEN W. KENOYER.
Newton County (Ind.) Enterprise.

FOR SALE: Practically new baby, brown enameled bed, white enameled bed, four sitting-room chairs, several kitchen chairs and table, baby high chair and carriage. Phone 3993-W.
Asheville (N. C.) Citizen.

COSTUME SLIPS $1.95

Men's costume slips carefully made of mercerized sateen in striped effect are shown in flesh, peach and white. Some are finished with hemstitching, others with dainty crochet edge—all have 20-inch hip hems.
El Paso (Tex.) Herald.

NOTICE

Will the person who saved $50 in currency from the cash drawer during the fire which threatened the store Tuesday night return the same at once. —Moyer Hardware Store.

THANKS

The services which were rendered by volunteers in the small blaze which threatened this store Tuesday night were deeply appreciated.—Moyer Hardware Store. *Rantoul (Ill.) Press.*

FOR SALE—Experienced soda girl, W. S. Kinnison & Sons, 513 Felix. *St. Joseph (Mo.) News.*

LET'S SWAP

PROFESSIONAL piano, voice, harmony lessons for tombstones, markers. 2044 Glenarm.
Denver (Colo.) Evening News.

WORK WANTED—I have got to have a job. Am man 32 years old, intelligent but married.
Kello (Idaho) News.

SIGN ON A MOVIE THEATER IN LOS ANGELES

ONE WEEK TO LIVE
WITH AILEEN PRINGLE

BEBE DANIELS
STRANDED IN PARIS
WITH FORD STERLING

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS
ALSO CHARLIE CHAPLIN

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

It was at Bosham, according to a legend, that King Canute bade his wives retreat, thus rebuking flattering courtiers. This historic section of West Sussex. . . . *Seattle (Wash.) Daily Times.*

In another car, belonging to Russell Rush, was its owner and Walter Ghrist. In this car the officers found a judge containing hootch.
Pike County Democrat (Pittsfield, Ill.)

DAILY THOUGHT

For wheresoever the caress is, there will the eagles be gathered together.—Matthew 24:28.
Daily Paper.

Most of the automobiles drove into Miami at about 7 o'clock, some laying plans to begin growing potatoes, some planning citrus groves and others intending to begin milking cows.
Miami (Fla.) Herald.

Cyrano de Bergerac

By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Translated by F. C. De Sumichrast

CERTAIN physiologists pretend that they can diagnose cleverness, courage, and all the noble qualities by means of the nose, and that no one can be a great man unless he has a large nose. Many feminine physiologists also deduce from the size of that worthy part of the face a most advantageous augury. However this may be, Socrates was flat-nosed; but Socrates confesses that he was born with the most vicious tendencies, and that it was perhaps due to mere laziness on his part that he did not become a great rascal. Cæsar and Napoleon had a regular eagle's-beak in the middle of their faces; old Pierre Corneille had a highly developed nasal promontory. Look at medals and portraits,—you will find in heroes the nose proportioned to the greatness of their glory—and there are no catarrhal ones. The reason that negroes are usually stupid is not because they are flat-skulled—the skull has nothing to do with it; it is because they are as flat-nosed as death itself. Elephants, which are endowed with so much intelligence as to make many a poet blush, are indebted for the cleverness one notices in them to the prodigious extension of their nose, for their trunk is a real nose five or six feet in length. Not so bad, is it?

This nosology may appear to be rather out of place at the beginning of a literary criticism, but on opening the first volume of Bergerac, in which is to be seen a copper-plate portrait of him, the gigantic size and the strange shape of his nose so drew my attention that I have dwelt on it longer than the thing was worth, indulging in the profound reflections which have just been read, and in many others which I spare the reader.

This most extraordinary nose adorns a face seen in three-quarters, the lesser side of which is entirely covered by it. It forms in the center a mountain which appears to me likely to be, next to the Himalayas, the highest mountain in the world. Then it dashes down towards the mouth, which it adumbrates heavily, like the trunk of a tapir or the beak of a bird of prey. At its very extremity it is divided into two parts by a line not unlike, though more marked, that which divides the cherry lip of Anne of Austria, the fair queen with the long ivory hands. This gives the effect of two distinct noses on the same face, which is more than custom allows. Some hunting-dogs also present this peculiarity; it is a mark of great kindliness of temper. The portraits of Saint Vincent de Paul, or of the Deacon Paris, exhibit the most characteristic types of this sort of structure. Only, Cyrano's nose is less pasty, less fleshy in its contour; it is fuller of bone and of cartilage, it has more flat and more shining spots; it is more heroic. The rest of the face, so far as this splendid nose permits one to see it, struck me as being graceful and regular. The eyes are oval-shaped and very dark, which gives them surprising fire and gentleness; the eyebrows are thin, though very marked; the moustache, somewhat fine and scant, is lost in the shadow of the corners of the mouth; the hair, dressed in the most modish fashion, falls gracefully on either side of the face. But for his nose he would really be a handsome fellow. This unfortunate nose afforded Cyrano de Bergerac an opportunity of displaying his valour in duels which were repeated almost every day. If any one committed the mistake of looking at him and exhibiting the least astonishment at the sight of such a nose, he forthwith had to appear on the ground; and as the duels of that time did not finish up with a breakfast, and Cyrano was a skilful swordsman, a man ran the risk of receiving a good sword-thrust in his belly and of coming off with his doublet adorned with more button holes than it had before. In a very short time, therefore, everybody agreed that the shape of Cyrano's nose was exceedingly fine, and scarce any but a yokel not yet versed in the ways of the town bethought himself of passing a joke upon it. Needless to add that a fierce lunge driven home soon taught the joker the amenities of life, if it did not

lay him out dead. So far there is nothing to be said; every man is bound to have his nose respected; but Cyrano, not content with killing or grievously wounding those who did not appear satisfied with his olfactory organ, sought to establish as a principle that everybody ought to have a big nose, and that flat-nosed people were shapeless abortions, creatures scarcely more than blocked out, of whom nature was ashamed. It is in "The Trip to the Moon" that he brings forward this strange paradox. In the moon, if a flat-nosed child is born, care is taken, lest, when he grows up, he should perpetuate this abominable deformity, to secure him a life-long soprano voice and to fit him to enter without danger the seraglio of the Grand Seigneur. Merit is measured by the length of the nose; according to the size of the nose one is placed higher or lower. Without a nose, according to Cyrano, there can be no valour, no wit, no cleverness, no passion, nothing of what constitutes man. The nose is the abode of the soul; it forms the distinction between man and the brute, for no animal has a nose shaped like man's. Ah, Master Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac! it seems to me that you are rather too plainly exemplifying the fable of the fox that had lost its tail.

I do not know if the worth of the mind and passion depend upon the shape of the nose. The fact remains that Cyrano was valiant, clever, passionate, and that is the best proof he can give in support of his system. Of course it remains to be ascertained whether he was valiant, witty, and passionate because he had a big nose, or whether he had a big nose because he was valiant, witty, and passionate. Does the hen come from the egg, or the egg from the hen?—that is the question. Let those who are more learned than myself decide.

Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, the owner of that prodigious nose, was born in 1620 at the Château of Bergerac in Périgord. His father sent him to be educated by a poor country priest who took boarders, and brought up, as well as he could, the sons of the country gentry. Cyrano did not make much progress under him, for he did not in the least believe in the teachings of the worthy man, whom he looked upon as a thoroughly pedantic and perfect Aristotelian ass. It was enough that his teacher should say a thing was white for Cyrano to believe that it was black, and do exactly the contrary of what he was told. It was under this man, no doubt, that he acquired that horror of pedants and of all that smacked of the college principal, which he preserved all his life, and which suggested to him so many piquant epigrams against the Sidiases, whatever their gown and their colour, who seek to ascertain, like that of Théophile de Viau, *si odor in pomo est forma aut accidens*. He constantly refers to their gormandizing propensity, their drunkenness, their awkwardness, their dirt, their avarice, their crass ignorance, their stupid pride, their obstinacy; to all their small, shameful vices, which partake at once of the vices of children and of old men. He describes in most spirited fashion their dirty nails, their hands unwashed since the deluge, their greasy hair full of vermin, their snuffling noses always brown with snuff, their tone of superiority, their ways at once insolent and servile. A sketch of a Christian brother by Charlet does not surpass his in accuracy and simplicity. You may be sure that the Metaphrastes and the Pancraces of Pocquelin are near relatives of the Sidiases of Théophile and of the pedants of Cyrano. They unquestionably have taught the same class in some provincial college; they have the same birch in their hand, they talk the same jargon, they all swear by Aristotle and his learned cabal. The question of knowing whether one ought to say the form or the figure of a hat is at least as good as *si odor in pomo*.

Cyrano complained so much and so frequently to his father of his master's incapacity that the former, a worthy country gentleman, who cared much more for his dogs than for his children, took him away from the priest, and, careless of anything else than good living, sent the boy alone to Paris at an age when nascent passions are most to be feared, especially in highly strung natures like that of young Savinien.

What was to be expected happened,—Bergerac was carried away with the stream of the mad and turbulent youth of that city. He gave himself up to debauch with the ardour of a lad of eighteen, who sees Paris for the first time and who has come from out a little country presbytery, from a quiet, discreet house, sober, methodical, and silent, almost always half asleep under the shadow of its grey walnut-trees between the church and the graveyard, ruled by a doting priest and a blear-eyed, grumbling servant. Wine and women, those two delightful things which smile so sweetly upon our young fancies, very nearly wrecked him completely on leaving this life of discipline

and self-mastery. It was the days of those handsome Spanish and Italian adventuresses, proud, voluptuous creatures, who loved with equal passion gold, blood, and perfumes, pale as amber, supple as the willow, strong as steel, with slightly arched noses, with lips disdainfully turned up at the corners and seeming to scorn, eyes moist and flashing, hair thick and wavy, almost regal hands full of dimples, slender fingers whiter than the ivory of their fans. It was the heyday of the beautiful, poetic courtesan, the day when balconies were scaled, the day of silken ladders and ballets and masquerades, of that Spanish gallantry at once grave and extravagant, so devoted that it was actually stupid, so ardent that it turned to ferocity, the day of sonnets and society verses, of great sword-thrusts, deep draughts, and frightful gambling. Men threw their lives away, scattered their souls to every wind, as though they knew not what to do with them; every minute they staked their existence on the cast of a die; they fought on their own account; they served as seconds to others rather than remain with their arms crossed. A man looked at you—forthwith a duel; somebody did not look at you—another duel; one man insulted you, another despised you; and all that without braggadocio, with an admirable, free and easy nonchalance, as if it were merely a question of draining a glass of hippocras. What a waste of courage! The making of a hundred thousand heroes scattered at the corners of squares at night under some lantern.

Cyrano managed to be called "the Intrepid" by a society thus constituted; he, still a youth, just arrived from Périgord, fresh from the home of a poor country priest! It was a splendid start.

It was already the fashion to pretend to be impious and strong-minded. I will not affirm that Cyrano indulged in this ridicule; nevertheless, he was accused of it, like most of the wits of the day. What served to support this accusation were some passages of his tragedy of "Agrippina," in which atheistic maxims like the following are openly and vigorously expressed:

TERENTIUS—And yet thou knowest Rome is monarchical,
That aristocratic now it can no more remain,
And that the Roman eagle will find it hard to soar
When more than one master it has to upbear.
Respect and fear the dread thunder of the gods.
SEJANUS—The bolt in winter never strikes the earth;
So for six months at least I may laugh at gods;
When these are past, I make my peace with heav'n.
TERENTIUS—All thy projects the gods shall overthrow.
SEJANUS—A little smoking incense atones for many deeds.
TERENTIUS—Who fears them——
SEJANUS— —Fears naught. These creatures of terror,
These splendid nothings men ignorantly adore,
Thirsting for the blood of animals slain,
These gods whom man has made, who made not man,
These absurd upholders of the strongest states,——
I tell you, Terentius, who fears them, fears naught.
TERENTIUS—But if they existed not, could this great globe?——
SEJANUS—Nay, if they did exist, would I still live?——

And this other passage in which the immortality of the soul is denied:—

AGRIPPINA—You are then proof to a sight so sad?
SEJANUS—'T is only death, and no wise moves me.
AGRIPPINA—But the uncertainty as to what is after death——
SEJANUS—Was I unhappy before I ever was?
One hour after death the vanished soul
Shall be what it was an hour ere life.

But all this proves nothing. It is not the poet who says these things; they are spoken by the characters whom he has put on the stage, a distinction which it is easy to make and which people never will make, I know not why. In the same way most thoroughly zealous Christians who had just communicated at Easter, and had carefully abstained from eating meat on Fridays and Saturdays, have been accused of irreligion and atheism. Evil-mindedness profits by all this. A few verses treacherously separated from the context are quoted, and forthwith an honest man, true-hearted and a genius, is proclaimed an atheist and a free-thinker by obscure pedants who ought to have a whole alphabet branded on their shoulders, and who, from the mud in which they lie, never cease to croak at every renown, filling in literature the office of the sworn insulters of the Roman triumphs. Cyrano has put the maxims I have quoted in the mouth of Sejanus, a scoundrel rotten with vice, one of those monstrous colossi of infamy who terrified the world in the days of the Roman decadence. It is quite natural that he should speak thus; atheism is but a trifle to such a man. Besides, he is a pagan, and the gods he insults are but demons, according to all the fathers of the Church. To maintain that there are no gods is thoroughly orthodox, and it seems to me strange that a Christian poet should be accused of atheism because he makes a pagan deny the divinity of Jupiter. It is one more anomaly to be added to the immense repertory of the eccentricities of

the human mind. Besides, it has always been so. Byron takes for the heroes of his poems corsairs and murderers; so people insist that he himself is a murderer and a vampire. There are many men who are not yet quite certain that the author of "Han d'Islande" and of the "Condemned Man's Last Day" did not eat human flesh and did not die on the scaffold. This method of attributing to the poet what he makes his creations say would involve hanging high all tragic poets, for they have committed more murders, poisonings, rapes, and adulteries, they have done more cruel, impious, and rascally things than the most abominable wretches in the world, and in this respect the Classicists, in spite of that most gentle horror of blood which they exhibit on the production of every new play, have not the least right to accuse the Romanticists. In order to give an idea of the intelligence of the cabal formed against Cyrano, it will be sufficient to relate this trait, which is worthy of a modern cabal:—Some worthy townsmen, dolts of that day, went to a performance of "Agrippina," perfectly convinced that unless they caused it to fail, the whole social structure would infallibly be destroyed. They allowed all the scandalous passages to pass because they did not understand them, and they looked at each other with their big frog's-eyes, and twisted their hats between their fingers with a rather dismayed look, awaiting the signal to hiss; but when Sejanus, having made up his mind to murder Tiberius, says, "Come, let us strike the host!" the boors began to yell and hiss like asps, and to call aloud, "Ah, the poetaster! the beast! the wicked man! the atheist! the Huguenot! Just hear how he speaks of the Blessed Sacrament! Come, let him be burned without loss of time."

In spite of these pious suggestions, Bergerac was not burned alive; the days of Étienne Dolet had gone by. But many have perished at the pile for no better a reason, for just as trifling a motive. Théophile de Viau, as you are aware, was executed in effigy, and spent long years in prison.

Oh, man, the only animal that looks up to heaven, I really do not know how you came not to walk on all fours!

Cyrano met in Paris a comrade of his who had been a schoolmate with him at the worthy country priest's, and who thereafter became his most intimate friend. He was called Le Bret. He was serving in the regiment of the Guards, in the company commanded by M. de Carbon Castel-Jaloux. He forced (he says so himself) our young debauchée to enter it with the rank of cadet. Cyrano soon brought himself to notice by his boldness and his skill with the sword. Duels at that time were considered the readiest, and indeed the only way of showing one's courage. He drew attention so very much to himself and in so very few days, thanks to the number of encounters which he had and the fashion in which he came out of them, that in this regiment, composed almost exclusively of Gascons, he was thereafter known as the "Demon of Bravery"; and in spite of the little trust usually placed in the hyperboles of the children of the Garonne, no one, this time, thought the nickname at all exaggerated, and it stuck to him during the rest of his life. He literally counted his days by his combats, and even counted more combats than days, dispatching sometimes two or three affairs of the sort in a single morning. It was not only in duels that he gained this reputation for intrepidity, but in more general affairs, of which I shall relate one which appears almost fabulous, which brought him a great deal of honour and gave him a very good position at court and in the town. It reads like one of those old romances of chivalry full of great swordstrokes that cut giants down to the belt. It was by the moat of the gate of Nesle that this battle, worthy of the Cid Campéador, took place. Cyrano was with one of his friends. A body of one hundred men—here one hundred men does not mean many men, but one hundred individuals—struck and insulted him. He drew his sword without being in the least degree terrified by their number, dashed upon them, laid out a couple of them on the spot, wounded seven others so severely that they never recovered, and drove the rest before him like a flock. This encounter won him the more glory that it was his friend and not he who had been insulted; and it must be said in Cyrano's honour that he was ardent and prompt to serve those whom he loved, that he had not very many quarrels on his own account, and that it was rather as a second that he fought than for himself. M. de Bourgogne, colonel of the Prince of Conti's infantry regiment, and several other noblemen no less distinguished as experts in matters of bravery, witnessed this superhuman battle and spoke most highly of it in society. The illustrious Cavois, Brissailles, an ensign in the guards of his Royal Highness, M. de Zedde, M.

Duret de Montchenin, some of the bravest of men, who served him and were served by him on some occasions permissible at that time to people of their profession, praised his courage as being equal to that of the most valiant of humans.

We have dwelt much upon the audacity and rashness of Cyrano, first, because since the days of Horace, and even earlier, poets have acquired a thoroughly well-deserved reputation for cowardice, and we are very glad therefore to find one who is brave and manly in spite of his being a poet; next, because his audacity and rashness did not forsake Cyrano when he laid aside the sword for the pen. The same characteristic of extravagant and witty boldness is met with in all his work; in every sentence he is fighting with reason. Reason in vain stands on guard and holds itself well behind the hilt of its rapier; fantasy has always in reserve some secret thrust with which it pierces her and stretches her out on the sward. In less than a minute, like Captain Chasteaufort, it has advanced and retreated, surprised the forte of the blade, cut under the arm, marked every beat, used a flanconade, thrust under; it has lunged in tierce under the sword, in carte over the left foot, feinted inside and outside, cut and slashed, shaken, gained ground, engaged, volted, parried, made the riposte, carted, passed, and killed, not more than thirty men, but more than thirty really new and philosophical ideas. The thrusts our gentleman makes use of are exaggerated metaphors, over-refined comparisons, plays upon words, quibbles, conundrums, conceits, witticisms, low jests, far-fetched preciosity, the quintessence of sentiment,—whatever, in a word, is excessive in the bad taste of Spain, ingenious and flashy in the Italian, cold and mannered in the French. Of course, unhappy reason can not often have the better of such an adversary; nevertheless it sometimes issues victorious from this unequal duel, and one regrets that it does not oftener have the advantage over its fantastic enemy.

For the rest, Cyrano belongs thoroughly to his age. The mad audacity which marks both his thoughts and his acts was not uncommon at that time. The Matamore, or hectoring bully, a delightful type which has vanished from our comedies, just as the types of the Scapins and the Lisettes are going to vanish, or have vanished as I write, was in reality but a slightly overdrawn portrait. There were plenty of these nose-slitters with turned up moustachios, shoulders well back, chests well out, cloak thrown over the shoulder, broad-brimmed hat pulled down over the eyes, legs like compasses, armed with a rapier as long as a day of starvation, who fought with those who trod on their shadow, scattered troops of horse by the mere wind of their sword-cut, and sent word to humankind not to dare to be alive three days hence under pain of having to do with them. Listen to the Hector of the stage:—

"Who are the rascals who are making a noise yonder?—If I come down, I will let loose the Fates. Do you not know that in these hours of stillness I order everything to be silent save my renown? Do you not know that my sword is made of one-half of the shears of Atropos? Do you not know that when I come in it is by a breach; when I emerge it is from battle?—that when I ascend it is to a throne; when I descend it is to the duelling-ground?—that if I lie down, that means a man laid out; if I go forward, I am conquering; if I draw back, it is to spring forward better; if I play, it is at spoil the king; that if I win, it is a battle; that if I lose, it is my enemies; if I write, it is a challenge; if I read, it is a sentence of death; finally if I speak, it is by the mouth of a gun?"

And now listen to the city Hector:—

"Well, my stout man, I have at last seen you. My eyes have traveled at great length upon you, but as I am not everybody, permit me to hand down your portrait to posterity, which one day will be very glad to know what manner of man you were. First, then, it shall be known that nature, which stuck a head on your chest, expressly refrained from putting a neck to it so as to guarantee it against the evil prognostications of your horoscope; that your soul is so gross that it might well serve as a body to a somewhat slim person; that you have what in men is called the face so very much below the shoulders that you look like Saint Denis carrying his head in his hands. But good heavens! What do I see? You appear to me to be more swelled even than usual. Your legs and your head are already so closely bound by their extension to the circumference of the globe that you are, that you are nothing but a balloon. Perhaps you fancy that I am making fun of you. You are right. I will even assure you that if the blows of a stick could be seen like writing, you could read my letter with your shoulders. Be not astonished at my way of proceeding, for the vast extent of your stoutness makes me

incline so much to believe you are an earth that I would willingly plant wood upon you to see how it would fare. Think you that because a man cannot thrash the whole of you in twenty-four hours and can compass but one of your shoulder-blades in a single day, I propose to intrust the care of your death to the executioner? Oh, no, I shall myself be your death, and you would be already done for were I only free from an affection of the spleen, for the cure of which the doctors have ordered me to take some four or five pinches more of your impertinence; but as soon as I shall have exhausted diversions and shall be tired of laughing, you may be certain that I shall send you word forbidding you to reckon yourself among living things."

The man who speaks thus is no other than our hero, Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, who has quite the manners and the style of Captain Fracasse; and the one whom he is thus addressing is Montfleury the actor, of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Molière, in "The Versailles Impromptu," in the scene where he takes off the actors of the rival troupe, also alludes to the hippopotamus-like size of Montfleury:—

"And who is it that plays the parts of kings with you?"

"Here is an actor who occasionally takes them."

"What, that well made young fellow? You are joking. You must have a king stout and fat enough for four people; a king, by Jove! who has a proper size of corporation, a king of vast circumference, who can fill a throne suitably. A pretty object a king of handsome figure would be!"

Let it not be supposed that this is merely a joke. The actor who had thus been warned, having dared to appear on the stage, Cyrano shouted to him, from the center of the pit, to withdraw, else he might make his will and consider himself dead. Montfleury, who knew very well that he was a man to do just what he said, obeyed at once, and it was only a month later that our swashbuckler allowed him to return to the stage and to continue to bellow with his bull voice the lines ascribed to kings and tyrants.

This prank was no doubt prompted by some dispute which had occurred between the poet and the actor during the rehearsals of "Agrippina"; perhaps also it was mere caprice.

Cyrano, being at the siege of Mousson, received a musket wound in the body, and later, at the siege of Arras in 1640, a sword-thrust in the throat. He was then twenty. He began early, and many a brave soldier serves all his life without being lucky enough to be so honourably wounded. Nevertheless, the incommodity caused by these two serious wounds, the frequency of the duels which his reputation brought him, the privations which he had had to endure during these two campaigns, his love of study, his independent spirit, and the little hope he had of promotion—for he had no patron—combined to disgust him with the service. He abandoned wholly the profession of war, which requires a man to give himself up to it completely and leaves him no freedom of mind or action. Marshal Gassion, who liked brave and clever men, had indeed sought to attach him to himself, on the reports which had been made to him of Cyrano's fight at the Nesle gate; but Cyrano, in spite of the solicitations of his friends, had not accepted these advances, so much did he fear that his gratitude would compromise his liberty. He was naturally a very disinterested man, and besides cared as little as may be for the people of his day, and did not think that the servitude consequent on familiarity with and the patronage of the great was sufficiently compensated for by the favours and advancement which might result therefrom. This temper of his made him neglect some very useful acquaintances, whom the reverend Mother Marguerite, who held him in very special esteem, wished to have him make and cultivate. However, in order to satisfy his friends, he consented to have a patron at court, and chose the Duke of Arpajon, to whom he dedicated his works. This nobleman's protection was not of much use to him; Cyrano, indeed, complains of having been abandoned by him during his illness, and had no reason to be satisfied with him in any way. Nevertheless, he remained with him until the night when, returning from the Duke's mansion, he was struck on the head by a piece of wood thrown down inadvertently. This wound caused his death, which occurred in the country, at the home of his cousin de Cyrano, whose conversation he was very fond of, and to whose house—through a fancy for a change of air which precedes death and which is an almost certain symptom of it with nearly all patients—he was carried five days only before he gave up the ghost. His death happened in 1665. Cyrano was then thirty-five years old. He died like a Christian, having long since given up wine and women, and confined himself to excessively simple food.

Cyrano's character was very amiable and bright, and his conversation abounded in witty sallies. He therefore had many close

connections and friendships, and was fortunate enough to be beloved by every one up to the day of his death, and even after it by a few. Besides his childhood's friend, Le Bret, he had most pleasant intercourse with many others, all brave, clever, or well-born men, such as de Prade, who was at once a poet, a brave man, and a scholar; M. de Chavagné, who always hastened to meet those whom he desired to oblige with such pleasant impetuosity; the illustrious councillor de Longueville-Gontier, who had every quality that makes a perfect man; de Saint-Gilles, in whom the deed always followed the desire to do service; de Lignière, whose work gives proof of such exquisitely fine inspiration; de Chateaufort, endowed with admirable memory and judgment, and who so happily applied the numberless fine things he knew; des Billettes, who at twenty-three knew everything that others are proud to know at fifty; de la Morlière, whose manners were so fine and who apologized in such charming fashion; the Count of Brienne, whose wit corresponded so well to his high birth; and the Abbé of Villeloin, so learned, and producing indefatigably so many good and useful works. This enumeration must also include the famous mathematician Rohaut, who thought highly of Cyrano and bore him much friendship; Molière, who prized his talents sufficiently to rob him of one of his best scenes; and Gassendi, who consented to admit him to his lessons, by which he profited. Gassendi, who was the preceptor of Chappelle, had also Molière and Bernier for pupils, lucky teacher that he was!

The right of great geniuses to take their property where they find it has been much discussed recently, and a great deal of nonsense talked about it. It has been said that it is not robbing, but conquering. Ennius's dung-hill has been quoted, the pearls in which belonged by right to any Virgil that was ready to take them. It has been claimed that it was doing much honour to poor Ennius that Virgil should take the trouble to polish, to set, and to flash in the eyes of people the rough gems hidden in Ennius's mud; that such robbing was really rather creation; only this condition was insisted upon, that the robbed should also be murdered—which is nice literary morality. All that is very pleasant and convenient for barren brains, and I am not surprised that such a paradox has found defenders; but, whatever verse-makers may say, I am fully of Cyrano's opinion, that penalties more rigorous than those decreed against highway robbers should be established for plagiarists, because, glory being more precious than a horse, a coat, or even than gold, those who acquire it through books which they compose out of what they have stolen from others are like thieves who dress themselves at the expense of those whom they have robbed; and if each one had liberty to say only what had not been said, libraries would be less large, less embarrassing and more useful, and man's life, although very short, would be almost sufficient to read and know every good thing, while, as it is, in order to find one passable thing it is necessary to read a hundred thousand that are worthless or that have been read elsewhere many a time, —which is a useless and unpleasant expenditure of time.

We do not mean to say, however, that a writer should not draw inspiration from the works of the masters in general, or from that one of the masters with whose talent he has most secret affinity. It would be very much as if it were to be insisted upon that any man who follows an art or a science should have little by little intuitively divined the principles for himself. That would be unreasonable. Every one is entitled to profit by the master's experience, to start from the point which he has reached, to make use of his processes and his way of expressing himself; but to no more than this. To take a figure, a word, a sentence, a page, is just as much stealing as picking a pocket, and to call it by another name implies a very high state of civilization.

You have doubtless heard that the galley scene in "The Tricks of Scapin" was imitated from Cyrano de Bergerac, but it is not likely that you took the trouble to look it up where it is—in "The Tricked Pedant." Now read what follows, and in spite of all the respect due to the great Molière, tell me if it is not the most barefaced plagiarism possible. Besides, this is not the only plagiarism with which Molière is chargeable. If the old sketches of plays and the Italian writers of tales, such as the "Facetious Nights" of Signor Straparola, for instance, were examined, the master of the French stage would be found to have a very small share of invention; nor would Shakespeare be much better off. A very singular fact, which the investigations of science daily establish more clearly, is that the men whom it has been agreed to call geniuses have, properly speaking, invented nothing, and that all their invention and

their ideas are generally found in the works of mediocre, obscure, or wretched authors. What is the cause of the difference, then? Style and character, which after all are the only things that constitute the great artist; for everybody may invent a poetic incident or idea, but very few are capable of carrying it out and expressing it so as to be understood of others. Here is the scene from "The Tricked Pedant":—

CORBINELLI (Scapin)—Alas! All is lost! Your son is dead.

GRANGER (Géronte)—My son dead? Are you mad?

CORBINELLI—No, I am quite serious. Your son, in truth, is not dead, but he has fallen into the hands of the Turks.

GRANGER—Into the hands of the Turks! Support me,—I expire.

CORBINELLI—Scarcely had we entered the boat to cross over from the gate of Nesle to the University quay——

GRANGER—And what were you going to do at the University, you ass?

CORBINELLI—My master, remembering the order you gave him to purchase some trifle rare in Venice and not very costly in Paris to present to his uncle, thought that a dozen bundles of wood being cheap, and there being none in Europe as pretty as those made here, he had better take some to Venice. That is why we were going to the University—to buy some. But scarcely had we left the bank behind us, when we were taken by a Turkish galley.

GRANGER—Yet, by the twisted trumpet of Triton, the marine god, who ever heard it said that Saint-Cloud was on the sea, and that there were galleys, pirates, and reefs there?

CORBINELLI—That is what makes the thing still more remarkable. And although they have not been seen in France save in that one spot, who knows whether they did not come here from Constantinople between two tides?

PAQUIER—Yes, indeed, sir, for the Topinambous, who live four or five hundred leagues beyond the earth, once came to Paris, and only the other day the Poles carried off the Princess Mary in broad daylight from the Hôtel Nevers without any one daring to oppose them.

CORBINELLI—But they were not satisfied with that,—they proposed to stab your son to death——

PAQUIER—What! Before he could confess?

CORBINELLI—Unless he gave money for his ransom.

GRANGER—Ah, the wretches! That was done to instil fear into his young breast.

PAQUIER—That is right. The Turks are very careful not to take Christian money, because it bears a cross.

CORBINELLI—My master could find nothing to say but, "Go and find my father and tell him—" His tears, forthwith choking his speech, told me better than he could have done himself of the affection he bears to you.

GRANGER—But what the devil was he doing in a Turk's galley? A Turk's! *Perge!*

CORBINELLI—These pitiless pirates would not have granted me leave to come and find you, if I had not cast myself at the knees of the one who appeared to be the most important among them. Oh, Mr. Turk,—I said to him,—allow me to go and inform his father, who will straightway send you a ransom.

GRANGER—You ought not to have spoken of ransom. They must have made fun of you.

CORBINELLI—On the contrary, on hearing the word "ransom" he became more peaceful. "Go," he said to me, "but if you are not back shortly, I shall fetch your master out of his college, and I shall hang the whole three of you at our ship's yard-arm." I was so afraid of hearing anything worse, or that the devil should carry me off, because I was in company with these ex-communicated people, that I promptly sprang into a skiff to come and inform you of the dreadful particulars of this affair.

GRANGER—What the devil was he doing in a Turk's galley?

PAQUIER—And it is some ten years perhaps since he went to confession!

GRANGER—But do you think he has quite made up his mind to go to Venice?

CORBINELLI—He thinks of nothing else.

GRANGER—Well, the evil may yet be cured. Paquier, give me the receptacle of the instruments of immorality. *Scriptorium scilicet.*

CORBINELLI—What do you propose to do with them?

GRANGER—To write a letter to that Turk.

CORBINELLI—To what purpose?

GRANGER—To tell them to send me back my son, because I want him. Besides, they must excuse youth, which is subject to many errors; and if he allows himself to be caught again, I promise them, on the word of a doctor, no longer to weary their ears about him.

CORBINELLI—They will laugh at you, by my faith.

GRANGER—Go and tell them this from me: that I am ready to bind myself before a notary to return without a ransom the very first one of their company who may fall into my hands. The devil! What the devil was he going to do in that galley? Or tell them that if they do not send him back, I shall go and complain to the courts. As soon as they have set him at liberty, waste no time in returning, for I need you both.

CORBINELLI—All that is sheer nonsense.

GRANGER—Good heavens! And am I to be ruined at my age? Go with Paquier. Take what is left of the money which I gave you for expenses only a week ago (to go into a galley without any purpose!); take the change of that coin. Ah, you wretched son of mine! you cost me more gold than you weigh. Pay the ransom, and what is left, use it for pious purposes. In a Turk's galley! Well, that will do. Be off. And here, you wretch, tell me what the devil he was going to do in that galley! Go, and fetch from my cupboard that worn doublet which my father gave up wearing in the year of the great winter.

CORBINELLI—What is the good of all this nonsense? You must come to the point. His ransom will take at least a hundred pistoles.

GRANGER—A hundred pistoles! Ah, my son, would I could give my life to preserve yours! A hundred pistoles! Corbinelli, go and tell him to let himself be made a prisoner without a word. But he is not to be downcast, for I shall make them repent it.

CORBINELLI—Miss Genevotte was no fool when she refused a while ago to marry you, because she was assured that you were quite capable, if she happened to be a slave in Turkey, of leaving her there.

GRANGER—I shall prove them liars. To go off in a Turk's galley! By all the devils in hell, what was he going to do in that galley? Oh, galley, galley! You have put my purse in the galleys.

PAQUIER—That is what comes of going to galleys! Who the devil urged him to do it? If he had had the patience to wait another week, the king might

have sent him to the galleys in such good company that the Turks would not have taken him.

CORBINELLI—Our dominie forgets that the Turks will eat him up.

PAQUIER—You are quite safe, as far as that goes. Mohammedans do not eat pig.

GRANGER—There, be off with you. Take all my worldly goods!

Do you not think that this is abusing very strangely the privilege of a man of genius? And this scene is not the only one which Molière took from Cyrano. That most amusing scene in "The Tricks of Scapin," in which the lively Zerbinette tells Géronte of the strategem which has been made use of to draw money from him is in full in that same "Tricked Pedant." It is copied even more closely than the other, and every part of it is to be found there, even the endless "ha ha!" and "he he!" of the adventuress. I know not what the Granier-Cassagnacs of that day have said about it. "The Tricked Pedant" is remarkable, among other peculiarities, as being the first comedy written in prose, and the first in which a peasant speaks in his own dialect. It is not the only thing that men of great reputation have borrowed from the obscure Cyrano de Bergerac. His "Trip to the Moon," and his comic "History of the States, Empires of the Sun," suggested to Fontenelle the idea of his "Worlds," to Voltaire that of "Micromegas," to Swift that of "Gulliver," and perhaps to Montgolfier the idea of the balloon. For among other means of reaching the moon or the sun, Cyrano mentions this one, to wit: "to fill a hollow and very thin globe with a very subtle air or smoke of weight less than that of the atmosphere." That suggestion made, there is not much left to be done, and the real inventor of the balloon is, in my opinion, Cyrano de Bergerac, and not any one else. Amid the ingenious paradoxes and the most far-fetched, philosophical ideas, amid the exaggerations of the most frantic and advénturous genius, it is easy to see that Cyrano was acquainted with the exact sciences, and that he knew physics perfectly, and Descartes' system from beginning to end. He had also written a "History of the Spark," in which, in the same fashion that he proved that the moon is inhabitable, he proved that stones feel, that plants are endowed with instinct and brutes with reasoning powers; but a thief ransacked his box while he was ill, and unfortunately that history has never been found. If we are to believe his friend, M. Le Bret, it was superior to all his other works, and he bitterly deplores its loss.

The works of Cyrano consist, first, of a collection of letters on different subjects. These letters are a sort of amplification, in which the quaintness of the style rivals the novelty of the ideas. They are written in the most highly developed euphuistic style, but they are full of brilliancy, and of prodigious fertility of invention. They are his juvenilia and the first performances of his pen. Next, "The Tricked Pedant," a comedy in five acts, in prose; "The Death of Agrippina," a tragedy in a much more serious tone than the rest of his works, written in verse of a vigour equal to Corneille's, and in which there are many passages which approach the sublime irony of "Nicomedes." The following extract may serve as a sample:—

TIBERIUS—My son's wife conspiring against me!
LIVILLA—Yes, I, wife to thy son, daughter to thy brother,
Was about to stab thee, my uncle and father.
To unite a hundred crimes in one, I would have the renown
Of committing a deed for which there is no name.
I, your niece, daughter-in-law, cousin, daughter,
I, bound to you by all family ties,
I wished to profane with the stroke of my vengeance
Every degree of relationship and of connection;
To violate in your breast both nature and law,
I alone cause all your relatives to rebel,
And show that a tyrant in his own family
May find an executioner, though he have but a daughter.
I have slain my husband, and would have done worse
So that I might no longer be wife to your son;
For I had admitted your son to my couch
Only, through my children, to be mistress of your race,
And all your blood to shed as I pleased
Once it was compelled to pass through my breast.

Finally, "The Trip to the Moon,"—the first part of which, wherein are expressed divers conjectures upon what the little night-sun may really be, is in some respects marvelously like the famous "Ballad of the Dot on the I,"—and the "Comic History of the Sun."

Although quite young, and notwithstanding his lack of taste, Cyrano, by dint of fire, boldness, and wit, had almost found favour with Boileau, who said of him,——

"I prefer Bergerac and his burlesque boldness
To the verses in which Motin labours and is cold."

These two verses have done more to make him known than all that he has written himself. Just see what human fortune is, and how difficult it is to be a man of genius! For if a man of genius means an inventor, a man who is original both in matter and expression, no one on earth is so well entitled to the appellation as Cyrano de Bergerac; and yet no one thinks of him save as an ingenious and amusing madman.

Blue-Jays

By MARK TWAIN

ANIMALS talk to each other, of course. There can be no question about that; but I suppose there are very few people who can understand them. I never knew but one man who could. I knew he could, however, because he told me so himself. He was a middle-aged, simple-hearted miner, who had lived in a lonely corner of California, among the woods and mountains, a good many years, and had studied the ways of his only neighbours, the beasts and the birds, until he believed he could accurately translate any remark which they made. This was Jim Baker. According to Jim Baker, some animals have only a limited education and use only very simple words, and scarcely ever a comparison or a flowery figure; whereas, certain other animals have a large vocabulary, a fine command of language and a ready and fluent delivery; consequently this latter talk a great deal; they like it; they are conscious of their talent, and they enjoy "showing off." Baker said that, after long and careful observation, he had come to the conclusion that the blue-jays were the best talkers he had found among birds and beasts. Said he:

"There's more *to* a blue-jay than any other creature. He has got more moods and more different kinds of feelings than other creatures; and, mind you, whatever a blue-jay feels, he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book-talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling! And as for command of language—why, *you* never see a blue-jay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him! And another thing: I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue-jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited, once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the *noise* which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use. Now I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts, and instincts, and feelings, and interests cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and, four times out of five, a jay will go back on his solemnest promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue-jay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing: a jay can out-swear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue-jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat? Don't talk to *me*—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing: in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean, out-and-out scolding—a blue-jay can lay over anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humour, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he better take in his sign, that's all. Now I am going to tell you a perfectly true fact about some blue-jays.

"When I first begun to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago, the last man in this region but me moved

away. There stands his house—been empty ever since; a log house, with a plank roof—just one big room, and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin with my cat, taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of the home away yonder in the States, that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a blue-jay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says, 'Hello, I reckon I've struck something!' When he spoke, the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand—and says, 'It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole—blamed if I don't believe it *is* a hole!'

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glances up perfectly joyful this time; winks his wings and his tail both, and says, 'Oh, no, this ain't no fat thing, I reckon! If I ain't in luck!—why, it's a perfectly elegant hole!' So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude, and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, 'Why, I didn't hear it fall!' He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole, and took another look from that side; shook his head again. He studied a while, then he just went into the *de*tails—walked round and round the hole, and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof, and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says, 'Well, it's too many for *me*, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole; however, I ain't got no time to fool around here; I got to 'tend to business; I reckon it's all right—chance it, anyway!'

"So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flirt his eye to the hole quick enough to see what become of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised up and sighed, and says, 'Confound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again.' He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, 'Well, *I* never struck no such hole as this before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole.' Then he begun to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof, and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him presently, and he broke loose and cussed himself black in the face. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through, he walks to the hole and looks in again for a half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you, and I'm d——d if I *don't* fill you, if it takes a hundred years!'

"And with that, away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He laid into his work like a nigger, and the way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to take a look any more—he just hove 'em in, and went for more. Well, at last he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a-dropping down, once more, sweating like an ice-pitcher, drops his acorn in and says, '*Now* I guess I've got the bulge on you by this time!' So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head come up again he was just pale with rage. He says, 'I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of one of 'em, I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes!'

"He just had strength enough to crawl up on to the comb and lean his back agin the chimbly, and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I see in a second that what I had mistook for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say.

"Another jay was going by, and heard him doing his devotions, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, 'Now, yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself.' So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, 'How many did you say

you put in there?' 'Not any less than two tons,' says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays come. They all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it, and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done.

"They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them; and such another jawing and disputing and ripping and cussing, you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole, and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half-open, and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course, that knocked the mystery galley-west in a second. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings and raised a whoop. 'Come here!' he says, 'Come here, everybody; hang'd if this fool hasn't been trying to fill up a house with acorns!' They all came a-swooping down like a blue cloud, and as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance, the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled hit him home, and he fell over backwards suffocating with laughter, and the next jay took his place and done the same.

"Well, sir, they roosted around here on the house-top and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't no use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't got a sense of humour, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole, every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point, except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yo Semite, and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. But then, he was a good deal disappointed about Yo Semite, too."

A Match

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

IF LOVE were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

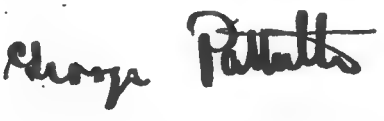
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

Shiela

By GEORGE PATTULLO



A PANTHER'S scream split the whine of the wind and Shiela reared herself in front of the fire, her body retched by an answering challenge.

"Shee-la," her master rebuked. "Lie down, girl."

The wolfhound sank to the floor with a reluctant flop, but the hairs on her neck and along her spine bristled still. She continued to rumble.

There were four men playing at cards in the bunkhouse. Cold weather had set in and the Tumbling H outfit were eating out their hearts in winter camps. Here at headquarters, the range boss, wagon boss, blacksmith and cook played half the day at seven-up and pitch; and listened to Mit's varying accounts of high life in the East, as he had plumbed it in Fort Worth; and raved at the climate and cursed petty annoyances with the savage irritability of full-blooded men lacking enough to do.

"Hark to that ol' wind," mourned the wagon boss—he was fifty and considered fourteen hours a day in the saddle mere child's play—"It was sixty-six above this morning, and now it's zero. No wonder a man can't be healthy."

The others nodded gravely and the cook shuffled the cards.

"It's a wonder, Steve," he observed, "that you don't—my deal?—you don't try that dog in wolf huntin'. Not by herself, but with a bunch of 'em."

"Wait till she's used to the country and has got her growth. Then you'll see."

Mit remarked that he referred, of course, to the hunting of coyotes, which prompted a passionate declaration from the wagon boss that the range ought to be cleared of these pests. They killed too many calves in bad years: poison 'em, he urged. Nobody opposed objection, and they went on with the game. Then from the mouth of the cañon came to the ears of the players the vibrant cry of the lobo. Right upon it broke Shiela's roar of defiance, and the beast was at the door in a bound, whimpering frenziedly, her terrible teeth bared. Beside her, his head three inches short of Shiela's breast, Friday stiffened in sympathetic rage, his stubby tail wagging. He raised a shrill treble bark.

"Down, Shee-la! Down, girl." Running from the table, O'Donnell led her back to the fire.

"Friday, you come here," the blacksmith cried. "Lay down under the table, and don't you go for to move!"

Not to cattle-browsed stretches of prairie land had Shiela been reared, not to vast sweep of hills and mesquite-flecked valleys, and of torn, brick-red sandstone and tortuous, dry river-beds. She was a stranger in a strange land, and her new kingdom struck to the roots of her nature. Far as she could wander in a frivolous all-day rabbit hunt with Friday was no sign of human habitation; and beyond that, away to the pale-blue line that must surely be the rim of all things,—full sixty miles,—no handiwork of man was visible. Here was an unspoiled empire, and her master was the autocrat. For the first time in her life the wolfhound drew the breath of unrestrained liberty, chafed hotly to the tang of the air, cast about and trailed wild creatures whose taint stirred her to mad longings for the chase and a fight.

How can one tell of Shiela's beauty? A great animal and a wonderful—light fawn in colour, with a shaggy coat. Her eyes were in general gentle and melting. But it must be confessed that her proportions did not fit Shiela to be a comfort about the home, for she weighed a hundred and eighteen pounds and could not go under the

tallest table without stooping. As she always forgot to stoop, her progress was fraught with excitement.

On the day following her arrival, the cook scrambled out of bed long before sunup to ascertain what manner of idiot could be knocking on the door in this deserted region. Man alive, why couldn't they walk in? Shiela leaped on him to be fondled—the wolfhound had been wagging her tail against the door as she lay across the threshold.

"Ef I was you," Mit suggested civilly, "I'd lay out on the range where you'd have room to move round. Git a nice big butte all to yourself."

Her heart and her courage were big as her body. Following O'Donnell on a day when he fared to Stinking Water, quite by accident she roused up a loafer in the cañon. Shiela flew in pursuit, deaf to O'Donnell's frantic commands to come back. And when the wolf turned fiercely at bay to pit her might against this daring hunter, a hundred and eighteen pounds of dauntless pluck launched itself at her neck like a bolt from a storm-cloud.

"She's a dead one now," O'Donnell groaned, circling for a shot. "She's a goner, sure."

Had the wolfhound been more wary, she would have fared better. She could not have slain her foe; the dog does not breathe that can go to the death-grapple with a loafer wolf in the flush of his strength; and Shiela knew neither the amazing quickness of the wild, nor how to guard against those slashing counter-attacks. The lobo could dodge and rip simultaneously, using her jaws from any direction. Even when bowled over by the hound's unreckoning rush, she tore Shiela's throat with a backward thrust of her muzzle and was free in a twinkling. Badly cut in several places, dazed by the speed of the combat, the wolfhound was soon forced to let her go.

Shiela and Friday were fast friends, albeit the diversity of dimensions was productive of intermittent rancour. It was Friday's wont to rush at her fiercely, to seize one powerful leg in his mouth and worry it, whereat Shiela would hit him a playful pat that sent him reeling ten yards. But Friday came of a staunch breed, and he returned to the sport again and again. Often the wolfhound would stretch herself out on the ground, and thus recumbent, the fox-terrior could almost reach her head. Over Shiela would roll, lying on her back with legs in the air, while Friday snorted and grunted valorously as he shook her by the throat or the ear. But the fun always ended in the same way: a clumsy blow would catch Friday full on the head and he would dash off to his master with cries of pain.

"Steve oughtn't for to keep her round headquarters," the blacksmith remonstrated to Dick. "She's shore too big. Pore li'l Friday! When she gits into my shop, Dick, I swan her ol' tail is like to send my tools flying whichways."

"Where'd he keep her, then? He cain't turn her out on the range to eat grass," sneered Dick.

The blacksmith was silenced, but there was born in him a dislike of the hound. It happened that, when next the terrier came yelping from play, O'Donnell had ridden off to a tank. The blacksmith issued from the shop and hurled a bolt at Shiela. She dodged, but did not run, and the bristles on her neck stiffened in warning.

Aside from the manager, who spent much of the year with his family in Denver, the blacksmith was the only married man with the Tumbling H outfit. He had a son three years of age. Oscar was the child's name—a sturdy, ruddy-cheeked youngster he was—and from the outset he was the apple of Shiela's eye. The boy could pull her ears or tail with absolute impunity, and into the yawning cavity she would open to his teasing, he would thrust a chubby fist.

"Oscar! Oscar! My baby, don't," his mother would cry. But Shiela was infinitely tender with him, and the two would roll on the ground in a tight embrace, while the child thumped a tattoo on the wolfhound's ribs.

It befell on a morning that they indulged in this frolic until both were in a state of unbridled excitement. Crowing with delight, the baby staggered to his feet and tried to butt Shiela with his head. Forgetting for a fraction of time how fragile was this cherished morsel of humanity, the wolfhound struck out joyously with her paw, bowling him over like a ninepin. As he went backward, the boy essayed to break his fall on the ground by thrusting out his left arm; it doubled under him and snapped at the elbow.

A single wailing cry brought his father running from the smithy. Oscar lay white-faced, the wolfhound nosing him eagerly in an endeavour to stir the baby to a resumption of play. Flinging a curse at the dog, the blacksmith picked up his son and carried him to his mother. Ten minutes passed, which Shiela spent in vain efforts to ascertain what kept her playmate from her,

and Peck emerged from the bunkhouse with a shotgun. The quick-sensing Shiela disappeared without further ado around a corner of the saddle-shed; but, as the blacksmith followed on a run, O'Donnell's voice stayed him.

"What're you doing with that gun, Peck?"

"Shiela done broke Oscar's arm, and I aim to git even—that's what."

"Don't be a fool!" the boss cried sharply.

Peck faced him, his lips twitching.

"I may do more'n shoot a bitch, Steve," he said, and his voice was calm now.

"You don't mean that, Peck." The range boss continued to advance, his eyes on the troubled eyes of the blacksmith. "Shee-la and little Oscar have always been friends. Didn't she pull him out of the creek only last week? She couldn't have smashed his arm on purpose. You can't blame a dog for an accident."

The blacksmith cursed Shiela to the eightieth generation; but O'Donnell smiled and tapped the barrel of the gun with his forefinger. There would be no shooting of man or dog now, he knew.

"Put it away, Peck. We'll forget all about it. I'll ride over to Deadeye and bring the doctor myself."

The blacksmith wavered and obeyed.

Little Oscar was soon able to toddle about, with his arm in a cast and a sling. But Peck's dislike for the hound grew to hate. In the short winter days and long winter nights he watched and brooded, waiting for an opportunity to make her suffer. His hostility to the soft-eyed, affectionate Shiela took the form of an intense nervous sensibility to her every movement—one sees precisely the same symptoms in persons who are unhappily cooped up for any length of time. Soon the bigness of the animal grated on his nerves, so that whatever she did excited in him childish spleen. Even when Shiela ate, Peck could not look at her magnificent satisfaction without falling into a paroxysm of loathing.

Once he spread pieces of meat cunningly about the saddle-shed where she was wont to loll while the child slept in the afternoons. Shiela espied and swallowed these tidbits with much relish, and stalked away to get a drink, feeling unaccountably thirsty. There was no water in the trough; and that saved her life. Soon a tremor came upon the wolfhound, so that she swayed uncertainly, her nose close to the ground, froth slathering her muzzle.

At this moment Oscar rocketed from the bunkhouse at his usual ungainly gallop. The boy knew exactly what to do. Had he not endured agony, too? There was only one sure remedy for belly-pains, and it stood on a shelf in the kitchen—he never passed the shelf without a certain creeping of the flesh. How he forced castor oil upon the dog is one of those modern miracles that are wrought for babes and the inebriated. At any rate, with only one arm free, he administered a glorious dose, and, feeling full of pity for the tortures of which she mumbled so weakly, he followed it with generous hunks of greasy bacon purloined from the big brown crockery jar in the pantry. Shiela became violently ill and Oscar feared for her life.

"Dick! Dick! She is sick. Hurry, oh hurry!" Oscar ran to summon help.

Shiela survived, and O'Donnell devoted the better part of a day to impassioned dissertations on the folly of leaving strychnine baits for coyotes round the saddle-shed.

One evening in midwinter, the range boss, Dick, the cook, and Peck sat in the bunkhouse, as usual, trifling with a pile of dominos. Shiela lay dozing in front of the fire. The wolfhound had shown considerable restlessness of late and Dick had cautioned O'Donnell to chain her up. It came Mit's turn to play and, as he was ponderously miring himself, the night silence was rent by the hunting cry of the loafer. So near was it, so savagely compelling, that the men sent the benches back in amaze. The effect on Shiela was extraordinary. She was at the door, scratching for her liberty, whining, turning appealing eyes to O'Donnell that he should open.

Dick gazed at the range boss and waggled his wise bald head. "You better lock her up, Steve, or you'll shore lose that ol' dog."

She was locked in the smithy the next evening, and in the morning the shed was empty. O'Donnell was positive that the staple and chain on the door had been secure when he left her the night before; yet now the staple dangled free, with a splinter attached. Reflecting that the hound's weight made this feat possible, he ceased to speculate; and into the blacksmith's soul entered peace. Shiela had fled.

The Wednesday following fell blustery, with a bullying wind, and the range boss sat late at his table, working over a cattle tally by the light of a lantern. A timid scratching on the door-sill disturbed him, and he listened curiously. There it was again, this time accompanied by a plaintive whine. He reached the handle in a stride.

"Shee-la! Shee-la, old girl!" His glad cry brought Mit running. Shiela slunk into the room and crossed to the fire, which she sniffed doubtfully and then lay down in front of it. Down her throat and across her left shoulder burned cherry-coloured slashes. She touched her tongue to them and began to clean her soiled coat, while O'Donnell stood watching, lost in wonder. The wolf-hound growled as he moved, but he laughed affectionately and stooped to the fearfully lowered head.

"So you've come back—like the prodigal," he whispered. "Poor, poor Shee-la!"

"Mit," he bawled the next instant, "kill the spotted calf, or the fatted heifer, or whatever else will do. She's hungry."

Not being conversant with the tale of the erring son, the cook roared back a request to Steve to have sense—didn't he know there wasn't a calf in the pen?

"Bring some beef, then," laughed the boss.

The animal's eyes followed her master furtively. He noted that flickering gleam with a pang—the fear and suspicion of the hunted in it. So much had three days with the wild linked up the slack chain of her blood tie. Then presently she licked his hand, and the look that answered his was soft and appealing as of old.

"Here's enough to choke her," announced Mit cheerily, entering with a slab of beef.

The hound sprang at him, and the cook, taking no chances, hurled the raw meat into the air. She caught it as it touched the floor and tore into it with the desperate zest of the famished.

The days drifted one into another, and the Tumbling H men rose and ate and slept, and rose again, which is the sum of many lives. Of work there could be little until the spring rains fell. Would the good days of the roundup never come? Oh, the sweltering hours in the saddle, and the bellowings of mighty herds, and the choking dust of the corrals in branding!

Shiela was carefully guarded. In the first of the mild weather she contributed to the bustling cheer of the bunkhouse a litter of four lusty pups. It was as much as a man's life was worth to go nearer than six feet to the tugging little rascals; but the boy Oscar, who did not know this, proceeded calmly to inspect and caress them. The mother flared in a sudden, quaping rage, but instantly sank back and became reconciled to the extent of permitting the baby, quite undaunted by his first reception, to stroke her progeny with his pudgy hands. She watched him jealously.

Summer rushed upon the land, and the Tumbling H outfit got to horse and rode forth. In November, O'Donnell shipped seven thousand head of steers to help stay the world's maw, and in December there were four men playing at cards again in the bunkhouse.

"Steve,"—the cook cleared his throat as he riffled the cards,—"is it my deal? Shore. Say, Steve, one of Shiela's pups is killing chickens. He'd 'a got a turkey too, only I done seen him."

"You ought for to have killed 'em all when they were teeny pups, Steve," broke in the blacksmith. "What was the use of keeping two? Anyone kin see they're more wolf than dog."

"It's your play," the boss said evenly.

Shiela had the run of the quarters, but her broad-jowled, heavy-shouldered pups were chained in the smithy. Just what to do with them was a problem. Shiela had exhibited no special affection since they were weaned, and it needed only the merest glance to detect the bar sinister. Had only the eyes been visible, there was that in their glint which betrayed the wolf. Yet, in the tawny coats and a certain lithe spring in gathering for a stride, the youngsters favoured their mother.

A loafer wolf made a foray from the cañon on a Sunday night, when the range boss and Mit played seven-up and the blacksmith poisoned life with a concertina. He killed a milch-pen calf close to headquarters; yet so silent was the raid that the men heard nothing of it, though Shiela cried protests to be gone and growled at intervals. In the smithy the pups bayed deep-voiced greetings. They leaped and snapped their teeth, and gnawed and raved to be free. Forgetting that O'Donnell had unchained them, Dick went to the door to still the brutes. They hurled themselves over him.

"Here's where the trouble starts, Shee-la," observed her master dubiously. She wagged her tail and looked up at him in curiosity, for she had practically forgotten the pups.

It was a bitter winter, and the cattle sickened and died in hundreds. The men rode range in all weathers, setting out oil-cake and salt; but what help could be given to thirty thousand head? Carrion waxed fat. And then, one day in Deadeye, whither he had journeyed for supplies at the first hint of spring, the range boss stumbled on a strange tale. The wolves were out, bolder and stronger than they had been in

a generation. They were making no stealthy, lone hunts,—a swift leap from the dark upon a helpless thing, and then the gorge,—but waged an almost systematic war of pillage. The leader was a shaggy veteran of speckled gray that ran with a limp; and with him—the men of Deadeye hoped they might perish horribly were this not so—with him there ran two fawn-coloured wolves like no lobo of the west country. They were, perhaps, slightly shorter than a cow-horse; that is, of course, a strong roping horse, not a stunted pony.

"Shee-la, you've surely done it now," O'Donnell told her with a sigh. She thrust her moist muzzle into his hand to be petted.

In less than seven days' time Padden reported from a division camp that he had come on the carcass of a freshly killed heifer near a salt trough. The wolves had hamstrung the poor brute and had fallen to their grim feast before life was extinct, he thought; which is not unusual. O'Donnell vowed a war of extermination.

The mail-carrier came upon the pack casting about beside the trail, at fault in running an antelope. They let him approach within two hundred yards, gazing insolently, then flitted swiftly through a jungle of mesquite trees. His story was that beside the wily gray scoundrel that led, raced two tall creatures, half wolf, half dog, which ran with a long, springy stride foreign to lobo locomotion.

"It's Shiela's pups," the blacksmith exclaimed venomously, when the mail-carrier related this experience at dinner.

"Yes, they're Shee-la's pups," O'Donnell admitted; and, "Poor Shee-la!" he said. Then raising his voice with decision:

"Johnson, you tell them in Deadeye that I'll give fifty dollars each for those pups and fifty for the old gray fellow. Put up a notice in the post-office. Or—wait, I'll write one for you."

The result of this placard was an egress from Deadeye of eight ambitious hunters, who went their several ways, wishful to earn two months' pay by a lucky shot. They straggled back empty-handed at the end of a week. While they were thus engaged, the pack ranged wide. They killed at Cedar Creek, but were compelled to abandon their prey, and slew again before daylight on a nester's place on the outskirts of Deadeye. Here, too, they let the life out of an interfering collie. Long immunity had made them contemptuous—or was it that they gave ear to the counsels of man-raised mates? They raided the Tumbling H Headquarters in quest of certain turkeys that were Mit's solace in dark days, and from ambuscade the cook slew his finest gobbler with buckshot, in a berserker effort to shoot one lissome marauder.

Shiela and Friday led uneventful lives amid all this harrying and turmoil of pursuit. They frisked and wrestled on the baked, cracked ground, or basked in the sun until it grew too hot and the flies became unbearable in attack, when they would slouch to the cool of the long bunk-room. Shiela had forgotten all about her degenerate offspring, and held herself fearlessly and with pride as an honest dog.

More than once she and the terrier took jaunts over the low hills toward the cañon, in spite of the watch on her goings-out. It might be a rabbit they pursued, or the zig-zagging trail of a coyote; or it might be that rare scent, the antelope's. One afternoon they disported themselves, chasing some half-wild hogs that roamed the range.

A long-snouted porker of tender years was rooting about a patch of bear-grass, when suddenly he cocked his impudent nose and appeared to listen intently. Shiela and Friday stopped short in a game of tag, to watch. The pig did not turn his head, but continued to stand at attention, his ears twitching. What could it mean? Shiela crept closer. With a speed that left her dumfounded, the pig sprang sidewise onto a spot his glance had certainly not been regarding, and simultaneously tore with his jaws at a writhing, earth-coloured coil. Shiela drew off respectfully and in trepidation, while he devoured his victim with beautiful hog voracity. It was the dreaded rattler, which he had killed with two lightning strokes of forefeet and jaws.

So the days passed.

In the meantime, O'Donnell had other things than Shiela or wolves to think about. The manager had resigned, and the boss added to the superintendence of the active work of the range, the conduct of the business of the Tumbling H Company, the sale and shipping of Tumbling H cattle. He was an enthusiast on improving the breed of his cattle and horses; and his anger was deep, therefore, when late in the autumn his men found the remains of a young stallion. He was a splendid beast, but newly come from Kentucky, and ignorant of perils and the necessity for perpetual vigilance. Apparently he had been cut out from the band he lorded it over,—sheer foolhardiness, this—and, alone in the battle against heavy odds, had been pulled down. That he died full of

fight was sufficiently evident: the battered body of an exceptionally large young wolf lay on the ground beside his own.

Shiela sniffed at the carcass of this creature, then moved away unconcernedly, circling for another scent; but the hide caught O'Donnell's gaze and held it. The coat was of a peculiar tawny hue, running in spots to red. There was something in the lines of the body and legs that struck a reminiscent chord in his memory. He glanced from it to Shiela, turning the body over with his foot.

"If that isn't one of your litter, old girl, I'm much mistaken," he said.

Shiela, then, must atone. With all the dogs of Deadeye to help, she should hunt these bold ravagers. Hers was the crime; hers must be the expiation, even at the cost of life.

"Well, old girl," he said, as he ambled away from headquarters three days later, with Shiela beside him, "here's your one chance to wipe out your little slip. A lot of us humans don't get that, my lady. So go to it and clear your name, Shee-la."

There were twenty-five dogs on hand at the rendezvous, about thirteen more than were needed, and they ranged from bloodhounds and greyhounds to a wheezy water-spaniel, which thought he knew a scent when he struck it, and whose master fondled the same delusion of him. His presence led to a dispute at the outset, because the spaniel persisted in messing about and mugging a trail, and his owner pig-headedly abetted him. The owner was set in argument, and carried a long, smooth-bore rifle. However, both were persuaded to go home, quite convinced that spiteful jealousy was at the bottom of this attitude.

"So that's Shiela?" queried a Gourd puncher. "I reckon you ought to kill her, O'Donnell. It's her pup and his father what's raising all the hell. She might run away ag'in and——"

"She's my dog, Joe," the boss cut in.

Hard upon his words, old Rags gave tongue and went away on a warm scent. Luck was with the hunters. Within two miles the dogs were running free, their noses in the air, making the ridges ring to their eager yelping; and a wolf, a tawny, limber-limbed wolf, smashed through a tangle of weeds and briars at the head of a gulch and streaked across the open country. The pack laid themselves out in pursuit, Shiela and the greyhounds running silently.

The wolfhound was well up with the leaders. A dozen strides would have brought the quarry to bay, when a speckled gray shape burst into view beneath her feet and departed at a tangent to her line of running, heading for a shallow draw. Shiela and one greyhound swerved and dashed after him. The others of the pack kept on behind the flagging fugitive.

Everything was against the gray. He was old, and the combats and the hunts of years had stiffened his muscles. He was full fed and heavy; slumbering, he had blundered into the chase when he could have lain low. The two silent things behind carried in their sinewy bodies the speed and stamina of generations of dogs whose special business in life it had been to run. A wall of earth faced them, the bank of a dried stream, and he must scale it in his flight. Well he knew that the race was over. He must fight, and as well here as elsewhere. When it comes to the last test of courage, the king of wolves is indeed a king.

A rapid glance over his shoulder showed him the greyhound almost at his flank. He reached the bank by a desperate spurt, whirled, and with one rending stroke, cast back the first pursuer, coughing in the throes of death. But the shock of the charge shook him for an instant and in that fraction of time he was unprepared to withstand the crushing velocity of Shiela's onslaught. On his hind legs, his worn fangs gleaming, he received her. She went straight for his throat, and the grip being an eminently satisfactory one, she did not release it.

To and fro the big gray dragged her, over and over, tearing with his forefeet to pry her off, snapping his wide jaws in futile efforts to seize his enemy. His hind claws ripped unavailingly along the wolfhound's sides; he writhed and twisted to gain an inch of freedom for his head—only an inch, and he could reach her shoulder. Once only Shiela growled, a deep, rumbling note of content. She knew what she had to do, and she felt this to be the right way. Slowly her jaws tightened and she hung to him soundlessly. The rasping snarls grew fainter; the tremendous heavings and lurchings slackened. The old lord of the cañon had made his last fight.

It was O'Donnell who drove her off. Blown but triumphant, he raced from the slaughter of the first quarry, and gave a long whistle of incredulity at sight of the slain.

"Father and son—father and son in one day," he exclaimed. Then, "Poor Shee-la."

As they trotted cheerily homeward, the

wolfhound kept close to O'Donnell's horse, and whenever she glanced up at him, frisking clumsily the while, he grinned down at her.

"You've wiped out your fault, Shee-la. You've done more than most," he observed seriously, as they neared the ranch. "I thought once I'd have to send you away. Or—or send you out on the long trail." Shiela leaped playfully at his horse's bridle. "But we'll stick together. Only," he drew a deep breath, "we'll take a holiday. We'll go back—back home to County Mayo, old girl."

Girl of the Red Mouth

By MARTIN MACDERMOTT

GIRL of the red mouth,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the red mouth,
Love me!
'Tis by its curve, I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,
And bends it—ah, even so!
Oh, girl of the red mouth, love me!

Girl of the blue eye,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the dew eye,
Love me!
Worlds hang for lamps on high;
And thought's world lives in thy
Lustrous and tender eye—
Oh, girl of the blue eye, love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me!
As a marble Greek doth grow
To his steed's back of snow,
Thy white neck sits thy shoulder so,—
Oh, girl of the swan's neck, love me!

Girl of the low voice,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
Like the echo of a bell,—
Like the bubbling of a well—
Sweeter! Love within doth dwell,—
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!

Remembered from the Play

"The King's Henchman"

Æthelwold—The like of thee
Sings not nor blossoms.

The wind that soughs in the sedges at the edge of the pool
Has seen the swan go by,
So still and slow
And cool.

The bee that ferries his hoard from blossom to hive
Ere summer day be done,
Knows the sweet reek of the clover
Bruised by the wheels of the sun.

Wan ghost between
Two lights, the shadowy flutter-mouse,
Half-seeing and half-seen,
Swoops in the glimmering even;
The early star he knows,
And her cool wave upon his ribby fin.

Sweet, sweet,
Without, within,
Is the rose,
Whither the white moth steereth his sail.

Yet, ah, not wind nor bee
Nor any earthly wight
Hath seen what I see,
Nor hath any man heard from his father's father in an old tale
The like of thee.

Opera; words by Edna St. Vincent Millay, music by Deems Taylor, New York, 1927.

"The Great God Brown"

Brown—Man is born broken. He lives by mending. The grace of God is glue!

Brown—Only he that has wept can laugh! The laughter of Heaven sows earth with a rain of tears, and out of Earth's transfigured birth-pain the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable dancing gales of flame upon the knees of God!

CYBEL—When you got to love to live it's hard to love living.
By Eugene O'Neill, New York, 1926.

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"

SIMONE—We women are all alike. The men who treat us worst are the ones who hold us longest. If a woman was deceived by an aviator and beaten by a Russian, the next man she fell in love with would be a Russian aviator.
By Jacques Deval, Paris, 1925; New York, 1927.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

COLUMBINA—Rouge makes women modest. Better blush all the time, than never blush at all.

ISABELLA—Marriage is an ill beyond cure. *From a "Comedia Dell' Arte" of the early 17th century, revived in New York, 1927.*

"CHERRY BLOSSOMS"

YO-SAN—Good love is better than bad marriage. *By Harry D. Smith, New York, 1927.*

"SPREAD EAGLE"

JOE COBB—You can't make a war without a band. Bands are the most important parts of armies. *By George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister, New York, 1927.*

"MARINERS"

JOAN—Being witty is like being slim—it's beastly hard work.
By Clemence Dane, London 1925; New York, 1927.

"THE FOUNTAIN"

ASWAD—Defeat loses its bitterness when the foe is noble.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON—Love, love, love we chatter everlastingly. We pretend love is alone why we live! Bah! Life is nobler than the weak lies of poets—or it's nothing!
By Eugene O'Neill, New York, 1925.

"LOYALTIES"

CANYNGE—The duel used to keep people's tongue in order.
ST. ERTH—H'm! It never settled anything, except who could shoot straightest.

DE LEVIS—A wife's memory is not very good when her husband is in danger.
MABEL—In other words, I'm lying.
DE LEVIS—No. Your wish is mother to your thought, that's all.
By John Galsworthy, London and New York, 1922.

"INHERITORS"

SILAS MORTON—It is because I love this soil so much that I don't feel I own it.
By Susan Glaspell, New York, 1921; revived, 1927.

Vine Center Vignettes

True Tales of Some Small-Town Americans

By JAMES GORDON FRASER

SIME McKENZIE

WHEN Simon McKenzie and Euphemia Steele were married, they went to set up housekeeping in a little four-room cottage in Church Street. It was not much of a house, even for those days, but it was the best Sime could afford. No plumbing, no gas, a well in the backyard, bedrooms heated by stovepipes which ran through them, and no conveniences at all. But Sime and Euphemia seemed to like it, and when they celebrated their golden anniversary, they were still there.

It was just a year later that Euphemia died. Angus, Sime's son, who has done very well in the brokerage business in the city, took his father to live with him in his big city home, which is a show place in a fashionable street and which the newspapers said cost nearly a million dollars. All of Sime's friends thought it was fine that, after a life without most of the creature comforts, he could spend his declining years in luxury. Some of them who visited him said that he had a gorgeous suite of rooms all to himself, a flock of servants to wait on him, a special chauffeur to drive him about in one of Angus' cars, and everything imaginable to make life easy and enjoyable.

Last fall, Sime's friends heard that he was very ill. A little later, it became known that he was not expected to live, and then word was passed around that Angus—in desperation after the high-priced city specialists he had hired had given up—had sent for old Doctor Menzie, who had always taken care of Sime and Euphemia. Vine Center folks have always had great faith in old Doctor Menzie, but it was not really expected that he could do much, in view of the failure of the famous specialists.

But Sime is now back in the little cottage in Church Street, chipper as a cricket and apparently in very good health. It was regarded as a triumph for Doctor Menzie, but when Gabe Rutherford tried to compliment him on showing up the city specialists, he made light of it.

"Humph!" he said. "There wasn't much wrong with him. Any damn fool ought to know that a fish can't live out of water!"

ROY PARK

Until Roy Park started *The Valley Era*, Vine Center had never had more than one newspaper. This was *The Messenger*, published officially by Arch Clarke but actually by his wife, Jennie Clarke.

The Messenger was not, judged by ordinary standards, much of a newspaper. Arch Clarke, even when sober—as he seldom was—was not much of a newspaperman, and Jennie, although she worked day and night and did her best to make up for his shortcomings, had neither the natural ability nor the education and training to write fluently. Somehow, however, they always managed to get out a paper—some kind of a paper—every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. And people took it—if for no other reason than to help Jennie Clarke get along. Mistakes typographical and otherwise, were generally overlooked, and whenever most people heard of something that seemed news to them, they usually managed to let Jennie Clarke know about it.

When it became known that Roy Park was starting another paper, Jennie Clarke's friends were greatly worried, for the general impression seemed to be that the days of *The Messenger* were numbered. Roy had been a brilliant scholar in High School and College, and had spent vacations reporting for a city paper. The fact that his uncle Captain Rush Emerson, was backing him

nancially was strongly in his favour, since Emerson's Big Store is one of the largest local advertisers and Captain Emerson is the Republican committeeman for the district, and influential in many ways.

Presses were installed and offices fitted up in the old bank building, which happened to be vacant at the time, and the first issue of *The Valley Era* was printed and distributed. It was a splendid newspaper, written and made up exactly like one of the big city papers, and it caused much favourable comment, especially when compared with *The Messenger*. Roy wrote a nice piece for the first page, in which he said: "The aim of *The Valley Era* will be to print the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, with malice toward none and with favouritism toward none." The "great menace to America," he explained, in the same piece, was in "the steady throttling of that great American principle, free speech, through the timidity and venality of the press upon which the masses necessarily depend for information." *The Valley Era*, he promised, would "defy this tendency to the utmost." Altogether, it was a well-written piece, and Roy was highly complimented upon it by everybody.

For some time, the newspaper was very successful, and *The Messenger* lost prestige and subscribers steadily. Arch Clarke drank more and more, and Jennie looked more tired and worried. She did her best to brighten up the paper to meet the new competition, but various things seemed to conspire to make it harder for *The Messenger* to vie with *The Valley Era*.

There was that trouble, for instance, the First Presbyterians had—when poor Tom Lane unexpectedly confessed that he had spent a lot of the church money on the silly little Burkhart girl. Jennie Clarke might naturally be expected to know about it, being a First Presbyterian, but there was nothing about it in *The Messenger*, though *The Valley Era* had the story in full detail. It caused a lot of talk, because the town is full of Lanes and their kin.

The same thing happened when young Frank Cooley, who drank considerably and was insanely jealous, tried to shoot his wife, Ruby May, in Lester McNaughton's office. He accused Lester of "stealing her," although everybody knows Lester is a pretty decent young fellow and head over heels in love with his own wife. *The Messenger* did not mention it, but *The Valley Era* did, and Roy Park explained to his friends that the black eye Lester gave him was "a decoration of honour, bestowed for courageous service in behalf of principle."

Still another scoop, as Roy proudly referred to it, was scored by *The Valley Era* when it published what it called "a fearless exposé of the vice rampant in Vine Center." As a matter of fact, the "vice" simmered down in the end to Kate Kelsey's house across the tracks and the pill pool games in Mike Callahan's Elite Pool Parlour. But the headlines were large, and the comment which Roy put into the story was decidedly uncomplimentary to Chief Singleton and the village authorities. In fact, at the joint meeting of the Board of Trade and the Civic Improvement Society, which was called the following day, Lester McNaughton publicly served notice on Captain Emerson that he regarded it as libelous and would be glad to take the cases for nothing.

We have only one newspaper in Vine Center now. It is called *The Messenger-Era*. Arch Clarke is the publisher and Jennie Clarke runs it.

Roy Park was appointed postmaster when the Harding administration got in and runs the office very satisfactorily, although he is sometimes annoying to people who are in a hurry and have no time to listen to his views on "the craven, muzzled press."

HARLOW LEAVENWORTH

Harlow Leavenworth's death was very sad.

His father was Elias Leavenworth, who saved so many people and then was drowned, himself, when the dam up the valley broke, years ago. Harlow was only a little boy, and with such an example before him, you would have thought he would have grown up to be a great man. But he didn't; he got to running wild, with no father to stop him, and took to drink and became a bum.

Last month, in the semi-centennial pageant, there was a beautiful float commemorating Elias Leavenworth's heroism; and Congressman Townsend, who made the main address at the meeting in the Town Hall, took it for the topic of an eloquent eulogy of the early settlers in Vine Center. His description of the flood and of Elias Leavenworth's sacrifice was beautiful, and it moved many to tears. Nobody knew Harlow was there, but they found out afterward from the janitor that he was up back of the stage and heard everything.

They found him the next morning, with a bullet in his head, on his father's grave.

In the Restaurant

By A. AVERCHENKO

Translated by J. A. Bimstone

"JUGGLING tricks? It's witchcraft!" I heard someone saying at the next table.

The speaker was a gloomy man with dark, moist whiskers, a glassy perplexed look, and hair which hung down over his forehead.

One of his companions poured out some beer, rubbed his hands together and said:

"It's no more than sleight-of-hand."

"It's witchcraft," obstinately insisted the dark one, taking a pull, not at the beer, but at one of his own whiskers.

The champion of the sleight-of-hand theory looked quizzically at the third occupant of the table, and exclaimed:

"All right! If you like, I'll prove to you there's no witchcraft in it."

The dark one smiled gloomily. "Are you a juggler, too, then?"

"Ah! I shouldn't be surprised. Anyhow, if you like, I'll bet you a hundred roubles that I can in five minutes cut off all your buttons and sew them on again."

For some reason or other the dark one gave a gentle pull at his waistcoat buttons before answering.

"In five minutes? Cut off all my buttons and sew them on again? But that is inconceivable!"

"Quite conceivable. Well, are you game? A hundred roubles?"

"No, it's too much. I've only got five roubles."

"Oh, that's all right—anything you like: three bottles of beer."

The dark one winked malignantly. "But you're going to lose, you know!"

"Am I? Well, we shall see."

He held his hand out, pressed the dark one's thin fingers, and the third one of the party parted their hands.

"You be timekeeper, and see you don't give me more than five minutes."

By now we were all of us intrigued, and even the sleepy waiter, who was sent for a plate and a sharp knife, lost his benumbed appearance.

"One, two, three! I begin." The man who declared himself a juggler took the knife, and, placing the plate on the table, cut off into it all the waistcoat buttons.

"Any on your coat?"

"Of course . . . back, sleeves, pockets. . . ."

The buttons were coming down *rap, rap* on the plate.

"I have some on my trousers, too," said the dark one, weak with laughter; "and on my boots."

"Righto, old man. I don't mean to swindle you out of one single button. A bargain's a bargain. Don't you worry; I'll cut 'em all off—every one."

When the upper-garments were deprived of their restraining elements, it became the turn of the nether portions of his attire.

When the last button came off, the dark one malignantly put his feet on the table.

"There are eight buttons on each boot. Let's see how you will succeed in sewing them back in five minutes."

The juggler didn't answer; he worked on feverishly with his knife.

Then he wiped his wet forehead, and, picking up the plate full of variously-coloured buttons and studs, which looked like so many unknown berries, muttered: "Done. That's all."

The waiter clasped his hands in ecstasy:

"Eighty-two. Marvelous!"

"Hi—you—" the juggler called to him; "go and fetch me a needle and thread. Quick!"

However, the third companion suddenly waved his watch in the air, and tapped the glass.

"Too late! . . . Your five minutes are up. You lose!"

He to whom this was addressed threw his knife away with vexation. "Damn! . . . Well, never mind . . . Waiter, I say, fetch these gentlemen three bottles of beer and put it down to me. Oh, and by the way, let me have my bill, will you?"

The dark man turned pale. "Wh—Where are you off to?"

The "juggler" yawned.

"To bed. Dog tired, you know. One wearies himself out during a day."

"But the buttons. . . . What about sewing them on again?"

"What? Oh, the buttons! Why the deuce should I bother about them, now that I've lost? . . . I've paid up, haven't I? Good-night, gentlemen."

The dark man stretched his hands out beseechingly after the departing "juggler," but with this movement all his clothes came down like a shell off a hatching chicken.

He hastily clutched at his trousers, and started blinking his eyes with terror.

"What ever am I to do?"

What became of him, I don't know.

I went out with the third member of the trio—the time-keeper, who treacherously forsook the buttonless man.

Although we did not know each other, we leaned against one another at the corner of the street, and were long and silently convulsed with laughter.

The Palace of Chao-Yang

By LI PO

Translated by L. Cranmer-Byng

No more the peach-tree droops beneath the snow;
  Spring draws her breath the willow boughs among.
  The mango-bird now maddens into song,
And the swift-building swallows come and go.
'Tis the time of the long daydreams, when laughing Maybeams,
  On the mats of slothful revellers play;
'Tis the time of glancing wings, and the dancing
  Of moon-moths whirling the hours away;
When the golden armoured guardians are withdrawn,
And pleasure haunts the rustling woods till dawn.

A warm and perfumed wind
  Strays through the palace blind
And wandering prys into some dim retreat
  Where every whisper stirs the heart to beat.
Now all the gay parterres
  Are rivals for the sun
That drains their jewelled goblets one by one
  From dimpled terrace and green dewy stairs.
And the water-lily renders to the spring
The wonder of her white unbosoming.
  Far away in the tall woods there is an oriole calling;
There are shadows in the blue pavilion of dancers, and music rising and falling,
In the month of peach-bloom and plum-bloom, in the silken-screened recess
Love is the burden of sweet voices, and the brief night melting, and the long caress.

Some Dancers

PART I: THE EAST

For dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

WHEN DAVID DANCED BEFORE THE ARK

And it was so, that when they that bare the ark of the Lord had gone six paces, he sacrificed oxen and fatlings.

And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod.

So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet.

And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart. *Second Book of Samuel.*

I have obeyed my dear heart, even as a son obeyeth his kind mother, and have come down to Apollo's grove, the home of garlands and of bouquets, where, beside the shadowy centre of the earth, the maidens of Delphi full often beat the ground with nimble step, while they sing the Son of Lêtô. PINDAR.

THE DANCING GIRL

With her limpid voice,
Her pearly teeth revealing,
The northern maid, the prettiest child,
Sings "Downy Grasses" instead of "Blue Water."
Then, brushing her face with her long sleeve, she rises for your sake.

She dances like the winter-cloud that curls over the frothy sea;
She dances like the wild fowl of Tartary, wind-blown toward the sky.

The kingly hall is full of radiant faces; the pleasure will not end.
With sundown the flute sounds thicken, and the mellow voices of the singing girls.

LI PO (OBATA).

THE DANCE OF SALOME

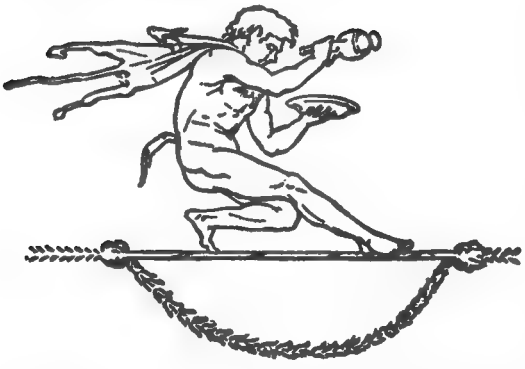
From the bottom of the hall came a hum of admiring surprise. A young girl had just entered.

Although her head and breast were hidden in a bluish veil, the arch of her eyes, her ears like milky agates, and the whiteness of her skin could be seen through it. A square of shot silk covered her shoulders, and was fastened to her loins with a jewelled girdle. Her black trousers were sprigged with mandrakes, and she lazily clattered a pair of little shoes made from the down of humming-birds.

Having mounted the dais, she drew aside her veil. It was Herodias, just as she used to be in her youth. Then she began to dance.

Her feet hovered in front of each other to the measure of the flutes and the castanets. Her rounded arms seemed to call someone who was forever fleeing. Lighter than a butterfly she chased him, like an enquiring Psyche, a roaming spirit, and it seemed as though in a moment she would fly away.

The castanets gave place to a sound of melancholy little flutes. It was dejection following on hope. Her poses were the embodiment of sighs, and there was such a languor in all her being that one could not tell whether she were weeping for a god or swooning

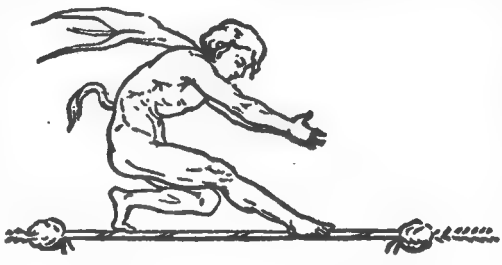


in his arms. The eyes were half shut, and her body writhed; she swayed her stomach like an undulating wave, made her breasts quiver. And yet her face remained motionless, and her feet never stopped. . . .

It was Salome, the daughter of Herodias, whom her mother had had trained far away from Machærus to capture the Tetrarch's heart. The idea was a good one; she felt sure of it now.

The girl mimed the passionate desire which insists on being slaked. She danced like the Indian priestesses, the Nubians of the cataracts, the Mænads of Lydia. She bent over from side to side like a flower tossed in a storm. The brilliants leaped in her ears, the vest on her back flashed irridescently; and invisible sparks shot from her arms, feet, and clothes, which set men on fire. A harp sounded, and the crowd applauded in answer. Salome opened her legs, and, keeping her knees rigid, bent so low that her chin touched the floor; and the desert-dwellers schooled in abstinence, the Roman soldiers expert in debauchery, the greedy publicans and old priests embittered by disputes, all panted greedily, with their nostrils dilated.

Then she circled frenziedly, as if in a mad round of witches, about Herod's table; and he said to her "Come! come!" in a voice broken by sobs of passion. She went on turning; the cymbals crashed as if they would burst, and the crowd yelled. But the Tetrarch cried still louder: "Come, come to me! Thou shalt have Capernaum! The plain of Tiberias —my citadels— the half of my kingdom!"

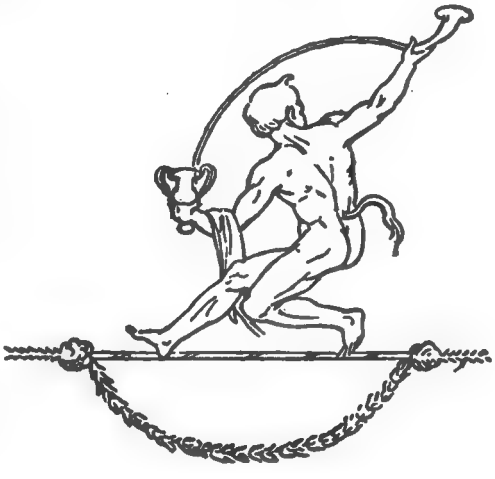


She threw herself onto her hands, with her heels in the air, scoured the dais thus like a large beetle, and then stopped abruptly. Her neck and spine were at right angles; the sheaths of colour round her legs went on like rainbows over her shoulders and framed her face, at a cubit from the ground. Her lips were painted, her eyebrows were deep black, and the eyes themselves almost terrifying. There were beads of moisture on her forehead, like a vapour on white marble. She did not speak, but she and Herod looked at one another.

A snap of fingers was heard in the balcony. She went up there, came down again, and then brought out these words with a childish air, lisping a little:

"I want you to give me, in a dish, the head. . . ." She had forgotten the name, but began again, smiling: "The head of Ioakanan!"

The Tetrarch sank back in a heap, overwhelmed. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.



"What do you dance?" When a man belonging to one branch of the great Bantu division of mankind met a member of another, said Livingstone, that was the question he asked. What a man danced, that was his tribe, his social customs, his religion; for, as an anthropologist has put it, "a savage does not preach his religion; he dances it." HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE KABYLE WOMAN

. . . Irena, holding the daggers above her head, had sprung from the little platform, and was dancing on the earthern floor in the midst of the Arabs. Her thin body shook

convulsively in time to the music. She marked the accents with her shudders. Excitement had grown in her till she seemed to be in a feverish passion that was half exultant, half despairing. In her expression, in her movements, in the way she held herself, leaning backwards with her face looking up, her breast and neck exposed as if she offered her life, her love and all the mysteries in her, to an imagined being who dominated her savage and extatic soul, there was a vivid suggestion of the two elements in Passion—rapture and melancholy. In her dance she incarnated passion whole by conveying the two halves that compose it. Her eyes were nearly closed, as a woman closes them when she has seen the lips of her lover descending upon hers. And her mouth seemed to be receiving the fiery touch of another mouth. In this moment she was a beautiful woman because she looked like womanhood. And Domini understood why the Arabs thought her more beautiful than the other dancers. She had what they had not—genius. And genius, under whatever form, shows to the world at moments the face of Aphrodite.

ROBERT HICHENS.

What by some is considered to be the earliest known Christian ritual—the "Hymn of Jesus" assigned to the second century—is nothing but a sacred dance. . . . It is certain that at the Eucharist the faithful gesticulated with their hands, danced with their feet, flung their bodies about. Chrysostom, who referred to this behaviour round the Holy Table at Antioch, only objected to drunken excesses in connection with it; the custom itself he evidently regarded as traditional and right. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE DANCERS OF HUAI-NAN

I saw them dancing at Huai-nan and made this poem of praise:

The instruments of music are made ready,
Strong wine is in our cups; [drums.
Flute-songs flutter and a din of magic
Sound scatters like foam, surges free as a flood. . . .
And now when the drinkers were all drunken,
And the sun had fallen to the West,
Up rose the fair ones to the dance,
Well painted and apparelled,
In veils of soft gossamer
All wound and meshed;
And ribbons they unravelled,
And scarfs to bind about their heads.
The wielder of the little stick
Whispers them to their places, and the steady drums
Draw them through the mazes of the dance.
They have raised their long sleeves, they have covered their eyes;
Slowly their shrill voices
Swell the steady song.
And the song said:

As a frightened bird whose love
Has wandered away from the nest,
I flutter my desolate wings.
For the wind blows back to my home,
And I long for my father's house.

Subtly from slender hips they swing,
Swaying, slanting delicately up and down.
And like the crimson mallow's flower
Glows their beauty, shedding flames afar.
They lift languid glances,
Peep distrustfully, till of a sudden
Ablaze with liquid light
Their soft eyes kindle. So dance to dance
Endlessly they weave, break off and dance again.
Now flutter their cuffs like a great bird in flight,
Now toss their long white sleeves like whirling snow.
So the hours go by, till now at last
The powder has blown from their cheeks, the black from their brows,
Flustered now are the fair faces, pins of pearl
Torn away, tangled, the black tresses.

With combs they catch and gather in
The straying locks, put on the gossamer gown
That trailing winds about them, and in unison
Of body, song and dress, obedient
Each shadows each, as they glide softly to and fro.

A Fragment. CHANG HENG (ARTHUR WALEY).

THE RAJAH'S DANCE-WORSHIP

. . . In normal years, the middle hours of the day were signalized by performances of great beauty in the private apartments of the Rajah. He owned a consecrated troupe

of men and boys, whose duty was to dance various actions and meditations of his faith before him. Seated at his ease, he could witness the Three Steps by which the Saviour ascended the universe to the discomfiture of Indra, also the death of the dragon, the mountain that turned into an umbrella, and the saddhu who (with comic results) invoked the God before dining. All culminated in the dance of the milk maidens before Krishna, and in the still greater dance of Krishna before the milk maidens, when the music and the musicians swirled through the dark blue robes of the actors into their tinsel crowns, and all became one. The Rajah and his guests would then forget that this was a dramatic performance, and would worship the actors. E. M. Forster.

Mademoiselle April-Shower

And then Mademoiselle April-Shower has *never* finished her toilet. . . . When she does come in at last, my little dressed-up kitten, there is always the surprise of new attire for me, of extravagant design, of fantastic colourings. From the end of the great room, a little in twilight, she comes forward and flashes upon me with marionette pomp; she is almost a little dwarf; no, beyond anything else, a little fairy; and her body, a mere nothingness in itself, is drowned in the waves of her robes, which are stiffly padded at the foot, so that her train billows out pompously all round her. . . . But the spell, the real cat-expression, is in the eyes; eyes bridled, drawn up, coaxing, intelligent, and all the time baffling.

Not only does Mademoiselle April-Shower dance, but she sings too, or she declaims, as she executes the steps that Mademoiselle Matsuko plays for her on the long mandolin. And there come a series of little miaulings, just like a cat's, but scarcely audible, with, from time to time, as she drops her head, indescribable sounds drawn from the bottom of her throat aiming at the notes of a baritone—as when marmosets are very angry.

She danced for me to-day the dance of the "Wheels of Flowers," which called for play with many wreaths adorned with red camellias, and the measure of "La Source," with two streamers of white silk, to which she contrived to give a continuous and inexplicable motion of swaying, reminiscent of the rippling waters of running streams.

Pierre Loti.

The Dance is motion, which is life; beauty, which is love; proportion, which is power. To dance is to live life in its finer and higher vibrations, to live life harmonized, purified, controlled. To dance is to feel one's self actually a part of the cosmic world, rooted in the inner reality of spiritual being. Ruth St. Denis.

An Artist in Samoa

A light was brought and set down upon the matting. . . . Then, in came our missing pet, Sifá, with Tuvále and two others, into the penumbra of the lamp. They were naked to the waist; over their tucked-up drapery hung brilliant leaf-strips of light green, streaked with red; a few leaves girdled the ankle; around Sifá's neck, over her beautiful bosom, hung a long, narrow garland of leaves, and on the others garlands of red fruit, or long rows of beads interlaced: every head was wreathed with green and red leaves, and all and everything, leaves, brown flesh, glistened with perfumed oil. . . .

The girls sat in a row before us, grave and collected, their beautiful legs curled upon the lap as in East Indian sculptures; and Sifá began a curious chant. As all sang with her together, they moved their arms in various ways to the cadence and in explanation of the song; and with the arms, now the waist and shoulders, now the entire body, even to the feet, rising apparently upon the thighs to the time of the music. Indeed, Sifá spoke with her whole tremulous body undulating to the fingers—all in a rhythm, as the sea runs up and down on the beach, and is never at rest, but seems to obey one general line of curve. So she, and the others, turned to one side and stretched out their arms, or crossed them, and passed them under the armpit and pressed each other's shoulders, and lifted fingers in some sort of tale, and made gestures evident of meaning, or obscure, and swayed and turned; and, most beautiful of all, stretched out long arms upon the mats, as if swimming upon their sides, while all the time the slender waist swayed, and the legs and thighs followed the rhythm through their muscles, without being displaced.

I cannot describe it any better; of what use is it to say that it was beautiful, and

extraordinary, and that no motion of a western dancer but would seem stiff beside such an ownership of the body? Merely as motion, it must have been beautiful, for the fourth woman was old and not beautiful, but she melted into the others, so that one only saw, as it were, the lovely form of Sifá repeated by poorer reflections of her motion in lesser light. . . . JOHN LA FARGE.

Dancing has been termed "the poetry of motion"; as performed in the Land of the Chrysanthemum it might more fittingly be called the "poetry of gesture." . . . To one wholly ignorant of the language of Nippon, the exquisite dumb show and the pantomimic skill convey to the enthralled beholder the motif of the dance. . . .

The dance is over as a breath, but it is a breath of ineffable sweetness.

THOMAS HAYES.

DANCING INTO NIRVANA

Always after that time, those who suffered from mysterious ills drew me toward them while they sought relief or forgetfulness in the dance. Most mysterious of them all, to me, were the chamanna, dervishes of the Mongols, who came to us from some far-away steppe. From time to time they would dance their strange dance of epilepsy, through which they reached the peace that is nirvana. Their dance, more violent, more fanatic, and more exalted even than those of the possessed women, filled my heart with fascinated horror. Followed by our old Nani, I hastened always toward the sound of their savage drums and their shrill cries, and stood trembling like a bird before a snake.

Having whirled for a long time to the wild and savage cadences of the drums, they ceased to breathe. Only occasionally and very heavily their chests sobbed, while the dance became more frenzied, their hands struck their breasts, and their eyes became immensely enlarged. Then one by one they fell as though in a drunken lethargy. Piously they were covered with cloths and left lying hours upon hours, lost in that nirvana of absolute not-being for which they had longed as men in the desert long for water.

Nirvana. Nothingness. The eternal desire of mankind. Too young to know the bewilderment and soul-sickness of watching the ceaselessly changing appearances, the innumerable veils of illusion that surround us, I did not understand the thirst for oblivion that tormented these dancers. But I felt their agony of weariness that drove them to such efforts, and my mind struggled to comprehend the mysterious sorrows and joys that moved beyond their gloomy or delirious eyes.

The Dancer of Shamahka. ARMEN OHANIAN.

A good education consists in knowing how to sing and dance well. PLATO.

THE BAYADERE OF INDIA

The young painted face, with eyes of excessive length, draws near. The young face with the impress of gloom and sensuality advances and draws back, very quickly and very lightly. The two pupils that roll, black as an onyx on the groundwork of white enamel, are fixed on mine unwaveringly, in these alternative advances of sensual appeal, and retreats into the shade, that are ever succeeded by a new and provocative advance. . . .

She has a body lithe as a serpent, yet firm and plump; enchanting arms that seem instinct with assurances of embrace, and which twist and writhe like snakes loaded and encircled up to the shoulders by diamonds and rubies. . . . She seems to dance for me alone. Her dance is noiseless, and only the tinkling of the precious bracelets on her ankles is heard, for a carpet receives the cadenced impress of the little naked feet, whose expanded and mobile toes are burdened with rings. . . .

She sways backwards and forwards, waving meanwhile her beautiful nude arms, twisting her fingers into strange shapes, and her toes, which have been trained since her infancy to that purpose, into still stranger contortions, the great toe being always separated and maintained erect in the air.

Between the gauze of gold that enwraps her loins, and the corset in which her bust is held a close prisoner, one sees as usual a little of her pale bronze body, a little of her vigorous and sinewy flesh; and the play of the lower part of her breasts and of her waist is exposed to our gaze.

Her dance consists of a series of expressive poses, a kind of acted monologue, with those oft repeated advances and retreats. . . . She depicts a scene of seduction and reproach. Behind, at the back, musicians intone the melody of this scene to an accompaniment of tambourines and flutes. . . . Now she approaches from the end of the hall that is shrouded in shadow, a creature glittering in gold and jewels; she darts towards me with an indignant air of accusation, and menaces me with expressive gestures that call heaven to witness the magnitude of the crime I have committed.

Then suddenly the bayadere bursts into a fit of mocking laughter; she overwhelms me with bantering disdain and with extended finger, points me out to the jeering crowd. Her irony is, of course, fictitious, just as were the superb imprecations with which she but lately encompassed me. But it is a marvelous imitation all the same. Her titter, and somewhat sad laughter, can be heard to resound in her heaving chest, and she laughs with her mouth, her eyes and her eyebrows, with her bosom, and with her heaving and panting breasts. As she withdraws, shaken with laughter, the effect is irresistible, and one must laugh with her.

She withdraws backwards, as quickly as her little feet will take her, turning away her head in scorn, so that she may no longer see me. But now she returns with slow and solemn step; these sarcasms were but spite; her love is too strong, she returns conquered by the sovereign passion, stretching her hands out to me, imploring pardon, and offering her all in a final appeal. And as she again withdraws, with her head thrown back and her half-opened lips that disclose the pearly teeth glimmering beneath the diamonds in her nose, she wishes me to follow her, even seems to command it, she calls me with her arms, her breasts, her languorous eyes; she calls me with all her being, as with a lodestone, and for a very little I should follow her almost involuntarily, for I am at last spellbound by her fascinations. Her promises of love are false, and like her laughter but part of the comedy. One knows it, and indeed it is no worse for that; perhaps even the knowledge of its unreality only adds a new and malignant charm. PIERRE LOTI.

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy! MILTON.

A GYPSY OF TANGIER

Presently a servant appeared and said a few words to the woman, who nodded and began to beat on a tom-tom made of a sort of large clay jar covered with a heavy parchment. A door opened and the dancer appeared. She was nude.

On her shapely arms and ankles were a multitude of finely wrought silver rings, contrasting with the dull orange of her skin. Her youthful features were comely, but their expression was infinitely sad, with the sadness of centuries of suppression.

The dance was utterly different from those traditionally associated with the Orient. It was stately, and consisted of little steps that intertwined in intricate arabesques. The uplifted arms moved with a languid grace, the flexible body was held erect, and maintained an unbroken purity of line, while the trim feet twinkled in and out, weaving delicate patterns, now swiftly, now slowly, now pausing with arched toes momentarily suspended.

It was a solemn rite, a fixed ceremony to be performed in a certain prescribed manner, with none of the abandon and spontaneity of the Gypsy dances I had seen in Spain, which are never danced twice in the same manner. The Moorish dance was impersonal and abstract, symbolic and spiritual rather than human, and called to mind the luxuriant tracery of Moorish decorations, that always has a precise, geometric effect. I had the impression that it must have been danced with those exact steps for many ages, and that the dancer herself was merely a statue of pale bronze come to life, revealing the souls of others, dead for centuries. IRVING BROWN.

In our own time, Nietzsche, from first to last, showed himself possessed by the conception of life as a dance, in which the dancer achieves the rhythmic freedom and harmony of his soul beneath the shadow of a hundred Damoclean swords. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

An Eastern Goddess Comes to Life

[*Ceremonial dance given in the author's honour by King Norodon, at Pnom-Penh, Cambodia.*]

The music suddenly becomes quieter and more mysterious, as if it were announcing something supernatural. One of the doors at the back opens; an adorable and almost fantastic little creature springs into the middle of the hall—an Apsara of the temple of Angkor! It would be impossible to imagine an illusion more perfect. She has the same features because she is of the same unmingled blood, the same enigmatic smile, the eyes downcast, almost closed, the same breast of budding womanhood, scarcely veiled by a thin network of silk. And her costume is scrupulously copied from the old bas-reliefs, but copied in real jewels, in gorgeous fabrics; kinds of sheathes of gold brocade imprison her legs and loins. Her face whitened with fard, her eyes artificially elongated, she wears a very high tiara of gold, studded with rubies, which tapers to a point like the roof of a pagoda, and on either shoulder a kind of pinion, like a dolphin's fin, in gold and precious stones. Of gold likewise, set with precious stones, are the broad waistband, the rings which ornament her ankles and her bare arms of amber-colour faintly flushed with pink.

Alone at first upon the scene, this little Apsara of remote ages, escaped from the sacred bas-relief, makes signs of appeal in the direction of the door of the background . . . and two of her sisters run out to join her, two new Apsaras, likewise sparkling, their hips moulded in the same rigid sheathes, wearing the same golden crowns and the same golden pinions. All three join hands. They are the queens of the Apsaras, doubtless, for a throne has been prepared for them. But they exchange a mimicry of anxiety, and begin again to make signs of appeal, always in the direction of that same door. . . . We have already marveled at seeing three. Can it be that there are others still to come? And now they appear in groups, ten, twenty, thirty, decked like goddesses as were the first, wearing on their charming heads and shoulders all the treasure of Cambodia.

Before the three enthroned queens, they proceed to perform their ritual dances, which involve little or no change of place, but consist rather in rhythmic movements or quiverings of the whole body. They undulate like snakes, these slender little creatures, their exquisitely muscular bodies seeming to be without bone. At times they spread out their arms in the form of a cross, and then the serpentine undulation begins in the fingers of the right hand, flows through the wrist, the forearm, the elbow, the shoulder, crosses the breast, and continues on the opposite side, following the other arm until it dies at last on the tips of the fingers of the left hand, overloaded with rings. . . .

And now enters the "King of the Monkeys," grimacing, in his mask of gold—just as I have seen him, needless to say, in the bas-reliefs of the old temple. He also assumes poses which are not natural, are not possible (the poses of the bas-reliefs, always); his youthful limbs have been adapted from very early days to these exigencies of tradition. In his train the whole army of monkeys invades the scenes: young girls again, little princesses masked like scarecrows, but whose rising breasts are outlined underneath the flimsy coverings of costly silks. And the "business" is for this astonishing but little redoubtable cohort to go to the rescue of fair Sita, whom the demons hold captive, a very long way off, on an island. . . . We are in the midst of the Ramayana, and the same spectacles were once enacted, no doubt, at Angkor-Thom, the same costumes were worn there.

Pierre Loti.

(*To be continued*)

God

By MILAN OGRIZOVITCH

Translated by Louis Adamic

MY LATE uncle was pastor in the village of Zadolje, in Krajina, near the Bosnian border. With him I spent the years of my boyhood, and he was the first to teach me that there was a God, that He was invisible, but that now and then He came to dwell among his people. This he preached before the altar, but I could not clearly conceive what he meant. Sometimes I used to think that I might at any moment behold God's appearance on the altar. Perhaps He would come from behind the statue of the patron saint; probably I should some day behold Him in my uncle's orchard; or perchance God might loom up at dusk from behind a moonlit cloud, hovering above the dark outline of the mountains.

One night, I remember, I could not sleep. I went to the window, where I knelt on a chair and there for a long time prayed to God, begging Him to show Himself to me. My eyes lingered on a huge mass of cloud, which I thought an ideal scene for the event. I had read in the Bible that God had shown Himself to Moses, to Saul, and to Saint Paul; but He would not answer my prayers that night. I remember that I returned to bed expecting to see God in my sleep; but again I was disappointed.

I wanted to ask uncle to enlighten me; but—God forgive me—he was a peculiar old man. He was usually melancholy, often very gloomy and ill-humoured, only seldom speaking to me; and on occasions when he did, I never dared to question his word for fear I should send him into a fit of anger. I never dared to ask him anything; much less to seek for light on God.

Then something happened. It was not granted me to see God face to face; but the incident gave me an understanding of what uncle had meant when he preached in church that God on occasions came to dwell in and among the people; and I ceased to sit by the window in the evenings expecting to see God appear from behind the clouds above the mountain. Instead, I have been trying ever since to see God in the eyes of people; and now and then I find Him there—a faint reflection of a great light.

It was in the years of my boyhood in Krajina, near the Bosnian border, that I first saw that reflection.

On a rainy day in autumn a peasant's carriage halted in front of my uncle's house. The horses had been barely able to make the grade, and they were steaming and panting as they stood there. The peasant alighted from the vehicle, covered his horses with a few empty sacks, and gave them some hay from another sack. This done, he shook himself clear of rain and hay, adjusted his clothing, removed his hat, and then respectfully proceeded to the rectory door.

It had ceased raining, and I had left the house to see if a pear or an apple had not fallen from the trees during the downpour, fearing that someone else might come along and see it first. Close to the house was an old pear tree—moss covered its trunk and branches—that yielded every year an abundance of fruit. As it had rained hard, the ground under the tree was literally strewn with pears. They were wet, and some were badly crushed by their fall; but nevertheless I filled my pockets and the bosom of my shirt with them, and fell to munching the best of them then and there.

The peasant, I thought, must surely have come to take uncle to some sick parishioner. He always had many calls from all the ends and corners of his parish, from the distant hamlets in the mountains as well as from our village. Rainy weather in autumn always seriously affected the people's health. These calls angered uncle,

for often they sent for him in cases of slight sickness; but he went every time, and occasionally he took me along. Would he let me accompany him to-day, I wondered. Of course, I wanted to go, but dared not ask him for the privilege, fearing he might scold me for bothering him. I used to think I helped him a great deal by carrying the little container with the holy oil and by tinkling the bells when nearing and passing through the villages. But it was only occasionally that he permitted me to join him. Whenever a call came, I always placed myself where he could readily see me. Frequently, if he was in an ill humour, he would not so much as glance at me, but would take the holy oil and the bells and tinkle them himself, or would tell the driver of the carriage to do that for him, leaving me behind in disappointment and despair.

There, under the pear tree, I waited and wondered until suddenly I heard my uncle's gruff voice calling me. I got rid of most of my pears hurriedly, and the next moment stood in the doorway of his study, at a distance from the peasant who was standing respectfully, hat in hand. Uncle bade me wait while he was looking through an ancient-looking, worn register of the souls in his charge. I recognized the register as that of the village of Maljevac, and silently rejoiced. We should go to Maljevac, a remote village in our parish. That meant a ride of an hour and a half each way.

"Who is this Lulich?" Uncle turned to the peasant, plainly displeased.

"Kata—Kata Lulich, gospodine."

"Kata? Which Kata is that?" grumbled uncle. "There are three Katas."

"The one who is sick is my sister-in-law. Her husband was late Marko—you knew him, gospodine. She has been sick for the past year and is now holding on to life by a mere thread. So I decided to harness my horses and——"

"All right, that's enough," uncle harshly interjected. "Marko's wife, eh? Why didn't you tell me so in the first place? Ah-ah, here she is—Kata Markova Lulich, born in the year of 1882, married in Markovac. Is that right?"

"Yes, gospodine."

"*Hajde*, get ready!" uncle then turned to me, closing the register. And to peasant Joso: "Are your horses fresh?"

"Yes, gospodine, fresh," answered Joso. "They have rested in Zecjak during that hard downpour, and, besides, it's downhill most of the way."

Uncle went to the window and observed that the clouds were breaking up; he then took off his house coat. Joso had left the room, and I, finding my cloak, followed him.

We had two sextons, but it never even occurred to me to call one of them, for I understood everything and could handle things as well as they. As soon as I had learned how to read, I had become an altar boy. For years I had attended at mass—winter and summer, week days and Sundays. No one was baptized or buried without me. I knew where things were kept in the church and in the sacristy better than the sextons themselves. I knew by heart all the responses at mass and prayer meetings, in both Croatian and Latin.

So I had no difficulty in getting things together for this call from Maljevac. I got out the holy oil and the bells, also uncle's vestments: stola, quadrate hat, and the ciborium. When uncle entered the sacristy, everything was ready, and without saying a word he robed himself. Then he went to the main altar.

Inside, the church was stifling and dark. Under the ceiling and among the candelabra were a number of sparrows, flying about and twittering. They had come in through the broken window, seeking refuge from the rain and the wind. Otherwise, a hollow, oppressive quiet overhung the church. Uncle was as ill-humoured as usual, and I was anxious to acquit myself satisfactorily, fearing that, if I should blunder in anything, he would leave me home.

I knelt down and he ascended to the altar, there lowering one knee to the floor, and taking one host, which he placed in the ciborium. The ciborium he hung from his neck, again bent his knee, and turning about he blessed me. Now I began tinkling the bells and we started out, I in the lead, through the sacristy, where uncle donned his overcoat and where I took the bag with holy oil.

As we emerged from the church, I began to ring the bells louder, happy in thought that they would be heard throughout the village. A deep hush has settled on everything. They would all hear me tinkling the bells, and they would know that we—uncle and I—were going to a sick person. It is hard for me to describe the happiness and the pleasant self-importance that I felt, tinkling those bells. I thought that all the people coming from the houses were gaping at me. A group of women who were going for water—the well was across

the way from the rectory—managed to find dry spots under the trees and knelt down, clasping their hands over the huge pails. Uncle blessed them in a matter-of-fact way, while I untiringly tinkled the bells. The women made the sign of the cross and then proceeded to the well.

The carriage moved out. I sat on a wide sack of hay in front, with Joso; but instead of facing the horses, I was turned to uncle, who sat in the rear in a basket full of straw covered up with empty sacks. I tinkled the bells energetically, determined to make them heard above the rattling of the wheels on the gravel. People were coming out to kneel by the roadside—mostly women and children. I sat majestically on that sack of hay, shaking the bells with my right hand and with the left desperately holding on to the side of the carriage. Uncle was blessing people right and left as we rolled along.

Coming to the cemetery, I took the bells into my left hand, and with the right crossed myself, just in front of the little chapel. Uncle signaled me to cease ringing and I dropped the bells into the hay. We had left our village behind and it was some distance to the next.

I looked at uncle. He was holding the Host and praying. His eyes were closed; I would have thought he was asleep, if his lips were not moving. I observed no gloom in his face, nor a trace of the forbidding ill-humour that usually dominated his countenance. For once, I was not afraid of him. The gray clouds above were breaking up, dragging themselves across the firmament into the background of a mountain—the very mountain that was our destination—revealing an expanse of clear and mellow blue. The horses often fell into a walk, and Joso often flung the whip across their backs or snapped the reins.[1]

Passing through Zecjak, I again tinkled the bells and people came from the houses and knelt by the side of the road to be blessed. Some were trying to communicate with Joso. "Where are you taking them? Where to?" they asked him. but Joso would not tell them.

At last we reached the first house in the village of Maljevac. I bent down, found the bells, and once more began shaking them. In front of the third or the fourth house, Joso halted the horses. Out came a group of people, and a few of them helped us off the vehicle; the others knelt on the gravel along the wall. We ascended a few squeaky, wormeaten steps and entered, the crowd of villagers following us.

Inside, we saw an old woman lying on a straw mattress. She looked extremely tired and very thin. Poverty and misery were in evidence all about her. She lay under the same ceiling as the cows; in fact, only a partition of a couple of boards prevented the animals from having access to the woman's end of the hut. The cows were calmly eating from the crib, and between them stood a frightened little calf.

As we entered, the woman lifted herself on her elbows for a moment, then dropped to the mattress. The blanket covering her was clean—they must have borrowed it somewhere for the occasion, I thought. Uncle first said a short prayer which I cut off with a sharp "Amen," as loud as I could, thereby turning the attention of the crowd on myself for a few moments. That pleased me exceedingly.

They told uncle that the woman was slightly deaf, and that, when taking her confession, he would have to talk louder than he would have to to another person. Then, with a gesture of his hand, uncle ordered us outside. As soon as we got out, I became the center of attraction. All eyes were turned upon me, and I, standing aloof, could hear people say: "He, too, will be a priest." But I pretended to pay no attention to them. A group of children gathered about me and began to stare at me, but I barely glanced at them, not so much as saying a word to them; they were beneath me, I thought. Men and women spoke of the sick woman inside. She might die that night, they thought; there was nothing but skin and bone left of her.

Then I caught voices from within:

"Did you ever steal?" I heard uncle ask her.

"Ah? How?" Her voice was faintly shrill, barely audible.

"Steal—did you ever?" said uncle, louder.

"No—oh, no!"

That was a long confession. When the crowd of people and I reëntered, the woman lay there motionless, very peaceful, a soft expression on her face, her eyes closed—not a trace of suffering. She was breathing lightly, easily.

We knelt down, I in front of the crowd, near uncle. By my side knelt a large woman holding a baby in her arms. The baby began to cry, but she managed to quiet it. I was thoughtfully regarding the woman on the mattress. So peaceful she was—ready—waiting——

"In the name of the Lord," began uncle. I could hardly believe my ears; his voice was clear, musical, mild, atremble.

I was still looking at the woman. A strange, tight feeling gripped me. That self-importance, which had controlled my actions and manner, had left me. "So this is death!" I thought, and that strange feeling tightened its grip on me.

"Lord hear our prayers! . . . Let us pray! . . ."

Uncle prayed. Then he took the ciborium and I tinkled the bells three times, after which he administered the Holy Communion to the woman.

I shall never forget that woman's face. It radiated a wonderful light; a tear glistened in her eyes. I gazed at her face as I had gazed at the mass of clouds hovering above the mountain range. I didn't see God, but I felt that He was there, that He dwelt in that sick woman, that He had come into me and into uncle and into all those men, women and children about us. I turned and saw a remarkable change in the faces of the two cows and the little calf. Uncle—my gloomy, ill-humoured old uncle—was startlingly different. What was that, if not God? I wanted to cry from happiness.

But this lasted for only a few moments. People began to rise; uncle said another short prayer, administered the holy oil, removed the stola and the vestments, got his hat out of the bag, and saying "God be with you!" to the poor woman, we left the house. Outside uncle lighted a cigar and began to talk with the villagers. His face was again screwed into that old unkindly expression. How I wished that that unprecedented, beautiful radiance, that kindliness might continue to grace his face! Whither had that radiance vanished? That divine reflection, that light—where had it gone?

Uncle conversed with the villagers as though nothing had happened. They spoke about the woman. They thought she would not see another day. They made arrangements for her funeral. Presently the conversation changed to the weather. Would it rain some more? And how were crops? We might have a severe winter, and this and that. Uncle excused himself, saying that it was growing late and that there was a long ride yet before us.

But what had happened to that reflection of God? Was I the only one conscious of His presence—I and the poor woman lying on the mattress?

We were returning home. Now I did not sit with Joso, but with uncle in the rear of the carriage. He had once explained to me that when he was carrying the Host, I must not sit by his side; but going back—that was different. I said nothing. I was afraid that if I asked him something, I might annoy him. Besides, I had no desire to talk to him. I was thinking of the woman, the fairness of her face, and of God. Then suddenly, puffing out a cloud of cigar smoke, he began to shake with laughter. I didn't dare to ask what he was laughing about.

"You know what I just thought of?" He turned to me, still laughing.

"What?"

"A friend of mine, who is pastor in Podgorje. A great jester! I thought of something he once told me. Well, he was riding home from a call, just as we are now, and passing through a village, a group of children came out to kneel by the roadside, so that he would bless them as he had done when going the other way an hour before. But, you see, he was going back and smoking a pipe, as I am now smoking a cigar. So what could he do? Well, he—ho, ho, ho!—he blessed them with his—pipe!"

"Ha, ha," I laughed, but I was forcing myself to laughter. At the same time, my thoughts were still with the dying woman. Had that been God? When I had first seen her, she had been tired, suffering, miserable. After the ceremonies, she lay there wholly at peace. Was that God?

Then I thought of what I overheard during the confession.

"I heard what the woman told you—that she had never stolen," I said to uncle, the next instant bitterly regretting that I had mentioned it.

"What!" he exclaimed, and the look in his eyes terrified me. "Haven't I told you more than once that confessions are secret; that if one happens to overhear something, one must pretend he hasn't heard anything? And now you even talk about it, you thickhead!"

Another strange feeling was gripping my soul. I moved away from him as far as the basket, in which we sat, would permit. I remember that a tear slid down my cheek and that I quickly wiped it away. Was this the same uncle of a short while before? Does God come into one only for a few moments? Had that really been God?

We did not speak another word until we reached home.

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

I

ENTER THE MAN

SOME notable sight was drawing the passengers, both men and women, to the window; and therefore I rose and crossed the car to see what it was. I saw near the track an enclosure, and round it some laughing men, and inside it some whirling dust, and amid the dust some horses, plunging, huddling, and dodging. They were cow ponies in a corral, and one of them would not be caught, no matter who threw the rope. We had plenty of time to watch this sport, for our train had stopped that the engine might take water at the tank before it pulled us up beside the station platform of Medicine Bow. We were also six hours late, and starving for entertainment. The pony in the corral was wise, and rapid of limb. Have you seen a skilful boxer watch his antagonist with a quiet, incessant eye? Such an eye as this did the pony keep upon whatever man took the rope. The man might pretend to look at the weather, which was fine; or he might affect earnest conversation with a bystander: it was bootless. The pony saw through it. No feint hoodwinked him. This animal was thoroughly a man of the world. His undistracted eye stayed fixed upon the dissembling foe, and the gravity of his horse-expression made the matter one of high comedy. Then the rope would sail out at him, but he was already elsewhere; and if horses laugh, gayety must have abounded in that corral. Sometimes the pony took a turn alone; next he had slid in a flash among his brothers, and the whole of them like a school of playful fish whipped round the corral, kicking up the fine dust, and (I take it) roaring with laughter. Through the window-glass of our Pullman the thud of their mischievous hoofs reached us, and the strong, humorous curses of the cow-boys. Then for the first time I noticed a man who sat on the high gate of the corral, looking on. For he now climbed down with the undulations of a tiger, smooth and easy, as if his muscles flowed beneath his skin. The others had all visibly whirled the rope, some of them even shoulder high. I did not see his arm lift or move. He appeared to hold the rope down low, by his leg. But like a sudden snake I saw the noose go out its length and fall true; and the thing was done. As the captured pony walked in with a sweet, church-door expression, our train moved slowly on to the station, and a passenger remarked, "That man knows his business."

But the passenger's dissertation upon roping I was obliged to lose, for Medicine Bow was my station. I bade my fellow-travellers good-by, and descended, a stranger, into the great cattle land. And here in less than ten minutes I learned news which made me feel a stranger indeed.

My baggage was lost; it had not come on my train; it was adrift somewhere back in the two thousand miles that lay behind me. And by way of comfort, the baggage-man remarked that passengers often got astray from their trunks, but the trunks mostly found them after a while. Having offered me this encouragement, he turned whistling to his affairs and left me planted in the baggage-room at Medicine Bow. I stood deserted among crates and boxes, blankly holding my check, furious and forlorn. I stared out through the door at the sky and the plains; but I did not see the antelope shining among the sage-brush, nor the great sunset light of Wyoming. Annoyance blinded my eyes to all things save my grievance: I saw only a lost trunk. And I was muttering half-aloud, "What a forsaken hole this is!" when suddenly from outside on the platform came a slow voice:——

"Off to get married *again?* Oh, don't!"

The voice was Southern and gentle and drawling; and a second voice came in immediate answer, cracked and querulous:——

"It ain't again. Who says it's again? Who told you, anyway?"

And the first voice responded caressingly:——

"Why, your Sunday clothes told me, Uncle Hughey. They are speakin' mighty loud o' nuptials."

"You don't worry me!" snapped Uncle Hughey, with shrill heat.

And the other gently continued, "Ain't them gloves the same yu' wore to your last weddin'?"

"You don't worry me! You don't worry me!" now screamed Uncle Hughey.

Already I had forgotten my trunk; care had left me; I was aware of the sunset, and had no desire but for more of this conversation. For it resembled none that I had heard in my life so far. I stepped to the door and looked out upon the station platform.

Lounging there at ease against the wall was a slim young giant, more beautiful than pictures. His broad, soft hat was pushed back; a loose-knotted, dull-scarlet handkerchief sagged from his throat; and one casual thumb was hooked in the cartridge-belt that slanted across his hips. He had plainly come many miles from somewhere across the vast horizon, as the dust upon him showed. His boots were white with it. His overalls were gray with it. The weather-beaten bloom of his face shone through it duskily, as the ripe peaches look upon their trees in a dry season. But no dinginess of travel or shabbiness of attire could tarnish the splendour that radiated from his youth and strength. The old man upon whose temper his remarks were doing such deadly work was combed and curried to a finish, a bridegroom swept and garnished; but alas for age! Had I been the bride, I should have taken the giant, dust and all.

He had by no means done with the old man.

"Why, yu've hung weddin' gyarments on every limb!" he now drawled, with admiration. "Who is the lucky lady this trip?"

The old man seemed to vibrate. "Tell you there ain't been no other! Call me a Mormon, would you?"

"Why, that——"

"Call me a Mormon? Then name some of my wives. Name two. Name one. Dare you!"

"—that Laramie wido' promised you——"

"Shucks!"

"—only her docter suddenly ordered Southern climate and——"

"Shucks! You're a false alarm."

"—so nothing but her lungs came between you. And next you'd most got united with Cattle Kate, only——"

"Tell you you're a false alarm!"

"—only she got hung."

"Where's the wives in all this? Show the wives! Come now!"

"That corn-fed biscuit-shooter at Rawlins yu' gave the canary——"

"Never married her. Never did marry ——"

"But yu' come so near, uncle! She was the one left yu' that letter explaining how she'd got married to a young cyard-player the very day before her ceremony with you was due, and——"

"Oh, you're nothing; you're a kid; you don't amount to——"

"—and how she'd never, never forgot to feed the canary."

"The country's getting full of kids," stated the old man witheringly. "It's doomed." This crushing assertion plainly satisfied him. And he blinked his eyes with renewed anticipation. His tall tormentor continued with a face of unchanging gravity, and a voice of gentle solicitude:——

"How is the health of that unfortunate——"

"That's right! Pour your insults! Pour 'em on a sick, afflicted woman!" The eyes blinked with combative relish.

"Insults? Oh, no, Uncle Hughey!"

"That's all right! Insults goes!"

"Why, I was mighty relieved when she began to recover her mem'ry. Las' time I heard, they told me she'd got it pretty near all back. Remembered her father, and her mother, and her sisters and brothers, and her friends, and her happy childhood, and all her doin's except only your face. The boys was bettin' she'd get that far too, give her time. But I reckon afteh such a turrable sickness as she had, that would be expectin' most too much."

At this Uncle Hughey jerked out a small parcel. "Shows how much you know!" he cackled. "There! See that! That's my ring she sent me back, being too unstrung for marriage. So she don't remember me, don't she? Ha-ha! Always said you were a false alarm."

The Southerner put more anxiety into his tone. "And so you're a-takin' the ring

ight on to the next one!" he exclaimed. 'Oh, don't go to get married again, Uncle Hughey! What's the use o' being married?"

"What's the use?" echoed the bride-room, with scorn. "Hm! When you grow up you'll think different."

"Course I expect to think different when my age is different. I'm havin' the thoughts proper to twenty-four, and you're havin the thoughts proper to sixty."

"Fifty!" shrieked Uncle Hughey, jumping in the air.

The Southerner took a tone of self-reproach. "Now, how could I forget you was fifty," he murmured, "when you have been telling it to the boys so careful for the last ten years!"

Have you ever seen a cockatoo—the white kind with the top-knot—enraged by insult? The bird erects every available feather upon its person. So did Uncle Hughey seem to swell, clothes, mustache, and wholly white beard; and without further speech he took himself on board the East-bound train, which now arrived from its siding in time to deliver him.

Yet this was not why he had not gone away before. At any time he could have escaped into the baggage-room or withdrawn to a dignified distance until his train should come up. But the old man had evidently got a sort of joy from this teasing. He had reached that inevitable age when we are tickled to be linked with affairs of gallantry, no matter how.

With him now the East-bound departed slowly into that distance whence I had come. I stared after it as it went its way to the far shores of civilization. It grew small in the unending gulf of space, until all sign of its presence was gone save a faint skein of smoke against the evening sky. And now my lost trunk came back into my thoughts, and Medicine Bow seemed a lonely spot. A sort of ship had left me marooned in a foreign ocean; the Pullman was comfortably steaming home to port, while I—how was I to find Judge Henry's ranch? Where in this unfeatured wilderness was Sunk Creek? No creek or any water at all flowed here that I could perceive. My host had written he should meet me at the station and drive me to his ranch. This was all that I knew. He was not here. The baggage-man had not seen him lately. The ranch was almost certain to be too far to walk to-night. My trunk —I discovered myself still staring dolefully after the vanished East-bound; and at the same instant I became aware that the tall man was looking gravely at me,—as gravely as he had looked at Uncle Hughey throughout their remarkable conversation.

To see his eyes thus fixing me and his thumb still hooked in his cartridge-belt, certain tales of travellers from these parts forced themselves disquietingly into my recollection. Now that Uncle Hughey was gone, was I to take his place and be, for instance, invited to dance on the platform to the music of shots nicely aimed?

"I reckon I am looking for you, seh," the tall man now observed.

II

"WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT, *SMILE!*"

We cannot see ourselves as others see us, or I should know what appearance I cut at hearing this from the tall man. I said nothing, feeling uncertain.

"I reckon I am looking for you, seh," he repeated politely.

"I am looking for Judge Henry," I now replied.

He walked toward me, and I saw that in inches he was not a giant. He was not more than six feet. It was Uncle Hughey that had made him seem to tower. But in his eye, in his face, in his step, in the whole man, there dominated a something potent to be felt, I should think, by man or woman.

"The Judge sent me afteh you, seh," he now explained, in his civil Southern voice; and he handed me a letter from my host. Had I not witnessed his facetious performance with Uncle Hughey, I should have judged him wholly ungifted with such powers. There was nothing external about him but what seemed the signs of a nature as grave as you could meet. But I had witnessed; and therefore supposing that I knew him in spite of his appearance, that I was, so to speak, in his secret and could give him a sort of wink, I adopted at once a method of easiness. It was so pleasant to be easy with a large stranger, who instead of shooting at your heels had very civilly handed you a letter.

"You're from old Virginia, I take it?" I began.

He answered slowly, "Then you have taken it correct, seh."

A slight chill passed over my easiness, but I went cheerily on with a further inquiry. "Find many oddities out here like Uncle Hughey?"

"Yes, seh, there is a right smart of oddities around. They come in on every train."

At this point I dropped my method of easiness.

"I wish that trunks came on the train," said I. And I told him my predicament.

It was not to be expected that he would be greatly moved at my loss; but he took it with no comment whatever. "We'll wait in town for it," said he, always perfectly civil.

Now, what I had seen of "town" was, to my newly arrived eyes, altogether horrible. If I could possibly sleep at the Judge's ranch, I preferred to do so.

"Is it too far to drive there to-night?" I inquired.

He looked at me in a puzzled manner.

"For this valise," I explained, "contains all that I immediately need; in fact, I could do without my trunk for a day or two, if it is not convenient to send. So if we could arrive there not too late by starting at once—" I paused.

"It's two hundred and sixty-three miles," said the Virginian.

To my loud ejaculation he made no answer, but surveyed me a moment longer, and then said, "Supper will be about ready now." He took my valise, and I followed his steps toward the eating-house in silence. I was dazed.

As we went, I read my host's letter—a brief, hospitable message. He was very sorry not to meet me himself. He had been getting ready to drive over, when the surveyor appeared and detained him. Therefore in his stead he was sending a trustworthy man to town, who would look after me and drive me over. They were looking forward to my visit with much pleasure. This was all.

Yes, I was dazed. How did they count distance in this country? You spoke in a neighbourly fashion about driving over to town, and it meant—I did not know yet how many days. And what would be meant by the term "dropping in," I wondered. And how many miles would be considered really far? I abstained from further questioning the "trustworthy man." My questions had not fared excessively well. He did not propose making me dance, to be sure: that would scarcely be trustworthy. But neither did he propose to have me familiar with him. Why was this? What had I done to elicit that veiled and skilful sarcasm about oddities coming in on every train? Having been sent to look after me, he would do so, would even carry my valise; but I could not be jocular with him. This handsome, ungrammatical son of the soil had set between us the bar of his cold and perfect civility. No polished person could have done it better. What was the matter? I looked at him, and suddenly it came to me. If he had tried familiarity with me the first two minutes of our acquaintance, I should have resented it; by what right, then, had I tried it with him? It smacked of patronizing: on this occasion he had come off the better gentleman of the two. Here in flesh and blood was a truth which I had long believed in words, but never met before. The creature we call a *gentleman* lies deep in the hearts of thousands that are born without chance to master the outward graces of the type.

Between the station and the eating-house I did a deal of straight thinking. But my thoughts were destined presently to be drowned in amazement at the rare personage into whose society fate had thrown me.

Town, as they called it, pleased me the less, the longer I saw it. But until our language stretches itself and takes in a new word of closer fit, town will have to do for the name of such a place as was Medicine Bow. I have seen and slept in many like it since. Scattered wide, they littered the frontier from the Columbia to the Rio Grande, from the Missouri to the Sierras. They lay stark, dotted over a planet of treeless dust, like soiled packs of cards. Each was similar to the next, as one old five-spot of clubs resembles another. Houses, empty bottles, and garbage, they were forever of the same shapeless pattern. More forlorn they were than stale bones. They seemed to have been strewn there by the wind, and to be waiting till the wind should come again and blow them away. Yet serene above their foulness swam a pure and quiet light, such as the East never sees; they might be bathing in the air of creation's first morning. Beneath sun and stars their days and nights were immaculate and wonderful.

Medicine Bow was my first, and I took its dimensions, twenty-nine buildings in all, —one coal chute, one water tank, the station, one store, two eating-houses, one billiard hall, two tool-houses, one feed stable, and twelve others that for one reason and another I shall not name. Yet this wretched husk of squalour spent thought upon appearances; many houses in it wore a false front to seem as if they were two stories high. There they stood, rearing their pitiful masquerade amid a fringe of old tin cans, while at their very doors began a world of crystal light, a land without

end, a space across which Noah and Adam might come straight from Genesis. Into that space went wandering a road, over a hill and down out of sight, and up again smaller in the distance, and down once more, and up once more, straining the eyes, and so away.

Then I heard a fellow greet my Virginian. He came rollicking out of a door, and made a pass with his hand at the Virginian's hat. The Southerner dodged it, and I saw once more the tiger undulation of body, and knew my escort was he of the rope and the corral.

"How are yu', Steve?" he said to the rollicking man. And in his tone I heard instantly old friendship speaking. With Steve he would take and give familiarity.

Steve looked at me, and looked away—and that was all. But it was enough. In no company had I ever felt so much an outsider. Yet I liked the company, and wished that it would like me.

"Just come to town?" inquired Steve of the Virginian.

"Been here since noon. Been waiting for the train."

"Going out to-night?"

"I reckon I'll pull out to-morro'."

"Beds are all took," said Steve. This was for my benefit.

"Dear me!" said I.

"But I guess one of them drummers will let yu' double up with him." Steve was enjoying himself, I think. He had his saddle and blankets, and beds were nothing to him.

"Drummers, are they?" asked the Virginian.

"Two Jews handling cigars, one American with consumption killer, and a Dutchman with jew'lry."

The Virginian set down my valise, and seemed to meditate. "I did want a bed to-night," he murmured gently.

"Well," Steve suggested, "the American looks like he washed the oftenest."

"That's of no consequence to me," observed the Southerner.

"Guess it'll be when yu' see 'em."

"Oh, I'm meaning something different. I wanted a bed to myself."

"Then you'll have to build one."

"Bet yu' I have the Dutchman's."

"Take a man that won't scare. Bet yu' drinks yu' can't have the American's."

"Go yu'," said the Virginian. "I'll have his bed without any fuss. Drinks for the crowd."

"I suppose you have me beat," said Steve, grinning at him affectionately. "You're such a son-of-a—— when you get down to work. Well, so-long! I got to fix my horse's hoofs."

I had expected that the man would be struck down. He had used to the Virginian a term of heaviest insult, I thought. I had marveled to hear it come so unheralded from Steve's friendly lips. And now I marveled still more. Evidently he had meant no harm by it, and evidently no offence had been taken. Used thus, this language was plainly complimentary. I had stepped into a world new to me indeed, and novelties were occurring with scarce any time to get breath between them. As to where I should sleep, I had forgotten that problem altogether in my curiosity. What was the Virginian going to do now? I began to know that the quiet of this man was volcanic.

"Will you wash first, sir?"

We were at the door of the eating-house, and he set my valise inside. In my tenderfoot innocence I was looking indoors for the washing arrangements.

"It's out hyeh, seh," he informed me gravely, but with strong Southern accent. Internal mirth seemed often to heighten the local flavour of his speech. There were other times when it had scarce any special accent or fault in grammar.

A trough was to my right, slippery with soapy water; and hanging from a roller above one end of it was a rag of discouraging appearance. The Virginian caught it, and it performed one whirling revolution on its roller. Not a dry or clean inch could be found on it. He took off his hat, and put his head in the door.

"Your towel, ma'am," said he, "has been too popular."

She came out, a pretty woman. Her eyes rested upon him for a moment, then upon me with disfavour; then they returned to his black hair.

"The allowance is one a day," said she, very quietly. "But when folks are particular—" She completed her sentence by removing the old towel and giving a clean one to us.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the cowpuncher.

She looked once more at his black hair, and without any word returned to her guests at supper.

A pail stood in the trough, almost empty; and this he filled for me from a well. There was some soap sliding at large in the trough, but I got my own. And then in a tin basin I removed as many of the stains of travel

as I was able. It was not much of a toilet that I made in this first wash-trough of my experience, but it had to suffice, and I took my seat at supper.

Canned stuff it was,—corned beef. And one of my table companions said the truth about it. "When I slung my teeth over that," he remarked, "I thought I was chewing a hammock." We had strange coffee, and condensed milk; and I have never seen more flies. I made no attempt to talk, for no one in this country seemed favourable to me. By reason of something,—my clothes, my hat, my pronunciation, whatever it might be,—I possessed the secret of estranging people at sight. Yet I was doing better than I knew; my strict silence and attention to the corned beef made me in the eyes of the cow-boys at table compare well with the over-talkative commercial travelers.

The Virginian's entrance produced a slight silence. He had done wonders with the wash-trough, and he had somehow brushed his clothes. With all the roughness of his dress, he was now the neatest of us. He nodded to some of the other cow-boys, and began his meal in quiet.

But silence is not the native element of the drummer. An average fish can go a longer time out of water than this breed can live without talking. One of them now looked across the table at the grave, flannel-shirted Virginian; he inspected, and came to the imprudent conclusion that he understood his man.

"Good evening," he said briskly.

"Good evening," said the Virginian.

"Just come to town?" pursued the drummer.

"Just come to town," the Virginian suavely assented.

"Cattle business jumping along?" inquired the drummer.

"Oh, fair." And the Virginian took some more corned beef.

"Gets a move on your appetite, anyway," suggested the drummer.

The Virginian drank some coffee. Presently the pretty woman refilled his cup without his asking her.

"Guess I've met you before," the drummer stated next.

The Virginian glanced at him for a brief moment.

"Haven't I, now? Ain't I seen you somewheres? Look at me. You been in Chicago, ain't you? You look at me well. Remember Ikey's, don't you?"

"I don't reckon I do."

"See, now! I knowed you'd been in Chicago. Four or five years ago. Or maybe it's two years. Time's nothing to me. But I never forget a face. Yes, sir. Him and me's met at Ikey's, all right." This important point the drummer stated to all of us. We were called to witness how well he had proved old acquaintanceship. "Ain't the world small, though!" he exclaimed complacently. "Meet a man once and you're sure to run on to him again. That's straight. That's no bar-room josh." And the drummer's eye included us all in his confidence. I wondered if he had attained that high perfection when a man believes his own lies.

The Virginian did not seem interested. He placidly attended to his food, while our landlady moved between dining room and kitchen, and the drummer expanded.

"Yes, sir! Ikey's over by the stock-yards, patronized by all cattlemen that know what's what. That's where. Maybe it's three years. Time never was nothing to me. But faces! Why, I can't quit 'em. Adults or children, male and female; oncet I seen 'em I couldn't lose one off my memory, not if you were to pay me bounty, five dollars a face. White men, that is. Can't do nothing with niggers or Chinese. But you're white, all right." The drummer suddenly returned to the Virginian with this high compliment. The cow-puncher had taken out a pipe, and was slowly rubbing it. The compliment seemed to escape his attention, and the drummer went on.

"I can tell a man when he's white, put him at Ikey's or out loose here in the sage-brush." And he rolled a cigar across to the Virginian's plate.

"Selling them?" inquired the Virginian.

"Solid goods, my friend. Havana wrappers, the biggest tobacco proposition for five cents got out yet. Take it, try it, light it, watch it burn. Here." And he held out a bunch of matches.

The Virginian tossed a five-cent piece over to him.

"Oh, no, my friend! Not from you! Not after Ikey's. I don't forget you. See? I knowed your face right away. See? That's straight. I seen you at Chicago all right."

"Maybe you did," said the Virginian. "Sometimes I'm mighty careless what I look at."

"Well, py damn!" now exclaimed the Dutch drummer, hilariously. "I am ploom disappointed. I vas hoping to sell him somedings myself."

"Not the same here," stated the Ameri-

can. "He's too healthy for me. I gave him up on sight."

Now, it was the American drummer whose bed the Virginian had in his eye. This was a sensible man, and had talked less than his brothers in the trade. I had little doubt who would end by sleeping in his bed; but how the thing would be done interested me more deeply than ever.

The Virginian looked amiably at his intended victim, and made one or two remarks regarding patent medicines. There must be a good deal of money in them, he supposed, with a live man to manage them. The victim was flattered. No other person at the table had been favoured with so much of the tall cow-puncher's notice. He responded, and they had a pleasant talk. I did not divine that the Virginian's genius was even then at work, and that all this was part of his satanic strategy. But Steve must have divined it. For while a few of us still sat finishing our supper, that facetious horseman returned from doctoring his horse's hoofs, put his head into the dining-room, took in the way in which the Virginian was engaging his victim in conversation, remarked aloud, "I've lost!" and closed the door again.

"What's he lost?" inquired the American drummer.

"Oh, you mustn't mind him," drawled the Virginian. "He's one of those box-head jokers goes around open' and shuttin' doors that-a-way. We call him harmless. Well," he broke off, "I reckon I'll go smoke. Not allowed in hyeh?" This last he addressed to the landlady, with especial gentleness. She shook her head, and her eyes followed him as he went out.

Left to myself I meditated for some time upon my lodging for the night, and smoked a cigar for consolation as I walked about. It was not a hotel that we had supped in. Hotel at Medicine Bow there appeared to be none. But connected with the eating-house was that place where, according to Steve, the beds were all taken, and there I went to see for myself. Steve had spoken the truth. It was a single apartment containing four or five beds, and nothing else whatever. And when I looked at these beds, my sorrow that I could sleep in none of them grew less. To be alone in one offered no temptation, and as for this courtesy of the country, this doubling up——!

"Well, they have got ahead of us." This was the Virginian standing at my elbow.

I assented.

"They have staked out their claims," he added.

In this public sleeping room they had done what one does to secure a seat in a railroad train. Upon each bed, as notice of occupancy, lay some article of travel or of dress. As we stood there, the two Jews came in and opened and arranged their valises, and folded and refolded their linen dusters. Then a railroad employee entered and began to go to bed at this hour, before dusk had wholly darkened into night. For him, going to bed meant removing his boots and placing his overalls and waistcoat beneath his pillow. He had no coat. His work began at three in the morning; and even as we still talked he began to snore.

"The man that keeps the store is a friend of mine," said the Virginian; "and you can be pretty near comfortable on his counter. Got any blankets?"

I had no blankets.

"Looking for a bed?" inquired the American drummer, now arriving.

"Yes, he's looking for a bed," answered the voice of Steve behind him.

"Seems a waste of time," observed the Virginian. He looked thoughtfully from one bed to another. "I didn't know I'd have to lay over here. Well, I have sat up before."

"This one's mine," said the drummer, sitting down on it. "Half's plenty enough room for me."

"You're cert'nly mighty kind," said the cow-puncher. "But I'd not think o' disconveniencing yu'."

"That's nothing. The other half is yours. Turn in right now if you feel like it."

"No. I don't reckon I'll turn in right now. Better keep your bed to yourself."

"See here," urged the drummer, "if I take you I'm safe from drawing some party I might not care so much about. This here sleeping proposition is a lottery."

"Well," said the Virginian (and his hesitation was truly masterly), "if you put it that way——"

"I do put it that way. Why, you're clean! You've had a shave right now. You turn in when you feel inclined, old man! I ain't retiring just yet."

The drummer had struck a slightly false note in these last remarks. He should not have said "old man." Until this I had thought him merely an amiable person who wished to do a favour. But "old man" came in wrong. It had a hateful taint of his profession; the being too soon with everybody, the celluloid good-fellowship

that passes for ivory with nine in ten of the city crowd. But not so with the sons of the sage-brush. They live nearer nature, and they know better.

But the Virginian blandly accepted "old man" from his victim: he had a game to play.

"Well, I cert'nly thank yu'," he said. "After a while I'll take advantage of your kind offer."

I was surprised. Possession being nine points of the law, it seemed his very chance to intrench himself in the bed. But the cow-puncher had planned a campaign needing no intrenchments. Moreover, going to bed before nine o'clock upon the first evening in many weeks that a town's resources were open to you, would be a dull proceeding. Our entire company, drummer and all, now walked over to the store, and here my sleeping arrangements were made easily. This store was the cleanest place and the best in Medicine Bow, and would have been a good store anywhere, offering a multitude of things for sale, and kept by a very civil proprietor. He bade me make myself at home, and placed both of his counters at my disposal. Upon the grocery side there stood a cheese too large and strong to sleep near comfortably, and I therefore chose the dry-goods side. Here thick quilts were unrolled for me, to make it soft; and no condition was placed upon me, further than that I should remove my boots, because the quilts were new, and clean, and for sale. So now my rest was assured. Not an anxiety remained in my thoughts. These therefore turned themselves wholly to the other man's bed, and how he was going to lose it.

I think that Steve was more curious even than myself. Time was on the wing. His bet must be decided, and the drinks enjoyed. He stood against the grocery counter, contemplating the Virginian. But it was to me that he spoke. The Virginian, however, listened to every word.

"Your first visit to this country?"

I told him yes.

"How do you like it?"

I expected to like it very much.

"How does the climate strike you?"

I thought the climate was fine.

"Makes a man thirsty though."

This was the sub-current which the Virginian plainly looked for. But he, like Steve, addressed himself to me.

"Yes," he put in, "thirsty while a man's soft yet. You'll harden."

"I guess you'll find it a drier country than you were given to expect," said Steve.

"If your habits have been frequent that way," said the Virginian.

"There's parts of Wyoming," pursued Steve, "where you'll go hours and hours before you'll see a drop of wetness."

"And if yu' keep a-thinkin' about it," said the Virginian, "it'll seem like days and days."

Steve, at this stroke, gave up, and clapped him on the shoulder with a joyous chuckle. "You old son-of-a——!" he cried affectionately.

"Drinks are due now," said the Virginian. "My treat, Steve. But I reckon your suspense will have to linger a while yet."

Thus they dropped into direct talk from that speech of the fourth dimension where they had been using me for their telephone.

"Any cyards going to-night?" inquired the Virginian.

"Stud and draw," Steve told him. "Strangers playing."

"I think I'd like to get into a game for a while," said the Southerner. "Strangers, yu' say?"

And then, before quitting the store, he made his toilet for this little hand at poker. It was a simple preparation. He took his pistol from its holster, examined it, then shoved it between his overalls and his shirt in front, and pulled his waistcoat over it. He might have been combing his hair for all the attention any one paid to this, except myself. Then the two friends went out, and I bethought me of that epithet which Steve again had used to the Virginian as he clapped him on the shoulder. Clearly this wild country spoke a language other than mine—the word here was a term of endearment. Such was my conclusion.

The drummers had finished their dealings with the proprietor, and they were gossiping together in a knot by the door as the Virginian passed out.

"See you later, old man!" This was the American drummer accosting his prospective bed-fellow.

"Oh, yes," returned the bed-fellow, and was gone.

The American drummer winked triumphantly at his brethren. "He's all right," he observed, jerking a thumb after the Virginian. "He's easy. You got to know him to work him. That's all."

"Und vat is your point?" inquired the German drummer.

"Point is—he'll not take any goods off you or me; but he's going to talk up the killer to any consumptive he runs acrost. I ain't done with him yet. Say," (he now addressed the proprietor), "what's her name?"

"Whose name?"

"Woman runs the eating-house."

"Glen. Mrs. Glen."

"Ain't she new?"

"Been settled here about a month. Husband's a freight conductor."

"Thought I'd not seen her before. She's a good-looker."

"Hm! Yes. The kind of good looks I'd sooner see in another man's wife than mine."

"So that's the gait, is it?"

"Hm! well, it don't seem to be. She come here with that reputation. But there's been general disappointment."

"Then she ain't lacked suitors any?"

"Lacked! Are you acquainted with cow-boys?"

"And she disappointed 'em? Maybe she likes her husband?"

"Hm! well, how are you to tell about them silent kind?"

"Talking of conductors," began the drummer. And we listened to his anecdote. It was successful with his audience; but when he launched fluently upon a second I strolled out. There was not enough wit in this narrator to relieve his indecency, and I felt shame at having been surprised into laughing with him.

I felt that company growing confidential over their leering stories, and I sought the saloon. It was very quiet and orderly. Beer in quart bottles at a dollar I had never met before; but saving its price, I found no complaint to make of it. Through folding doors I passed from the bar proper with its bottles and elk head back to the hall with its various tables. I saw a man sliding cards from a case, and across the table from him another man laying counters down. Nearby was a second dealer pulling cards from the bottom of a pack, and opposite him a solemn old rustic piling and changing coins upon the cards which lay already exposed.

But now I heard a voice that drew my eyes to the far corner of the room.

"Why didn't you stay in Arizona?"

Harmless looking words as I write them down here. Yet at the sound of them I noticed the eyes of the others directed to that corner. What answer was given to them I did not hear, nor did I see who spoke. Then came another remark.

"Well, Arizona's no place for amatures."

This time the two card dealers that I stood near began to give a part of their attention to the group that sat in the corner. There was in me a desire to leave this room. So far my hours at Medicine Bow had seemed to glide beneath a sunshine of merriment, of easy-going jocularity. This was suddenly gone, like the wind changing to north in the middle of a warm day. But I stayed, being ashamed to go.

Five or six players sat over in the corner at a round table where counters were piled. Their eyes were close upon their cards, and one seemed to be dealing a card at a time to each, with pauses and betting between. Steve was there and the Virginian; the others were new faces.

"No place for amatures," repeated the voice; and now I saw that it was the dealer's. There was in his countenance the same ugliness that his words conveyed.

"Who's that talkin'?" said one of the men near me, in a low voice.

"Trampas."

"What's he?"

"Cow-puncher, bronco-buster, tin-horn, most anything."

"Who's he talkin' at?"

"Think it's the black-headed guy he's talking at."

"That ain't supposed to be safe, is it?"

"Guess we're all goin' to find out in a few minutes."

"Been trouble between 'em?"

"They've not met before. Trampas don't enjoy losin' to a stranger."

"Fello's from Arizona, yu' say?"

"No. Virginia. He's recently back from havin' a look at Arizona. Went down there last year for a change. Works for the Sunk Creek outfit." And then the dealer lowered his voice still further and said something in the other man's ear, causing him to grin. After which both of them looked at me.

There had been silence over in the corner; but now the man Trampas spoke again.

"*And* ten," said he, sliding out some chips from before him. Very strange it was to hear him, how he contrived to make those words a personal taunt. The Virginian was looking at his cards. He might have been deaf.

"*And* twenty," said the next player, easily.

The next threw his cards down.

It was now the Virginian's turn to bet, or leave the game, and he did not speak at once.

Therefore Trampas spoke. "Your bet, you son-of-a——"

The Virginian's pistol came out, and his hand lay on the table, holding it unaimed. And with a voice as gentle as ever, the voice that sounded almost like a caress, but drawling a very little more than usual, so

that there was almost a space between each word, he issued his orders to the man Trampas:—

"When you call me that, *smile.*" And he looked at Trampas across the table.

Yes, the voice was gentle. But in my ears it seemed as if somewhere the bell of death was ringing; and silence, like a stroke, fell on the large room. All men present, as if by some magnetic current, had become aware of this crisis. In my ignorance, and the total stoppage of my thoughts, I stood stock-still, and noticed various people crouching, or shifting their positions.

"Sit quiet," said the dealer, scornfully to the man near me. "Can't you see he don't want to push trouble? He has handed Trampas the choice to back down or draw his steel."

Then, with equal suddenness and ease, the room came out of its strangeness. Voices and cards, the click of chips, the puff of tobacco, glasses lifted to drink,—this level of smooth relaxation hinted no more plainly of what lay beneath than does the surface tell the depth of the sea.

For Trampas had made his choice. And that choice was not to "draw his steel." If it was knowledge that he sought, he had found it, and no mistake! We heard no further reference to what he had been pleased to style "amatures." In no company would the black-headed man who had visited Arizona be rated a novice at the cool art of self-preservation.

One doubt remained: what kind of a man was Trampas? A public back-down is an unfinished thing,—for some natures at least. I looked at his face, and thought it sullen, but tricky rather than courageous.

Something had been added to my knowledge also. Once again I had heard applied to the Virginian that epithet which Steve so freely used. The same words, identical to the letter. But this time they had produced a pistol. "When you call me that, *smile!*" So I perceived a new example of the old truth, that the letter means nothing until the spirit gives it life.

III

STEVE TREATS

It was for several minutes, I suppose, that I stood drawing these silent morals. No man occupied himself with me. Quiet voices, and games of chance, and glasses lifted to drink, continued to be the peaceful order of the night. And into my thoughts broke the voice of that card-dealer who had already spoken so sagely. He also took his turn at moralizing.

"What did I tell you?" he remarked to the man for whom he continued to deal, and who continued to lose money to him.

"Tell me when?"

"Didn't I tell you he'd not shoot?" the dealer pursued with complacence. "You got ready to dodge. You had no call to be concerned. He's not the kind a man need feel anxious about."

The player looked over at the Virginian, doubtfully. "Well," he said, "I don't know what you folks call a dangerous man."

"Not him!" exclaimed the dealer with admiration. "He's a brave man. That's different."

The player seemed to follow this reasoning no better than I did.

"It's not a brave man that's dangerous," continued the dealer. "It's the cowards that scare me." He paused that this might sink home. "Fello' came in here las' Toosday," he went on. "He got into some misunderstanding about the drinks. Well, sir, before we could put him out of business, he'd hurt two perfectly innocent onlookers. They'd no more to do with it than you have," the dealer explained to me.

"Were they badly hurt?" I asked.

"One of 'em was. He's died since."

"What became of the man?"

"Why, we put him out of business, I told you. He died that night. But there was no occasion for any of it; and that's why I never like to be around where there's a coward. You can't tell. He'll always go to shooting before it's necessary, and there's no security who he'll hit. But a man like that black-headed guy is (the dealer indicated the Virginian) need never worry you. And there's another point why there's no need to worry about him: *it'll be too late!*"

These good words ended the moralizing of the dealer. He had given us a piece of his mind. He now gave the whole of it to dealing cards. I loitered here and there, neither welcome nor unwelcome at present, watching the cow-boys at their play. Saving Trampas, there was scarce a face among them that had not in it something very likable. Here were lusty horsemen ridden from the heat of the sun, and the wet of the storm, to divert themselves awhile. Youth untamed sat here for an idle moment, spending easily its hard-earned wages. City saloons rose into my vision, and I instantly preferred this Rocky Mountain

lace. More of death it undoubtedly saw, ut less of vice, than did its New York quivalents. And death is a thing much leaner than vice. Moreover, it was by o means vice that was written upon these ild and manly faces. Even where baseess was visible, baseness was not upperost. Daring, laughter, endurance—these ere what I saw upon the countenances of he cow-boys. And this very first day of ny knowledge of them marks a date with ne. For something about them, and the dea of them, smote my American heart, nd I have never forgotten it, nor ever shall, s long as I live. In their flesh our natural assions ran tumultuous; but often in their pirit sat hidden a true nobility, and often eneath its unexpected shining their figures ook on heroic stature.

The dealer had styled the Virginian "a lack-headed guy." This did well enough s an unflattered portrait. Judge Henry's rustworthy man, with whom I was to lrive two hundred and sixty-three miles, ertainly had a very black head of hair. t was the first thing to notice now, if one lanced generally at the table where he sat t cards. But the eye came back to him—lrawn by that inexpressible something vhich had led the dealer to speak so much t length about him.

Still, "black-headed guy" justly fits him nd his next performance. He had made is plan for this like a true and (I must say) nspired devil. And now the highly appreciative town of Medicine Bow was to be reated to a manifestation of genius.

He sat playing his stud-poker. After a decent period of losing and winning, which gave Trampas all proper time for a change of luck and a repairing of his fortunes, he looked at Steve and said amiably:——

"How does bed strike you?"

I was beside their table, learning gradually that stud-poker has in it more of what I call red pepper than has our Eastern game. The Virginian followed his own question:——

"Bed strikes me," he stated.

Steve feigned indifference. He was far more deeply absorbed in his bet and the American drummer than he was in this game; but he chose to take out a fat, florid gold watch, consult it elaborately, and remark, "It's only eleven."

"Yu' forget I'm from the country," said the black-headed guy. "The chickens have been roostin' a right smart while."

His sunny Southern accent was again strong. In that brief passage with Trampas it had been almost wholly absent. But different moods of the spirit bring different qualities of utterance—where a man comes by these naturally. The Virginian cashed in his checks.

"A while ago," said Steve, "you had won three months' salary."

"I'm still twenty dollars to the good," said the Virginian. "That's better than breaking a laig."

Again, in some voiceless, masonic way, most of the people in that saloon had become aware that something was in process of happening. Several left their games and came to the front by the bar.

"If he ain't in bed yet—" mused the Virginian.

"I'll find out," said I. And I hurried across to the dim sleeping room, happy to have a part in this.

They were all in bed; and in some beds two were sleeping. How they could do it—but in those days I was fastidious. The American had come in recently and was still awake.

"Thought you were to sleep at the store?" said he.

So then I invented a little lie, and explained that I was in search of the Virginian.

"Better search the dives," said he. "These cow-boys don't get to town often."

At this point I stumbled sharply over something.

"It's my box of Consumption Killer," explained the drummer. "Well, I hope that man will stay out all night."

"Bed narrow?" I inquired.

"For two it is. And the pillows are mean. Takes both before you feel anything's under your head."

He yawned, and I wished him pleasant dreams.

At my news the Virginian left the bar at once, and crossed to the sleeping room. Steve and I followed softly, and behind us several more strung out in an expectant line. "What is this going to be?" they inquired curiously of each other. And upon learning the great novelty of the event, they clustered with silence intense outside the door where the Virginian had gone in.

We heard the voice of the drummer, cautioning his bed-fellow. "Don't trip over the Killer," he was saying. "The Prince of Wales barked his shin just now." It seemed my English clothes had earned me this title.

The boots of the Virginian were next heard to drop.

"Can yu' make out what he's at?" whispered Steve.

He was plainly undressing. The rip of swift unbuttoning told us that the black-headed guy must now be removing his overalls.

"Why, thank yu', no," he was replying to a question of the drummer. "Outside or in's all one to me."

"Then, if you'd just as soon take the wall——"

"Why, cert'nly." There was a sound of bed-clothes, and creaking. "This hyeh pillo' needs a Southern climate," was the Virginian's next observation.

Many listeners had now gathered at the door. The dealer and the player were both here. The storekeeper was present, and I recognized the agent of the Union Pacific Railroad among the crowd. We made a large company, and I felt that trembling sensation which is common when the cap of a camera is about to be removed upon a group.

"I should think," said the drummer's voice, "that you'd feel your knife and gun clean through that pillow."

"I do," responded the Virginian.

"I should think you'd put them on a chair and be comfortable."

"I'd be uncomfortable, then."

"Used to the feel of them, I suppose?"

"That's it. Used to the feel of them. I would miss them, and that would make me wakeful."

"Well, good night."

"Good night. If I get to talkin' and tossin', or what not, you'll understand you're to——"

"Yes, I'll wake you."

"No, don't yu', for God's sake!"

"Not?"

"Don't yu' touch me."

"What'll I do?"

"Roll away quick to your side. It don't last but a minute." The Virginian spoke with a reassuring drawl.

Upon this there fell a brief silence, and I heard the drummer clear his throat once or twice.

"It's merely the nightmare, I suppose?" he said after a throat clearing.

"Lord, yes. That's all. And don't happen twice a year. Was you thinkin' it was fits?"

"Oh, no! I just wanted to know. I've been told before that it was not safe for a person to be waked suddenly that way out of a nightmare."

"Yes, I have heard that too. But it never harms me any. I didn't want you to run risks."

"Me?"

"Oh, it'll be all right now that yu' know how it is." The Virginian's drawl was full of assurance.

There was a second pause, after which the drummer said:——

"Tell me again how it is."

The Virginian answered very drowsily: "Oh, just don't let your arm or your laig touch me if I go to jumpin' around. I'm dreamin' of Indians when I do that. And if anything touches me then, I'm liable to grab my knife right in my sleep."

"Oh, I understand," said the drummer, clearing his throat. "Yes."

Steve was whispering delighted oaths to himself, and in his joy applying to the Virginian one unprintable name after another.

We listened again, but now no further words came. Listening very hard, I could half make out the progress of a heavy breathing, and a restless turning I could clearly detect. This was the wretched drummer. He was waiting. But he did not wait long. Again there was a light creak, and after it a light step. He was not even going to put his boots on in the fatal neighbourhood of the dreamer. By a happy thought Medicine Bow formed into two lines, making an avenue from the door. And then the commercial traveler forgot his Consumption Killer. He fell heavily over it.

Immediately from the bed the Virginian gave forth a dreadful howl.

And then everything happened at once; and how shall mere words narrate it? The door burst open, and out flew the commercial traveler in his stockings. One hand held a lump of coat and trousers with suspenders dangling, his boots were clutched in the other. The sight of us stopped his flight short. He gazed, the boots fell from his hand; and at his profane explosion, Medicine Bow set up a united, unearthly noise and began to play a Virginia reel with him. The other occupants of the beds had already sprung out of them clothed chiefly with their pistols, and ready for war.

"What is it?" they demanded. "What is it?"

"Why, I reckon it's drinks on Steve," said the Virginian from his bed. And he gave the first broad grin that I had seen from him.

"I'll set 'em up all night!" Steve shouted, as the reel went on regardless. The drummer was bawling to be allowed to put at least his boots on. "This way, Pard," was the answer; and another man whirled him round. "This way, Beau!" they called to

him; "This way, Budd!" and he was passed like a shuttle-cock down the line. Suddenly the leaders bounded into the sleeping room. "Feed the machine!" they said. "Feed her!" And seizing the German drummer who sold jewelery, they flung him into the trough of the reel. I saw him go bouncing like an ear of corn to be shelled, and the dance ingulfed him. I saw a Jew sent rattling after him; and next they threw in the railroad employee, and the other Jew; and while I stood mesmerized, my own feet left the earth. I shot from the room and sped like a bobbing cork into this mill race, whirling my turn in the wake of the others amid cries of, "Here comes the Prince of Wales!" There was soon not much English left about my raiment.

They were now shouting for music. Medicine Bow swept in like a cloud of dust to where a fiddler sat playing in a hall; and gathering up fiddler and dancers, swept out again, a larger Medicine Bow, growing all the while. Steve offered us the freedom of the house, everywhere. He implored us to call for whatever pleased us, and as many times as we should please. He ordered the town to be searched for more citizens to come and help him pay his bet. But changing his mind, kegs and bottles were now carried along with us. We had found three fiddlers, and these played busily for us; and thus we set out to visit all cabins and houses where people might still by some miracle be asleep. The first man put out his head to decline. But such a possibility had been foreseen by the proprietor of the store. This seemingly respectable man now came dragging some sort of apparatus from his place, helped by the Virginian. The cow-boys cheered, for they knew what this was. The man in his window likewise recognized it, and uttering a groan, came immediately out and joined us. What it was, I also learned in a few minutes. For we found a house where the people made no sign at either our fiddlers or our knocking. And then the infernal machine was set to work. Its parts seemed to be no more than an empty keg and a plank. Some citizen informed me that I should soon have a new idea of noise; and I nerved myself for something severe in the way of gunpowder. But the Virginian and the proprietor now sat on the ground holding the keg braced, and two others got down apparently to play see-saw over the top of it with the plank. But the keg and plank had been rubbed with rosin, and they drew the plank back and forth over the keg. Do you know the sound made in a narrow street by a dray loaded with strips of iron? That noise is a lullaby compared with the staggering, blinding bellow which rose from the keg. If you were to try in your native town, you would not merely be arrested, you would be hanged, and everybody would be glad, and the clergyman would not bury you. My head, my teeth, the whole system of my bones leaped and chattered at the din, and out of the house like drops squirted from a lemon came a man and his wife. No time was given them. They were swept along with the rest; and having been routed from their own bed, they now became most furious in assailing the remaining homes of Medicine Bow. Everybody was to come out. Many were now riding horses at top speed out into the plains and back, while the procession of the plank and keg continued its work and the fiddlers played incessantly.

Suddenly there was a quiet. I did not see who brought the message; but the word ran among us that there was a woman—the engineer's woman down by the water-tank —very sick. The doctor had been to see her from Laramie. Everybody liked the engineer. Plank and keg were heard no more. The horsemen found it out and restrained their gambols. Medicine Bow went gradually home. I saw doors shutting, and lights go out; I saw a late few reassemble at the card tables, and the drummers gathered themselves together for sleep; the proprietor of the store (you could not see a more respectable-looking person) hoped that I would be comfortable on the quilts; and I heard Steve urging the Virginian to take one more glass.

"We've not met for so long," he said.

But the Virginian, the black-headed guy who had set all this nonsense going, said No to Steve. "I have got to stay responsible," was his excuse to his friend. And the friend looked at me. Therefore I surmised that the Judge's trustworthy man found me an embarrassment to his holiday. But if he did, he never showed it to me. He had been sent to meet a stranger and drive him to Sunk Creek in safety, and this charge he would allow no temptation to imperil. He nodded goodnight to me. "If there's anything I can do for yu', you'll tell me."

I thanked him. "What a pleasant evening!" I added.

"I'm glad yu' found it so."

Again his manner put a bar to my approaches. Even though I had seen him

wildly disporting himself, those were matters which he chose not to discuss with me.

Medicine Bow was quiet as I went my way to my quilts. So still, that through the air the deep whistles of the freight trains came from below the horizon across great miles of silence. I passed cow-boys, whom half an hour before I had seen prancing and roaring, now rolled in their blankets beneath the open and shining night.

"What world am I in?" I said aloud. "Does this same planet hold Fifth Avenue?"

And I went to sleep, pondering over my native land.

IV

DEEP INTO CATTLE LAND

MORNING had been for some while astir in Medicine Bow before I left my quilts. The new day and its doings began around me in the store, chiefly at the grocery counter. Dry-goods were not in great request. The early rising cow-boys were off again to their work; and those to whom their night's holiday had left any dollars were spending these for tobacco, or cartridges, or canned provisions for the journey to their distant camps. Sardines were called for, and potted chicken, and deviled ham: a sophisticated nourishment, at first sight, for these sons of the sage-brush. But portable ready-made food plays of necessity a great part in the opening of a new country. These picnic pots and cans were the first of her trophies that Civilization dropped upon Wyoming's virgin soil. The cow-boy is now gone to worlds invisible; the wind has blown away the white ashes of his camp-fires; but the empty sardine box lies rusting over the face of the Western earth.

So through my eyes half closed I watched the sale of these tins, and grew familiar with the ham's inevitable trade-mark—that label with the devil and his horns and hoofs and tail very pronounced, all coloured a sultry prodigious scarlet. And when each horseman had made his purchase, he would trail his spurs over the floor, and presently the sound of his horse's hoofs would be the last of him. Through my dozing attention came various fragments of talk, and sometimes useful bits of knowledge. For instance, I learned the true value of tomatoes in this country. One fellow was buying two cans of them.

"Meadow Creek dry already?" commented the proprietor.

"Been dry ten days," the young cow-boy informed him. And it appeared that along the road he was going, water would not be reached much before sundown, because this Meadow Creek had ceased to run. His tomatoes were for drink. And thus they have refreshed me many times since.

"No beer?" suggested the proprietor.

The boy made a shuddering face. "Don't say its name to me!" he exclaimed. "I couldn't hold my breakfast down." He rang his silver money upon the counter. "I've swore off for three months," he stated. "I'm going to be as pure as the snow!" And away he went jingling out of the door, to ride seventy-five miles. Three more months of hard, unsheltered work, and he would ride into town again, with his adolescent blood crying aloud for its own.

"I'm obliged," said a new voice, rousing me from a new doze. "She's easier this morning, since the medicine." This was the engineer, whose sick wife had brought a hush over Medicine Bow's rioting. "I'll give her them flowers soon as she wakes," he added.

"Flowers?" repeated the proprietor.

"You didn't leave that bunch at our door?"

"Wish I'd thought to do it."

"She likes to see flowers," said the engineer. And he walked out slowly, with his thanks unachieved. He returned at once with the Virginian; for in the band of the Virginian's hat were two or three blossoms.

"It don't need mentioning," the Southerner was saying, embarrassed by any expression of thanks. "If we had knowed last night——"

"You didn't disturb her any," broke in the engineer. "She's easier this morning. I'll tell her about them flowers."

"Why, it don't need mentioning," the Virginian again protested, almost crossly. "The little things looked kind o' fresh, and I just picked them." His eye now fell upon me, where I lay upon the counter. "I reckon breakfast will be getting through," he remarked.

I was soon at the wash trough. It was only half-past six, but many had been before me,—one glance at the roller-towel told me that. I was afraid to ask the landlady for a clean one, and so I found a fresh handkerchief, and accomplished a sparing toilet. In the midst of this the drummers joined me, one by one, and they used the degraded towel without hesitation. In a way they had the best of me; filth was nothing to them.

The latest risers in Medicine Bow, we sat

at breakfast together; and they essayed some light familiarities with the landlady. But these experiments were failures. Her eyes did not see, nor did her ears hear them. She brought the coffee and the bacon with a sedateness that propriety itself could scarce have surpassed. Yet impropriety lurked noiselessly all over her. You could not have specified how; it was interblended with her sum total. Silence was her apparent habit and her weapon; but the American drummer found that she could speak to the point when need came for this. During the meal he had praised her golden hair. It was golden indeed, and worth a high compliment; but his kind displeased her. She had let it pass, however, with no more than a cool stare. But on taking his leave, when he came to pay for the meal, he pushed it too far.

"Pity this must be our last," he said; and as it brought no answer, "Ever travel?" he inquired. "Where I go, there's room for a pair of us."

"Then you'd better find another jackass," she replied quietly.

I was glad that I had not asked for a clean towel.

From the commercial travelers I now separated myself, and wandered alone in pleasurable aimlessness. It was seven o'clock. Medicine Bow stood voiceless and unpeopled. The cow-boys had melted away. The inhabitants were indoors, pursuing the business or the idleness of the forenoon. Visible motion there was none. No shell upon the dry sands could lie more lifeless than Medicine Bow. Looking in at the store, I saw the proprietor sitting with his pipe extinct. Looking in at the saloon, I saw the dealer dealing dumbly to himself. Up in the sky there was not a cloud nor a bird, and on the earth the lightest straw lay becalmed. Once I saw the Virginian at an open door, where the golden-haired landlady stood talking with him. Sometimes I strolled in the town, and sometimes out on the plain I lay down with my day dreams in the sage-brush. Pale herds of antelope were in the distance, and near by the demure prairie-dogs sat up and scrutinized me. Steve, Trampas, the riot of horsemen, my lost trunk, Uncle Hughey, with his abortive brides—all things merged in my thoughts in a huge, delicious indifference. It was like swimming slowly at random in an ocean that was smooth, and neither too cool nor too warm. And before I knew it, five lazy imperceptible hours had gone thus. There was the Union Pacific train, coming as if from shores forgotten.

Its approach was silent and long drawn out. I easily reached town and the platform before it had finished watering at the tank. It moved up, made a short halt, I saw my trunk come out of it, and then it moved away silently as it had come, smoking and dwindling into distance unknown.

Beside my trunk was one other, tied extravagantly with white ribbon. The fluttering bows caught my attention, and now I suddenly saw a perfectly new sight. The Virginian was further down the platform, doubled up with laughing. It was good to know that with sufficient cause he could laugh like this; a smile had thus far been his limit of external mirth. Rice now flew against my hat, and hissing gusts of rice spouted on the platform. All the men left in Medicine Bow appeared like magic, and more rice choked the atmosphere. Through the general clamour a cracked voice said, "Don't hit her in the eye, boys!" and Uncle Hughey rushed proudly by me with an actual wife on his arm. She could easily have been his granddaughter. They got at once into a vehicle. The trunk was lifted in behind. And amid cheers, rice, shoes, and broad felicitations, the pair drove out of town, Uncle Hughey shrieking to the horses and the bride waving unabashed adieus.

The word had come over the wires from Laramie: "Uncle Hughey has made it this time. Expect him on to-day's number two." And Medicine Bow had expected him.

Many words arose on the departure of the new-married couple.

"Who's she?"

"What's he got for her?"

"Got a gold mine up Bear Creek."

And after comment and prophecy, Medicine Bow returned to its dinner.

This meal was my last here for a long while. The Virginian's responsibility now returned; duty drove the Judge's trustworthy man to take care of me again. He had not once sought my society of his own accord; his distaste for what he supposed me to be (I don't exactly know what this was) remained unshaken. I have thought that matters of dress and speech should not carry with them so much mistrust in our democracy; thieves are presumed innocent until proved guilty, but a starched collar is condemned at once. Perfect civility and obligingness I certainly did receive from the Virginian, only not a word of fellowship.

He harnessed the horses, got my trunk, and gave me some advice about taking as provisions for our journey something more palatable than what food we should find along the road. It was well thought of, and I bought quite a parcel of dainties, feeling that he would despise both them and me. And thus I took my seat beside him, wondering what we should manage to talk about for two hundred and sixty-three miles.

Farewell in those days was not said in Cattle Land. Acquaintances watched our departure with a nod or with nothing, and the nearest approach to "Good-by" was the proprietor's "So-long." But I caught sight of one farewell given without words.

As we drove by the eating-house, the shade of the side window was raised, and the landlady looked her last upon the Virginian. Her lips were faintly parted, and no woman's eyes ever said more plainly, "I am one of your possessions." She had forgotten that it might be seen. Her glance caught mine, and she backed into the dimness of the room. What look she may have received from him, if he gave her any at this too public moment, I could not tell. His eyes seemed to be upon the horses, and he drove with the same mastering ease that had roped the wild pony yesterday. We passed the ramparts of Medicine Bow,—thick heaps and fringes of tin cans, and shelving mounds of bottles cast out of the saloons. The sun struck these at a hundred glittering points. And in a moment we were in the clean plains, with the prairie-dogs and the pale herds of antelope. The great, still air bathed us, pure as water and strong as wine; the sunlight flooded the world; and shining upon the breast of the Virginian's flannel shirt lay a long gold thread of hair! The noisy American drummer had met defeat, but this silent free-lance had been easily victorious.

It must have been five miles that we traveled in silence, losing and seeing the horizon among the ceaseless waves of the earth. Then I looked back, and there was Medicine Bow, seemingly a stone's throw behind us. It was a full half-hour before I looked back again, and there sure enough was always Medicine Bow. A size or two smaller, I will admit, but visible in every feature, like something seen through the wrong end of a field-glass. The East-bound express was approaching the town, and I noticed the white steam from its whistle; but when the sound reached us, the train had almost stopped. And in reply to my comment upon this, the Virginian deigned to remark that it was more so in Arizona.

"A man come to Arizona," he said, "with one of them telescopes to study the heavenly bodies. He was a Yankee, seh, and a right smart one, too. And one night we was watchin' for some little old fallin' stars that he said was due, and I saw some lights movin' along acrost the mesa pretty lively, an' I sang out. But he told me it was just the train. And I told him I didn't know yu' could see the cyars that plain from his place. 'Yu' can see them,' he said to me, 'but it is las' night's cyars you're lookin' at.'" At this point the Virginian spoke severely to one of the horses. "Of course," he then resumed to me, "that Yankee man did not mean quite all he said.—You, Buck!" he again broke off suddenly to the horse. "But Arizona, seh," he continued, "cert'nly has a mos' deceivin' atmospheah. Another man told me he had seen a lady close one eye at him when he was two minutes hard run from her." This time the Virginian gave Buck the whip.

"What effect," I inquired with a gravity equal to his own, "does this extraordinary foreshortening have upon a quart of whiskey?"

"When it's outside yu', seh, no distance looks too far to go to it."

He glanced at me with an eye that held more confidence than hitherto he had been able to feel in me. I had made one step in his approval. But I had many yet to go. This day he preferred his own thoughts to my conversation, and so he did all the days of this first journey; while I should have greatly preferred his conversation to my thoughts. He dismissed some attempts that I made upon the subject of Uncle Hughey; so that I had not the courage to touch upon Trampas, and that chill brief collision which might have struck the spark of death. Trampas! I had forgotten him till the silent drive I was beginning. I wondered if I should ever see him, or Steve, or any of those people again. And this wonder I expressed aloud.

"There's no tellin' in this country," said the Virginian. "Folks come easy, and they go easy. In settled places, like back in the States, even a poor man mostly has a home. Don't care if it's only a barrel on a lot, the fello' will keep frequentin' that lot, and if yu' want him yu' can find him. But out hyeh in the sage-brush, a man's home is apt to be his saddle blanket. First thing yu' know, he has moved it to Texas."

"You have done some moving yourself," I suggested.

But this word closed his mouth. "I have had a look at the country," he said, and we were silent again. Let me, however, tell you here that he had set out for a "look at the country" at the age of fourteen; and that by his present age of twenty-four he had seen Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. Everywhere he had taken care of himself, and survived; nor had his strong heart yet waked up to any hunger for a home. Let me also tell you that he was one of thousands drifting and living thus, but (as you shall learn) one in a thousand.

Medicine Bow did not forever remain in sight. When next I thought of it and looked behind, nothing was there but the road we had come; it lay like a ship's wake across the huge ground swell of the earth. We were swallowed in a vast solitude. A little while before sunset, a cabin came in view; and here we passed our first night. Two young men lived here, tending their cattle. They were fond of animals. By the stable a chained coyote rushed nervously in a circle, or sat on its haunches and snapped at gifts of food ungraciously. A tame young elk walked in and out of the cabin door, and during supper it tried to push me off my chair. A half-tame mountain sheep practised jumping from the ground to the roof. The cabin was papered with posters of a circus, and skins of bear and silver fox lay upon the floor. Until nine o'clock one man talked to the Virginian, and one played gayly upon a concertina; and then we all went to bed. The air was like December, but in my blankets and a buffalo robe I kept warm, and luxuriated in the Rocky Mountain silence. Going to wash before breakfast at sunrise, I found needles of ice in a pail. Yet it was hard to remember that this quiet, open, splendid wilderness (with not a peak in sight just here) was six thousand feet high. And when breakfast was over there was no December left; and by the time the Virginian and I were ten miles upon our way, it was June. But always every breath that I breathed was pure as water and strong as wine.

We never passed a human being this day. Some wild cattle rushed up to us and away from us; antelope stared at us from a hundred yards; coyotes ran skulking through the sage-brush to watch us from a hill; at our noon meal we killed a rattlesnake and shot some young sage chickens, which were good at supper, roasted at our campfire.

By half-past eight we were asleep beneath the stars, and by half-past four I was drinking coffee and shivering. The horse, Buck, was hard to catch this second morning. Whether some hills that we were now in had excited him, or whether the better water up here had caused an effervescence in his spirits, I cannot say. But I was as hot as July by the time we had him safe in harness, or, rather, unsafe in harness. For Buck, in the mysterious language of horses, now taught wickedness to his side partner, and about eleven o'clock they laid their evil heads together and decided to break our necks.

We were passing, I have said, through a range of demi-mountains. It was a little country where trees grew, water ran, and the plains were shut out for a while. The road had steep places in it, and places here and there where you could fall off and go bounding to the bottom among stones. But Buck, for some reason, did not think these opportunities good enough for him. He selected a more theatrical moment. We emerged from a narrow cañon suddenly upon five hundred cattle and some cow-boys branding calves by a fire in a corral. It was a sight that Buck knew by heart. He instantly treated it like an appalling phenomenon. I saw him kick seven ways; I saw Muggins kick five ways; our furious motion snapped my spine like a whip. I grasped the seat. Something gave a forlorn jingle. It was the brake.

"Don't jump!" commanded the trustworthy man.

"No," I said, as my hat flew off.

Help was too far away to do anything for us. We passed scathless through a part of the cattle; I saw their horns and backs go by. Some earth crumbled, and we plunged downward into water, rocking among stones, and upward again through some more crumbling earth. I heard a crash, and saw my trunk landing in the stream.

"She's safer there," said the trustworthy man.

"True," I said.

"We'll go back for her," said he, with his eye on the horses and his foot on the crippled brake. A dry gully was coming, and no room to turn. The farther side of it was terraced with rock. We should simply fall backward, if we did not fall forward first. He steered the horses straight over, and just at the bottom swung them, with

astonishing skill, to the right along the hard-baked mud. They took us along the bed up to the head of the gully, and through a thicket of quaking asps. The light trees bent beneath our charge and bastinadoed the wagon as it went over them. But their branches enmeshed the horses' legs, and we came to a harmless standstill among a bower of leaves.

I looked at the trustworthy man, and smiled vaguely. He considered me for a moment.

"I reckon," said he, "you're feelin' about half-way between 'Oh, Lord!' and 'Thank God!'"

"That's quite it," said I, as he got down on the ground.

"Nothing's broke," said he, after a searching examination. And he indulged in a true Virginian expletive. "Gentlemen, hush!" he murmured gently, looking at me with his grave eyes; "one time I got pretty near scared. You, Buck," he continued, "some folks would beat you now till yu'd be uncertain whether yu' was a hawss or a railroad accident. I'd do it myself, only it wouldn't cure yu'."

I now told him that I supposed he had saved both our lives. But he detested words of direct praise. He made some grumbling rejoinder, and led the horses out of the thicket. Buck, he explained to me, was a good horse, and so was Muggins. Both of them generally meant well, and that was the Judge's reason for sending them to meet me. But these broncos had their off days. Off days might not come very often; but when the humour seized a bronco, he had to have his spree. Buck would now behave himself as a horse should for probably two months. "They are just like humans," the Virginian concluded.

Several cow-boys arrived on a gallop to find how many pieces of us were left. We returned down the hill; and when we reached my trunk, it was surprising to see the distance that our runaway had covered. My hat was also found, and we continued on our way.

Buck and Muggins were patterns of discretion through the rest of the mountains. I thought when we camped this night that it was strange Buck should be again allowed to graze at large, instead of being tied to a rope while we slept. But this was my ignorance. With the hard work that he was gallantly doing, the horse needed more pasture than a rope's length would permit him to find. Therefore he went free, and in the morning gave us but little trouble in catching him.

We crossed a river in the forenoon, and far to the north of us we saw the Bow Leg Mountains, pale in the bright sun. Sunk Creek flowed from their western side, and our two hundred and sixty-three miles began to grow a small thing in my eyes. Buck and Muggins, I think, knew perfectly that to-morrow would see them home. They recognized this region; and once they turned off at a fork in the road. The Virginian pulled them back rather sharply.

"Want to go back to Balaam's?" he inquired of them. "I thought you had more sense."

I asked, Who was Balaam?

"A maltreater of hawsses," replied the cow-puncher. "His ranch is on Butte Creek oveh yondeh." And he pointed to where the diverging road melted into space. "The Judge bought Buck and Muggins from him in the spring."

"So he maltreats horses?" I repeated.

"That's the word all through this country. A man that will do what they claim Balaam does to a hawss when he's mad, ain't fit to be called human." The Virginian told me some particulars.

"Oh!" I almost screamed at the horror of it, and again, "Oh!"

"He'd have prob'ly done that to Buck as soon as he stopped runnin' away. If I caught a man doin' that——"

We were interrupted by a sedate-looking traveler riding upon an equally sober horse.

"Mawnin', Taylor," said the Virginian, pulling up for gossip. "Ain't you strayed off your range pretty far?"

"You're a nice one!" replied Mr. Taylor stopping his horse and smiling amiably.

"Tell me something I don't know," retorted the Virginian.

"Hold up a man at cards and rob him," pursued Mr. Taylor. "Oh, the news has got ahead of you!"

"Trampas has been hyeh explainin', has he?" said the Virginian with a grin.

"Was that your victim's name?" said Mr. Taylor, facetiously. "No, it wasn't him that brought the news. Say, what did you do, anyway?"

"So that thing has got around," murmured the Virginian. "Well, it wasn't worth such wide repawtin'." And he gave the simple facts to Taylor, while I sat wondering at the contagious powers of Rumour. Here, through this voiceless land, this desert, this vacuum, it had spread like a change of weather. "Any news up your way?" the Virginian concluded.

Importance came into Mr. Taylor's

countenance. "Bear Creek is going to build a schoolhouse," said he.

"Goodness gracious!" drawled the Virginian. "What's that for?"

Now, Mr. Taylor had been married for some years. "To educate the offspring of Bear Creek," he answered with pride.

"Offspring of Bear Creek," the Virginian meditatively repeated. "I don't remember noticin' much offspring. There was some white tail deer, and a right smart o' jack rabbits."

"The Swintons have moved up from Drybone," said Mr. Taylor, always seriously. "They found it no place for young children. And there's Uncle Carmody with six, and Ben Dow. And Westfall has become a family man, and——"

"Jim Westfall!" exclaimed the Virginian. "Him a fam'ly man! Well, if this hyeh Territory is goin' to get full o' fam'ly men and empty o' game, I believe I'll——"

"Get married yourself," suggested Mr. Taylor.

"Me! I ain't near reached the marriageable age. No, seh! But Uncle Hughey has got there at last, yu' know."

"Uncle Hughey!" shouted Mr. Taylor. He had not heard this. Rumour is very capricious. Therefore the Virginian told him, and the family man rocked in his saddle.

"Build your schoolhouse," said the Virginian. "Uncle Hughey has qualified himself to subscribe to all such propositions. Got your eye on a school-marm?"

V

ENTER THE WOMAN

"We are taking steps," said Mr. Taylor. "Bear Creek ain't going to be hasty about a school-marm."

"Sure," assented the Virginian. "The children wouldn't want yu' to hurry."

But Mr. Taylor was, as I have indicated, a serious family man. The problem of educating his children could appear to him in no light except a sober one. "Bear Creek," he said, "don't want the experience they had over at Calef. We must not hire an ignoramus."

"Sure!" assented the Virginian again.

"Nor we don't want no gad-a-way flirt," said Mr. Taylor.

"She must keep her eyes on the black-boa'd," said the Virginian, gently.

"Well, we can wait till we get a guaranteed article," said Mr. Taylor. "And that's what we're going to do. It can't be this year, and it needn't to be. None of the kids is very old, and the schoolhouse has got to be built." He now drew a letter from his pocket, and looked at me. "Are you acquainted with Miss Mary Stark Wood of Bennington, Vermont?" he inquired.

I was not acquainted with her at this time.

"She's one we are thinking of. She's a correspondent with Mrs. Balaam." Taylor handed me the letter. "She wrote that to Mrs. Balaam, and Mrs. Balaam said the best thing was for to let me see it and judge for myself. I'm taking it back to Mrs. Balaam. Maybe you can give me your opinion how it sizes up with the letters they write back East?"

The communication was mainly of a business kind, but also personal, and freely written. I do not think that its writer expected it to be exhibited as a document. The writer wished very much that she could see the West. But she could not gratify this desire merely for pleasure, or she would long ago have accepted the kind invitation to visit Mrs. Balaam's ranch. Teaching school was something she would like to do, if she were fitted for it. "Since the mills failed" (the writer said) "we have all gone to work and done a lot of things so that mother might keep on living in the old house. Yes, the salary would be a temptation. But, my dear, isn't Wyoming bad for the complexion? And could I sue them if mine got damaged? It is still admired. I could bring one male witness *at least* to prove that!" Then the writer became businesslike again. Even if she came to feel that she could leave home, she did not at all know that she could teach school. Nor did she think it right to accept a position in which one had had no experience. "I do love children, boys especially," she went on. "My small nephew and I get on famously. But imagine if a whole benchful of boys began asking me questions that I couldn't answer! What should I do? For one could not spank them all, you know! And mother says that I ought not to teach anybody spelling, because I leave the *u* out of *honour*."

Altogether it was a letter which I could assure Mr. Taylor "sized up" very well with the letters written in my part of the United States. And it was signed, "Your very sincere spinster, Molly Stark Wood."

"I never seen *honour* spelled with a *u*," said Mr. Taylor, over whose not highly civilized head certain portions of the letter had lightly passed.

I told him that some old-fashioned people still wrote the word so.

"Either way would satisfy Bear Creek," said Mr. Taylor, "if she's otherwise up to requirements."

The Virginian was now looking over the letter musingly, and with awakened attention.

"'Your very sincere spinster,'" he read aloud slowly.

"I guess that means she's forty," said Mr. Taylor.

"I reckon she is about twenty," said the Virginian. And again he fell to musing over the paper that he held.

"Her handwriting ain't like any I've saw," pursued Mr. Taylor. "But Bear Creek would not object to that, provided she knows 'rithmetic and George Washington, and them kind of things."

"I expect she is not an awful sincere spinster," surmised the Virginian, still looking at the letter, still holding it as if it were some token.

Has any botanist set down what the seed of love is? Has it anywhere been set down in how many ways this seed may be sown? In what various vessels of gossamer it can float across wide spaces? Or upon what different soils it can fall, and live unknown, and bide its time for blooming?

The Virginian handed back to Taylor the sheet of note paper where a girl had talked as the women he had known did not talk. If his eyes had ever seen such maidens, there had been no meeting of eyes; and if such maidens had ever spoken to him, the speech was from an established distance. But here was a free language, altogether new to him. It proved, however, not alien to his understanding, as it was alien to Mr. Taylor's.

We drove onward, a mile perhaps, and then two. He had lately been full of words, but now he barely answered me, so that a silence fell upon both of us. It must have been all of ten miles that we had driven when he spoke of his own accord.

"Your real spinster don't speak of her lot that easy," he remarked. And presently he quoted a phrase about the complexion, "'Could I sue them if mine got damaged?'" and he smiled over this to himself, shaking his head. "What would she be doing on Bear Creek?" he next said. And finally: "I reckon that witness will detain her in Vermont. And her mother'll keep livin' at the old house."

Thus did the cow-puncher deliver himself, not knowing at all that the seed had floated across wide spaces, and was biding its time in his heart.

On the morrow we reached Sunk Creek. Judge Henry's welcome and his wife's would have obliterated any hardships that I had endured, and I had endured none at all.

For a while I saw little of the Virginian. He lapsed into his native way of addressing me occasionally as "seh"—a habit entirely repudiated by this land of equality. I was sorry. Our common peril during the runaway of Buck and Muggins had brought us to a familiarity that I hoped was destined to last. But I think that it would not have gone farther, save for a certain personage—I must call her a personage. And as I am indebted to her for gaining me a friend whose prejudice against me might never have been otherwise overcome, I shall tell you her little story, and how her misadventures and her fate came to bring the Virginian and me to an appreciation of one another. Without her, it is likely I should also not have heard so much of the story of the schoolmarm, and how that lady at last came to Bear Creek.

(*To be continued*)

Claire de Lune—By PAUL VERLAINE

YOUR soul is as a moonlit landscape fair,
Peopled with maskers delicate and dim
That play on lutes, and dance, and have an air
Of being sad in their fantastic trim.

The while they celebrate in minor strain
Triumphant love, effective enterprise,
They have an air of knowing all is vain—
And through the quiet moonlight their songs rise,

The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree,
And in their polished basins of white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.

Translated by Gertrude Hall.

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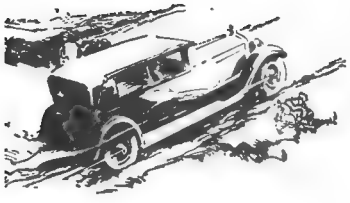

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2. It will give you more power, particularly on hills and heavy roads.
3. It will make your engine operate more smoothly.
4. It will reduce gearshifting.
5. It will increase acceleration, making your car easier to handle in traffic.
6. It will eliminate "knocking" under all driving conditions.
7. It will reduce vibration and engine wear and tear.
8. It will save the expense of carbon removal.
9. It will give you more power from each gallon of fuel that you use.

IN SHORT, the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline over regular gasoline are so marked as to make the small premium it costs a real economy.

IT is important that you differentiate between Ethyl Gasoline and other "anti-knock" gasolines. Ethyl Gasoline is the *only* fuel which eliminates "knocking" under *all* conditions, thereby making present day automobiles perform more efficiently.

It was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after 8 years of scientific research which resulted in these two important discoveries.

1. That "knocking" is an inherent characteristic of *all* gasolines. What had previously been called a "carbon knock" or "ignition knock" or "engine knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*, due to the too rapid combustion of gasoline in the cylinders.
2. That "knocking" could be completely eliminated in gasoline by the addition of *Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound*. This ingredient was discovered by General Motors research engineers after experimenting with more than 33,000 chemical compounds.

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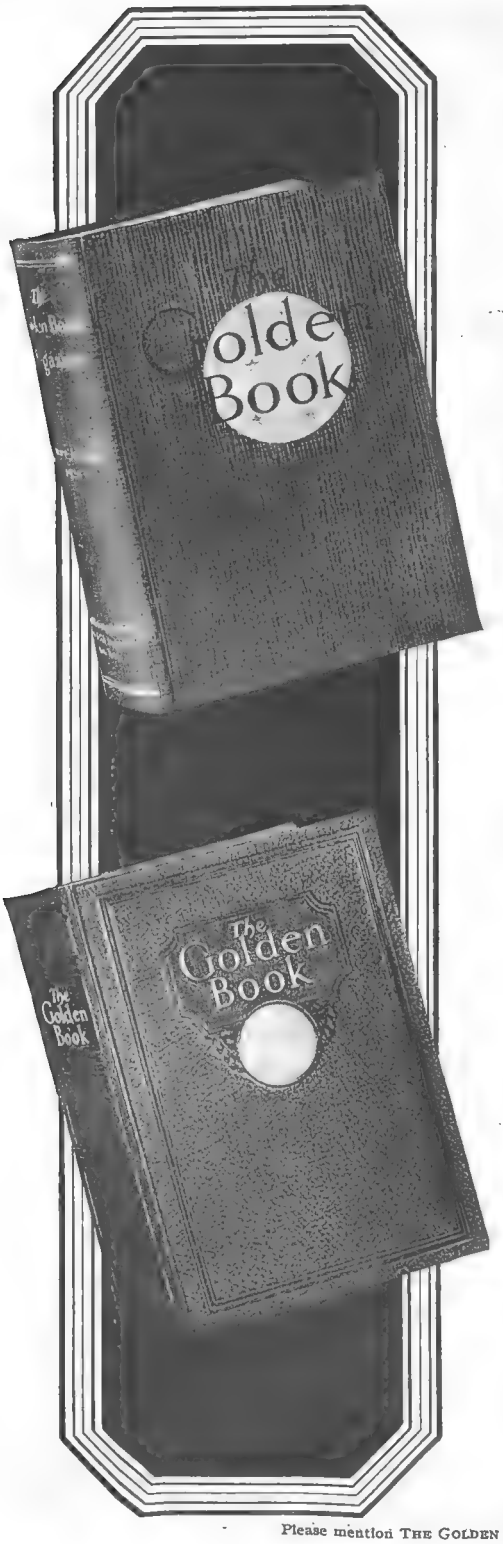

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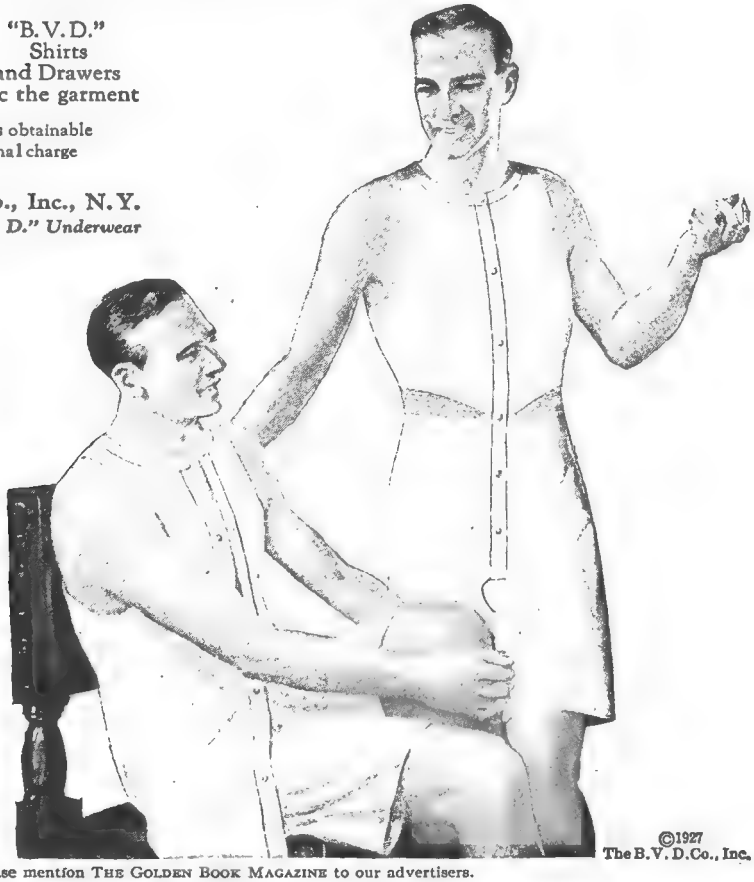

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Adventures in Investing

She Had Never Read the Parable of the Talents

By ROBERT MONTGOMERY

WITHOUT awaiting the formality of being announced, a middle-aged woman furtively slipped into my office one day, slid into a chair, and, almost fearfully, inquired about our company's preferred stock, which we were selling on the customer-ownership plan.

"Mister, I want to know something about your stock." Her query was hesitant and laboured, and I immediately judged from her appearance and tone of voice that she probably was interested in buying one or two $100 shares on the partial payment plan. I explained in as simple language as I could about the stock, what it cost, what it paid in dividends, and what payments would be required to carry it on the partial payment plan.

It was not difficult to see that she paid little attention to what I was saying. She seemed more concerned that we were not interrupted and that our conversation was not overheard.

"Mr. Montgomery," she had learned my name by this time, "you know I don't know whether to buy any of this here stock or not, and I don't want to put my money in any bank. If I die, I'm afraid my sister can't get it if it's all tied up in stock, or in some bank.

"Why don't you see a lawyer and have him draw a will for you?" I suggested.

"I don't want anything to do with a lawyer," she replied doggedly.

"Well, I'll write a will for you, if you would like me to," I offered. For the first time, a smile lighted her face, plain and toil-worn. "Will you?" she asked, as though she couldn't believe what I had said.

I drew up the will, leaving all her possessions to her sister, as she wished. It was signed and witnessed in my office, and immediately this was done, she was anxious to get away.

"I'll be in to see you in a few days about some of that stock," she said as she left, after expressing mumbled words of gratitude for the writing of the will.

The following Saturday she returned, carrying an ordinary half-bushel chip-basket containing something covered with a red tablecloth. Being seated, she asked several questions about our stock, and finally told me that she would like to buy 130 shares.

After writing the order, I inquired if she wished to pay by check. "No," she replied; "I have the cash in the basket." Removing the red tablecloth, she placed on my desk a basketful of money—$13,000 in bills of $1, $2, $5 and $10 denominations. Scattered through the money were several dozen moth-balls, the odour of which quickly permeated the office.

It took our cashier quite a while to count the money, after which our newly acquired shareholder left, apparently very much worried over the fact that she had exchanged $13,000 for a mere piece of paper bearing my signature as a receipt.

After the lapse of about eighteen months, during which she had received six dividend checks and found they were negotiable at any store in the city, the woman again called at the office. She asked whether I would go to her house some day on a few moments' notice, if she were to telephone me, offering the explanation that she had some more money which she preferred not to carry to the office alone. I suggested sending one of our salesmen, but she insisted that I should personally handle the transaction.

In a few days she telephoned me about 11 A. M., requesting that I call at her house at once. Upon my arrival, she opened the door, and, with all of the shades drawn, conducted me through the house and out into the back yard, around which was a high board fence. Taking a tape-line out of her apron pocket, she measured off a short distance from a peach tree, marking the place on the ground. She then got a pick and a spade

(*Continued on page 42*)

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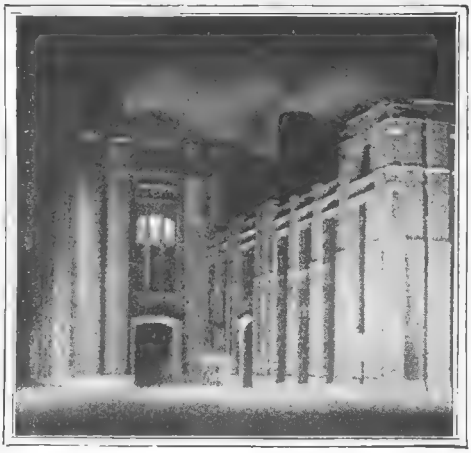

Milestones

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UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

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INVESTMENTS that ENDURE

(*Continued from page 40*)

from the woodshed and told me to dig. After diggi a small hole about two feet deep, I unearthed a ca iron tea-kettle, which she directed me to carry into t kitchen.

Bolting the kitchen door, she said: "Pour the mon out here and count it." I emptied the tea-kett full of $5 and $10 gold pieces, on the kitchen tab They were very dirty, from muddy water that h seeped in. The woman placed the coins in a flour sie and put them under the faucet to remove the s after which I counted them, announcing that they n resented $8,700, which she agreed was correct

I wrote out her order for stock, gave her a receipt the money, and started to return, when I noticed to surprise that she was preparing to go with me. S had gathered up the gold coins from the table a poured them into a large woolen stocking, which s wrapped in some heavy brown paper. Carryi this heavy package under my arm, I conduct her to my automobile; and we made our way to t office.

Upon our arrival, she accompanied me to our cashie cage, where the money was counted and put aw She then made her departure, apparently thoroug satisfied.

* * *

A few months later, our new shareholder became m communicative when she called, and explained to that this money represented the savings of her gra father and her father, both of whom had been dead many years, and that she had kept the money hid about the place, it being understood that in the ev of her death, her sister could take possession of it, the sister was the only other person who knew hiding place. The gold was buried in the rear ya while the paper money had been kept in an iron b hidden under the floor of a closet.

The woman lived alone and was working for wa amounting to about $720 a year. As she owned h small cottage, she managed to live on that incon After investing the money, she received an income over $1,500 in dividends; I pointed out to her that was no longer necessary for her to work, so she sc resigned her position, began to dress better, and i proved greatly in health and general appearance.

She prefers to call at the office regularly each quart for her dividend check, rather than have it maile and generally drops in to chat with me a few minute On several of these occasions she has commented up her stupidity and ignorance in hiding this money f years, when the income from it, if properly investe would have saved her more than twenty years drudgery.

* * *

Being unable to read or write, this woman was ignora

(*Continued on page 44*)

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(Continued from page 42)

of the many safe methods for investing money; sh looked upon all banks with suspicion. Were it not fo the fact that her neighbours were shareholders of th same company and had talked to her about the stock she would perhaps have spent the balance of her li eking out an existence, while her small fortune remaine hidden away, for the only good, sound business advic her father had given her was: "Never spend any of you principal," and she had religiously followed his in structions.

The average banker probably will be astonished t know that many people still hide money in this manner but it is a very common thing among the class of sma investors with whom we come in contact.

Only three years ago H. L. Reid, sold a man i New Albany, Indiana, a large block of our preferre stock, and he had Mr. Reid accompany him to th orchard and help dig up an iron box filled with gol coins, amounting to an even larger sum of mone than that of the woman mentioned above.

CORRECTION

The price noted on the Russian external bonds quot in the "Adventure" on page 44 (Advertising) of t March issue, should have been $150 a thousand inste of $15 a thousand of par value.

The universal testimony is that, difficult as it may be to make money, it's harder to invest it safely and profitably.

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College Humor

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

THE MUSIC FIELD

Nation-Wide Interest In Developing Musical Ability

THROUGHOUT the country there have been increasing evidences of a growing interest in the study of music by the many thousands who have no thought of a professional career.

The love for music was never so much alive nor widespread. In Detroit not long ago 15,000 eager, enthusiastic children participated in a Piano Playing Contest. In Chicago an even larger number are now engaged in a similar friendly competition. In Wisconsin, where a Piano Playing Contest is under way, to be preceded by several months of group instruction, applicants have been enrolling at the rate of five hundred a day, ranging in age from six to sixty. Reports of similar interest shown on the Pacific Coast and at other points throughout the country tell of the widespread interest that is being shown in the study of this instrument alone.

In the public schools the opportunity is steadily increasing for the study of music and musical instruments of all kinds. The National Federation of Music Clubs, musicians and musical authorities of pre-eminent standing, and men and women of national prominence are showing much interest in this subject, as well as parents and educators.

PROMINENT SPONSORS OF PIANO STUDY

One of the most interesting recent developments has been the organization of a notable Committee for the Advancement of Piano Study that will give a most substantial background to the general movement for encouraging the study of music, with their efforts along this line directed primarily toward promoting the study of the piano in the schools of this country.

Among those of national and international prominence who have gladly agreed to serve on this committee are included: Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Harold Bauer, Yolanda Mero, Maria Carreras, Frank La Farge, Mrs. Edgar Stillman-Kelley, president of the National Federation of Music Clubs; Oscar Saenger, Lawrence Tibbett, Olga Samaroff, Walter Damrosch, Frank Damrosch, Alfred Hertz, James Francis Cooke, president of the Presser Foundation; Frederick Stock, Rudolph Ganz, Walter R. Spaldins, Professor of Music at Harvard University; Josef Hofmann, Herbert Witherspoon, Ernest Hutcheson, W. W. Hinshaw, Professor Leopold Auer, Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Md.; Wm. Van Hoogstraten, Reinald Werrenrath, Percy Grainger, A. M. See, secretary and general manager of the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. J. A. C. Candler, College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.; and Dean Harold L. Butler, of the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University.

Others will be added to this National Committee whose progress will be watched with more than usual interest and who are certain to add decided impetus to the early study of the best that music has to offer.

The study of music and its more general cultivation among all classes promises much for American family life. Few things can do quite so much to bring happiness into the home. It is a source of inspiration for every one, a promoter of family harmony and contentment. To the rising generation it supplies a cultural value that money cannot buy in later years besides adding to happiness, popularity and social standing.

- - - is this Your Child?

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Helen T. Woolley, Director, Institute of Child Welfare Research, Teachers College, Columbia University, says:

"It is in my judgment a valuable thing for little children to have a piano in the house and to hear it played. It is the most common of musical instruments and a necessary element in modern cultural life. Music and familiarity with at least one musical instrument should be a part of every child's experience from the start."

Mrs. Herman M. Biggs, President, National Federation of Day Nurseries says:

"It is the duty of every mother to give her child the opportunity to become acquainted with at least one musical instrument. In my opinion the piano is the most desirable of all embodying as it does all the elements of music, harmony, melody and rhythm."

IS this far-reaching opportunity open to YOUR child? Through the years when the young mind is acquiring those ideals on which character depends, piano study lifts the child out of the common-place into the brighter realms of happy, normal development.

NOW is the time to set your child's life to music. The piano, the basic musical instrument, places the feet of your child on the road to loftier stations in life—even to leadership.

Poise, Magnetism, Charm, Culture—these qualities go hand in hand with the ability to play the piano. Think what the future holds for the boy or girl who can summon forth the magic that lies beneath the piano's keyboard!

Is There a Piano in Your Home?

For a hundred years the American family has rallied around the piano. It is the heart-instrument of the home. In great mansions, in small homes, wherever there are children, the country over, the piano is a vital force in broadening culture and strengthening the ties of home life.

In the years to come, will your child be one of the countless unaccomplished or one of the envied few? Is there any parental obligation that transcends this?

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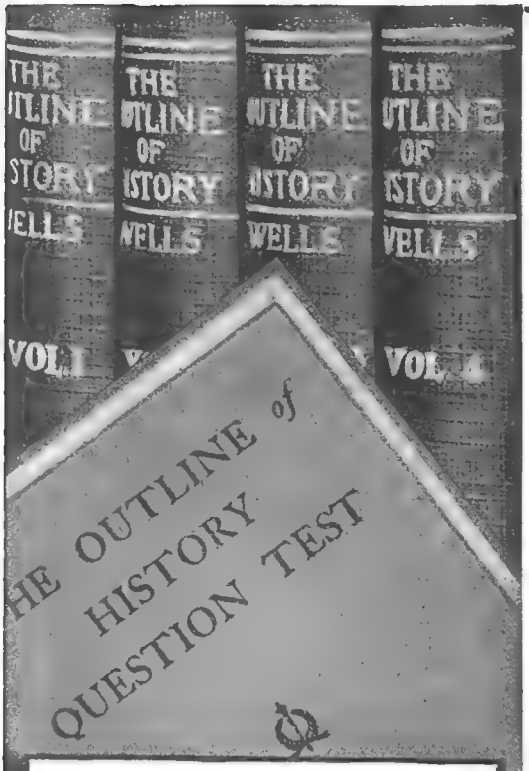

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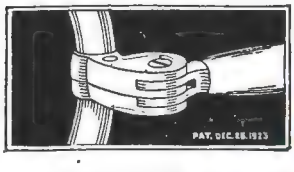

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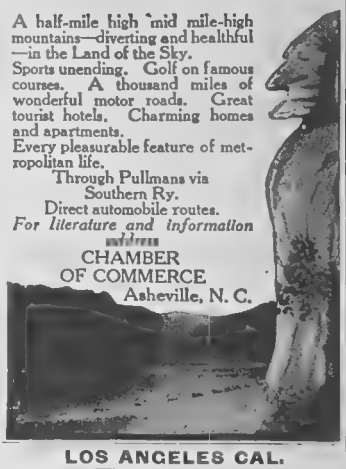

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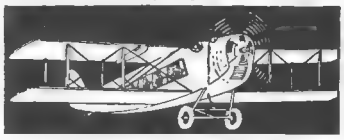

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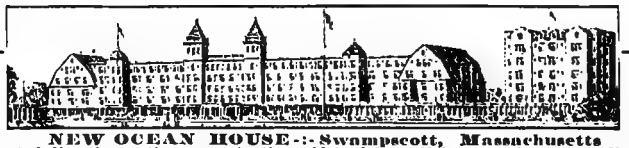

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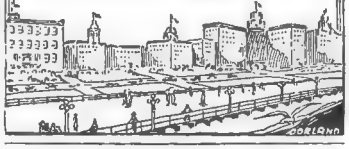

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10 days . . . and you are there. Sail on a luxurious "Empress" from Vancouver, via Victoria. Enjoy the cheerful, home-like cabins . . . exceptionally well ventilated for sailing the tropical seas. Too, these are the fastest Liners on the Pacific . . . chosen by those who know that comfort makes traveling a joy.

When you have explored Nippon Land . . . and its shops! . . . sail to Chinese ports. Then to the Philippines. At Manila, ride in a comical *calesa* perched on two wheels. You can see so many queer and interesting things! Write for booklets.

Always carry CANADIAN PACIFIC EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Offices in all large cities, including
New York—344 Madison Ave.; Chicago—71 East Jackson; San Francisco—675 Market St.; Montreal—141 St. James Street

Ask **CANADIAN PACIFIC**
THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

CRUISE this summe

on the D&C lake lines

Mackinac Island.. Detroit Chicago... Buffalo Cleveland..Buffalo Niagara Falls

The Summer Wonderland

On business, pleasure, or vacation, sail between the above points on the luxurious D & C liners—the fastest ships on the Great Lakes. Swift, restful, refreshing, dustless traveling. First class accommodations exclusively. Autos carried. Wireless aboard. — **Write for Free Illustrated Booklet of D & C Tours**

Over-Night Service between Cleveland and Detroit, Buffalo and Niagara Falls and Detroit, and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August.

Round Trip Fares *between*

*CHICAGO and DETROIT	$60
*MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT	$30
*BUFFALO and CHICAGO	$79

	One Way	Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT	$3.50	$ 6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT	$6.00	$11.00

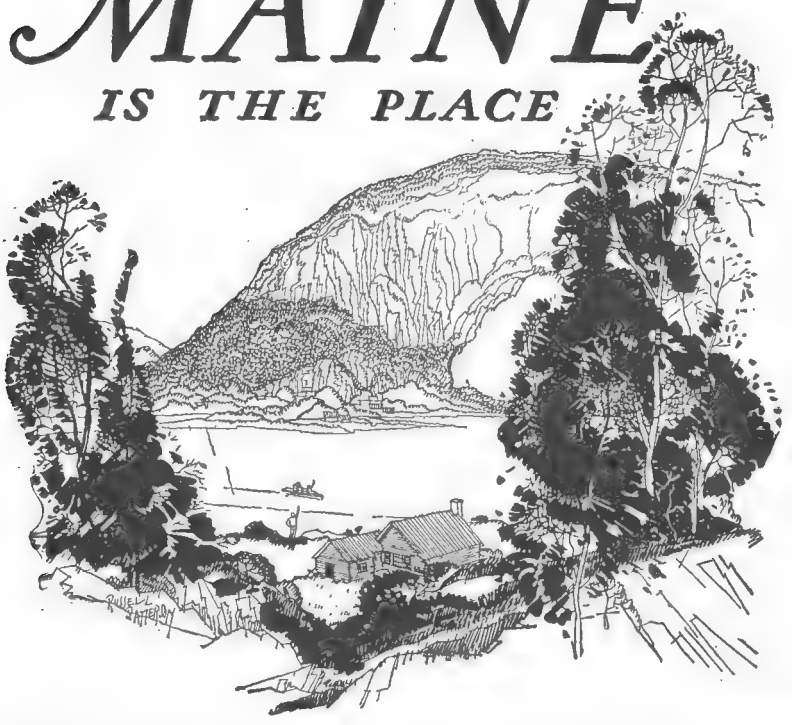
*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra

On the Detroit and Chicago Division there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges.

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

MAINE
IS THE PLACE

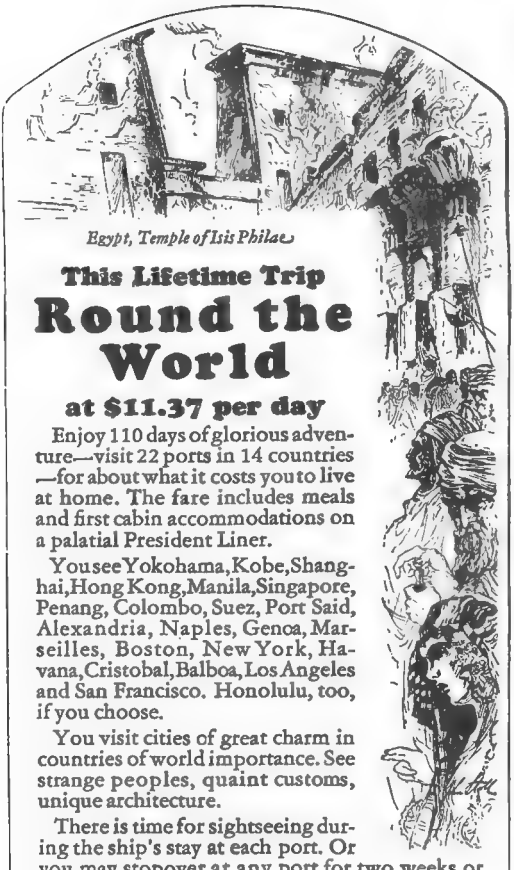


OF course Maine is the nation's vacation land. And certainly you are going there! So why not make every moment vacation time by going to it in a way noted for comfort and scenic beauty—by the Eastern Steamship Lines. From New York to Boston; then Boston to Rockland; and on to Camden, Bangor, Bar Harbor or Blue Hill—with never a dull moment; with a vast and changing panorama ever before one; with music, companionship and laughter.

Just decide where you are going—Portland or vicinity, fishing in the Penobscot, canoeing along the Stroudwater, camping by the Belgrade Lakes? And we'll tell you the most delightful way there! Send for free booklet "Waterways to Vacation Lands", Passenger Traffic Dept., 2-India Wharf, Boston, Mass.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

Boston - New York
Boston - Bangor
(*Bar Harbor Line*)
(*Blue Hill Line*)
Boston - Portland
Boston - St. John, N. B.
New York - Yarmouth
New York - Portland
New York - Richmond
New York - Norfolk
(*Old Dominion Line*)
Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co.



Egypt, Temple of Isis Philae

This Lifetime Trip

Round the World

at $11.37 per day

Enjoy 110 days of glorious adventure—visit 22 ports in 14 countries—for about what it costs you to live at home. The fare includes meals and first cabin accommodations on a palatial President Liner.

You see Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Boston, New York, Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Honolulu, too, if you choose.

You visit cities of great charm in countries of world importance. See strange peoples, quaint customs, unique architecture.

There is time for sightseeing during the ship's stay at each port. Or you may stopover at any port for two weeks or longer if you like.

The ships are luxurious and steady. Wide decks. Beds not berths. The excellence of the cuisine is a feature.

An American Mail Liner sails every fourteen days from Seattle for Japan, China and Manila.

A Dollar Liner sails every week from Los Angeles and San Francisco for the Orient (via Honolulu) and Round the World. From Boston and New York there are fortnightly sailings for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California.

From Naples, Genoa and Marseilles fortnightly sailings for Boston and New York.

For complete information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or

American Mail Line
Dollar Steamship Line

32 Broadway - - - - - - New York
604 Fifth Ave. and 25 Broadway - New York
1018 Bessemer Bldg. - - - Pittsbugh, Pa.
177 State Street - - - - Boston, Mass.
110 South Dearborn Street - Chicago, Ill.
101 Bourse Bldg. - - - Philadelphia, Pa.
514 W. Sixth Street - - - Los Angeles, Calif.
Dime Bank Building - - - - - Detroit
15.9 Railroad Ave. So. - - - Seattle, Wash.
Robert Dollar Bldg. - San Francisco, Calif.

TENNIS

GOLF — fishing — sports galore during the day at the Royal Hawaiian. In the evening luxurious comfort — quiet — and rest. For information, address Matson Navigation Company, 215 Market St., San Francisco; 510 W. 6th St., Los Angeles; 1319 4th Avenue, Seattle; 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 535 Fifth Avenue, New York. Or write—

Royal Hawaiian Hotel

American Plan — 400 *rooms with private baths*

A. BENAGLIA, *General Manager*
Honolulu, Hawaii

20 acres of gardens. Game fishing unexcelled. Land and water polo. Horseback riding. Swimming and surf riding.

A Symbol of Bread Excellence

NINETY wholesale bread bakeries interchanging experience, methods and ideas, and cooperating in the cause of better bread and better bread merchandising —

That's the Quality Bakers of America, a cooperative organization of non-competitors in which membership is by invitation.

National headquarters are maintained in New York City, with a staff of experts employed in every department of the baking business.

These are some of the reasons why the trade-mark insignia of membership is a symbol of bread excellence—and why it guarantees good bread. Look for it on the wrapper of your bread.

Executive Committee

QUALITY BAKERS OF AMERICA

469 Fifth Ave., New York City

"Better Bread Benefits Everyone"

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

By CUNARD-ANCHOR LINES new oil burners. Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.

125 days, $1250 to $3000

Round the World

s s "Caledonia," sailing Jan. 16

8th cruise; 19 days Japan-China, option 17 days India: Palestine and Greece; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, Havre (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

65 days, $600 to $1700

Mediterranean

s s "Transylvania," sailing Jan. 25

24th cruise; Spain (Madrid-Cordova-Granada), 15 days Palestine and Egypt; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy, the Riviera, Havre, (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

Norway Cruise includes the Western Mediterranean

3rd cruise; July 2; 52 days, $600 to $1300

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Bungalow CAMPS *in the* **CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES**

Don't miss it!

HERE'S the vacation that offers the most fun—with the least preparation. Just take yourself... and as little luggage as possible. What a life it is! Jolly crowds... an appetite that's as big as the food is good... snug little bungalows to live in... breath-taking vistas of snow encrusted peaks... and the gorgeous color of sun-bathed glaciers, waterfalls and lakes. It's a vacation that makes you feel like a million dollars... and costs so very little. Pick one or all of the eight Bungalow Camps.

Write for booklet. Mention B. C. 4
HOTEL DEPT. Windsor Station, Montreal
or apply local Canadian Pacific Offices

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Come where the soft sun streams through Giant Redwood Aisles

AND YOUR summer-travel story will be the best of all!... In your own car—by rail—by stage, as you please, include this great tour of California's Redwood Empire, reaching from San Francisco north to Grants Pass, and Portland, Oregon, through 97% of all the Redwoods in the world!

For a hundred miles or more, you'll be actually in the shade of these 3,000-year-old giants—often 350 feet high, 25 feet in diameter. You'll see, also, rugged coastline, natural steam geysers, a petrified forest, Clear Lake and Blue Lakes; lagoons, old Missions, the famous Oregon Caves—all on this one great trip, a part of your western tour. And you'll see a hundred lovely places where you'd like to make a permanent home. Hundreds of good hotels, resorts and camp grounds are along the route.

Write for folders—or just come ahead! We will supply you full information when you arrive. Bring golf clubs—fishing tackle!

Let us mail you these folders if you have time, But don't wait for them!

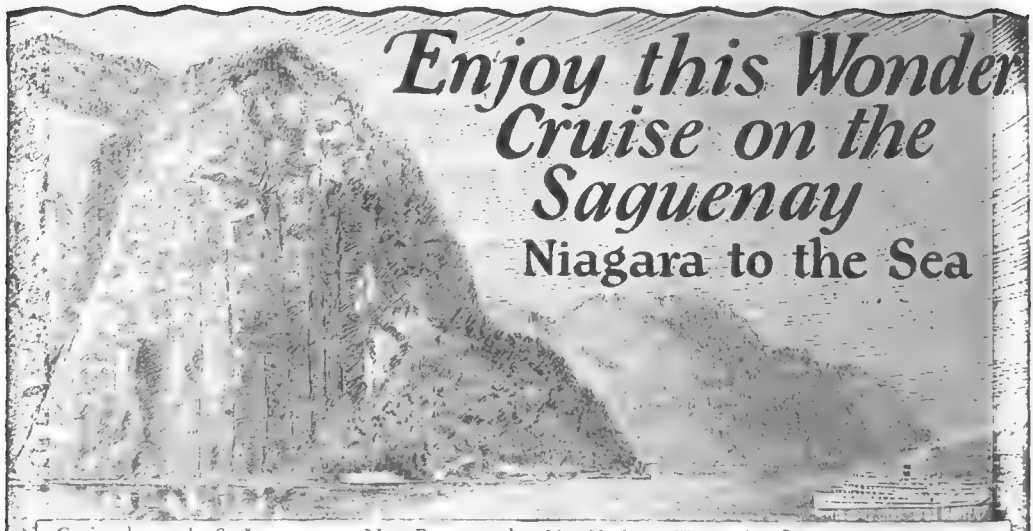
California's REDWOOD EMPIRE

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLETS

Californians Inc
AND
REDWOOD EMPIRE ASSOCIATION
Headquarters B-3-27
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 11
Please send me your booklets

Name _____

Street, City & State _____



Enjoy this Wonder Cruise on the Saguenay

Niagara to the Sea

Cruise down the St. Lawrence to New France and the Saguenay, where the towering heights of Capes Trinity and Eternity outreach even the famous Rock of Gibraltar.

For booklets, rates and information, address the office nearest you. CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.: New York, *110 West 42nd St.;* Boston, *216 Old South Bldg.;* Philadelphia, *202 Liberty Bldg.;* Chicago, *112 West Adams St.;* Detroit, *312 Dime Bank Bldg.;* Cleveland, *Union Trust Bldg.;* Pittsburgh, *Union Trust Bldg.;* Cincinnati, *Dixie Terminal Arcade;* Rochester, *705 Temple Bldg.;* or C. C. BONTER, Passenger Traffic Manager, CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd., 9 Victoria Square, Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

Owning and operating the St. Lawrence River Route—"Niagara to the Sea". Northern Navigation Division—Great Lakes Service. Hotels—Manoir Richelieu and Hotel Tadousac on the Lower St. Lawrence.

Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway

All Hard Surfaced East and 60% West of Mississippi River

Branches to Mesa Verde and Grand Canyon

For your cross-country motor trip—east or west—take this marked, improved, historically interesting, remarkably scenic high way. Avoids traffic congestion of great cities. Provides best alignment and easiest grades across Alleghenies and Rockies.

East—your vacation in historic Pennsylvania and picturesque Alleghenies. West—world-famed Pikes Peak Region, Mesa Verde National Park, Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park, Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, colorful southern California. All most readily accessible by way of this highway.

Attractive Booklet D, containing maps and full information supplied free on request to—

P. P. O. O. HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

GET ACQUAINTED!

Before being admitted to the financial department of The Golden Book, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. The advertisements you see on pages 41 to 46 are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worthwhile investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Send for their literature. Get acquainted. These people are good to know.

On page 46 you will find a directory of Investment booklets that will be sent free of charge to all those interested in finding the right channels for the employment of surplus funds. Address GOLDEN BOOK INVESTMENT BUREAU, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hugh Schwartz pays his Law School expenses with his Golden Book earnings

College Men-A Scholarship for Your Spare Time

IN YOUR free hours during regular school time—also for your next Summer's vacation-time job—make every hour you can spend earn a Dollar or More for your school budget. Among your fellow students, the Faculty, your neighbors at home and at school, and with other people you meet you have a fine chance to add considerable sums to your income, introducing The Golden Book, the Review of Reviews and other well known magazines.

Traveling crews are now being organized for next Summer's campaign. Sales training, expense allowance, etc.

The Golden Book, Dept. G-76
Review of Reviews Corporation
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your scholarship idea appeals to me. Let's hear more about it.

Name here.....

Address.....

.....

(Check here)
Spare time now?.....Summer Crew?.....

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
20 for 20¢

CUSTOM MADE
Extremely Mild

MILLIONS ARE NOT ENOUGH

FOR some years the mania for millions of circulation has held sway over the minds of many space buyers, advertisers, and publishers. Gradually now, above the tumult of shouting in large numbers, is coming to be heard the cool, level voice of the more astute, inquiring "What's it all about?"

Does any one seriously believe that the population is multiplying as fast as the totals piled up by the circulation builders?

Does any one suppose that the time which the American people devote to reading is increasing as fast as the product of the printing-press?

Does any one calculate that a page reproduced ten million times is going to get ten times as much attention as a page reproduced one million times?

It is quite possible today to buy advertising space having an apparent aggregate circulation of 25,000,000—one copy for every family in the United States. Soon it may be possible to buy 110,000,000 circulation—one copy for every man, woman, and child.

And yet the wisest heads in the business know and say with growing emphasis that *millions are not enough.* Nobody will ever buy universal advertising or win unanimous patronage. Even if some mightier circulation wizard could offer the advertiser that boon lightly referred to as "one hundred per cent coverage" he couldn't afford to pay for it and he wouldn't want it.

At some stage in his expansion every advertiser—no matter how common his product—cries quits and begins to talk about selectivity.

The mania for millions has postponed that salutary second thought in the harried brains of many who are beginning to wish that it had occurred to them sooner. Always there will be plenty of advertisers who can wisely spend money freely to reach the masses—though not *all* the masses. There will always be, however, many more advertisers who will conserve their funds by recognizing the limitations imposed by the quality of their own products, who will advertise to the influential minority and trust to the influence of that minority to spread the news of their products through the masses as widely as desirable or useful.

Advertising in THE QUALITY GROUP reaches 700,000 of the influential minority—and it is *next to thinking matter.*

THE QUALITY GROUP

285 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

1058 Park Square Bldg. Boston — 244 La Arcada Santa Barbara — 30 North Michigan Ave. Chicago

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
HARPERS MAGAZINE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

THERE are twenty-five Bell Companies, but there is but one Bell System—and but one Bell aim and ideal:

A telephone service for this nation so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors and delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost.

WALTER S. GIFFORD
President

for sore muscles

Absorbine, Jr. quickly relieves the lameness and soreness that usually follows the sudden and strenuous use of inactive muscles. It takes out the stiffness and brings the tired muscles back into condition—ready again for work or play.

Keep Absorbine, Jr. handy, for cuts, bruises, insect bites or sunburn. It takes out pain and destroys germs—most important where there is a possibility of infection.

Other Timely Uses

For rheumatism
For skin eruptions
For tired aching feet
For strains and bruises
As mouthwash and gargle
For lumbago and backache

At all druggists' $1.25
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

rub in

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Wear-Proof Journals

The 88% reduction in starting load, due to friction elimination, only begins to express the value of Timken-equipped railroad car journals.

They have the capacity, because Timken Bearings are more than equal to the tremendous shock and side-thrust, as flanged steel wheels race over steel curves, crossings and switches. Compactly, simply, with absolutely no axle wear, *ALL* stress is amply provided for by Timken material and design—Timken-made electric steel; Timken tapered construction; and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS,* considered the greatest bearing advance since the advent of the taper principle.

Journals are permanently protected. Gone are hot-boxes, endless lubrication, and rough starting. Labor, fuel and materials are saved. Upon request any railroad may have the data resulting from years of Timken development.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The Agrippa Web Boston is made as a garter should be made,—ventilated open mesh web with non-skid back which prevents slipping even when worn very loose.

At stores everywhere—50 cents a pair

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

VOSE

The Master Craftsmanship

attained through more than 75 years of Piano construction by one family ownership is built into every Vose Piano. This magnificent construction insures the stability of the sweetness and purity of the incomparable Vose Tone. And its price is very moderate.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON

Write for floor pattern, catalog and easy monthly terms of payment

Vose & Sons Piano Co., 184 Boylston St., Boston

A Glorious Golden VOICE for Your Country Estate

ON Long Island, on Catalina, in Florida, charming estates have been made even more charming. They have been given a VOICE. Golden-toned Deagan Chimes have been installed to *give expression* to the scenes of beauty and loveliness in which they are set.

The sweet, far-reaching, indescribably mellow song of these chimes has become part of the community itself—eagerly awaited by all within reach of their golden notes. The estates have become known far and wide as "the home of the chimes."

It is hard to imagine a more satisfying investment, a more lasting source of gratification, than Golden-Voiced Deagan Chimes for country estates. A booklet describing a few of the installations made and giving other interesting details, has just come off the press. May we send you your copy?

J. C. Deagan *Inc.*
EST. 1880

246 Deagan Building · CHICAGO

For your Vacation

a voyage through the lands of yesteryear

Leave behind the turmoil of everyday life and voyage down the historic St. Lawrence this summer on a luxurious Clarke steamship to

NEWFOUNDLAND—GASPE—BAIE DES CHALEURS—LABRADOR

Scenes that witnessed the birth of North American civilization—quaint villages—shrines. Regular sailings from Montreal and Quebec. Special week-end cruises start June 30. Particulars from Travel agents or

CLARKE STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.
103 Drummond Bldg., MONTREAL